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ABOLITION OF NEGRO APPRENTICESHIPS.—STURGE AND HARVEY'S TOUR IN THE WEST INDIES IN 1837.

"How delightful," said Mr O'Connell, in a private party, soon after the passing of the Slave Emancipation Act, "for a black lady of seventy to go to bed some night an old slave, and rise next morning an apprentice!" The members of the Society of Friends, without indulging in the wild play of humour upon so grave a subject which is apt to beset an Irishman, appear to have come to the same practical conclusion as to the worth of the Twenty-Million Act; and, indeed, some of them, and of every body of Abolitionists, disapproved from the first of apprenticeships; and, in principle, protested against a law which, affecting to abolish slavery, re-established it, for a term of years, upon a new footing. Those who, in thankfulness that a measure, struggled for during half a century, was finally obtained, though at an enormous price, were contented to accept abolition, even with the clog of the apprenticeships, have now practically seen their error, and are, at this moment, the most zealous for the immediate abolition of the modified slavery. The "old ladies"—condemned to a transformation which might have been as amusing as that of a Christmas pantomime, had it not cost so much money—are found, with their posterity, to be in a worse condition than when actually slaves. Those who received from the struggling people of Great Britain, partly as a boon—for their *property* in the flesh and blood of their fellow-creatures never was recognised in this Christian land—and partly as a premium for training their apprentices to the trade of free citizens, twenty millions sterling, principal and interest, have violated a compact sacredly entered into, and by which they were gainers. The bill had scarcely passed, and the measure been received by the negroes with thankfulness and tempered exultation, instead of the outbreak of lawless violence which their conscience-stricken oppressors anticipated, when intelligence reached England that the planters were obstructing its beneficial operation, and evading or openly setting at naught its most important clauses. These murmurs came across the Atlantic, louder and louder; and, shortly, specific complaints were made, and facts of injustice and cruelty condescended upon, which could not be denied. The condition of the apprentices in Jamaica, in Barbadoes, and British Guiana, was described as equally bad, and, in some respects, worse than that of slavery, from which, at so immense a sacrifice, they had been emancipated by the British people. The apprenticeship system fell into suspicion and disrepute, especially when the example of Antigua was pointed to. In that island, apprenticeship had never been adopted. The legislature, scorning the fears, real or pretended, of the other colonists, had at once proclaimed universal freedom; and the population, in a single day, passed quietly into the natural condition of free labourers and free masters. On the triumphant success of total emancipation in Antigua and the Bermudas, where, and also in several estates in other places, it has been fully tried, those who now call for the immediate abolition of apprenticeship, rest the wisdom of their demand; while its justice is grounded upon the bad faith of the planters, who, having pocketed the compensation, refuse to hold to the conditions of the bargain. The British people complain that they have been defrauded; that apprentices are neither treated with justice and humanity in their present condition, nor prepared for that into which they are about to pass: and the only redress they ask is, that an end shall be at once put to a system not only abortive but mischievous to all classes. They demand that universal freedom shall be proclaimed from August 1838, instead of the stipulated period of 1840. This demand is even more reasonable than at first sight may appear. The whole of the apprentices comprehended under the class *non-predials*—such as domestic servants, artisans, and every description of negro apprentice that is not an actual field-labourer—are entitled to freedom in August 1838, or two years sooner than the *predials* were presumed to be fit for the enjoyment of man's birthright. The case of Antigua has proved how mistaken was the opinion which declared any class of the negroes unfit for freedom; but, as neither individuals nor governments like to be convicted of errors of judgment, that may be passed. But will Government, will Parliament, now that the evils of the apprentice system are proved beyond a doubt, and the safety of immediate emancipation established to the satisfaction of every reasonable man—will they now lend

an ear to the voice of the country, speaking with greater unanimity and energy than upon any former occasion, save perhaps the Reform Bill? In one day, Lord Brougham presented fourteen petitions for the *immediate* abolition of negro apprenticeship; one of them from Leeds, signed by 16,000 individuals. Large meetings have been and are being held in London and other towns, which shew the most determined resolution; and the subject will soon be brought before the Upper House of Parliament, by the indefatigable champion of the oppressed of every clime and colour—Henry Lord Brougham. The ladies of Great Britain have not looked on with indifference, in a matter peculiarly interesting to female sympathies. The negro mothers, the young free children, and the infants born free, have been and must continue the especial victims of the apprentice system. Above a half million of the women of this country have, it is estimated, taken an active part in the national movement for immediate abolition; and we see, by the newspapers of the day, that a petition for it, signed by above 4,500 ladies, had just been presented to the young Queen.

In the midst of this agitation—and we have only referred to the ruffling surface, not to the deep-heaving ground-swell—the volume of Mr Sturge appears very opportunely. This gentleman is a Quaker. The inconsistent and contradictory accounts received from the West Indies, touching the results of the dear-bought Abolition Act, and the ambiguous character of the Report of the Parliamentary Committee, induced him, in company with three other gentlemen—Mr Harvey, Dr Lloyd, and Mr Scoble—to embark for the West Indies, to examine on the spot, judge for themselves, and faithfully report to the public what they had seen and heard. With the exception of Mr Scoble, all the party were Friends. They went out wholly unfettered, and unconnected with any society—"private persons, yet engaged in what was properly a public work."

Dr Lloyd and Mr Scoble sailed from Barbadoes for Demerara. Of Mr Scoble's report, although part of it is, we believe, printed since he returned to England, we are unable to speak; but the details in his speech at the late London meeting, are appalling, and—we would fain hope, from the evident warmth and irritation of his feelings, when speaking of certain individuals in the colony of Demerara—rather over-coloured. But this may not be the case; and, at all events, we are on sure ground in the journal of Messrs Sturge and Harvey. At the very outset, the writer of the journal remarks—"It may surprise many to be assured, that the subsequent details are stated with moderation; and that a vast mass of facts is yet in reserve, capable, not only of confirming what is here narrated, but of deepening the shades of their darkest representations."

The inquirers sailed from Falmouth to Barbadoes, which they reached on the 12th November 1836, and at once commenced the objects of their mission. There is no literary surplusage in this grave and earnest volume; and it is so choke-full of important facts, that we shall, we think, better consult our duty, in arranging plainly such of them as bear the most directly upon the question which now so deeply agitates the public mind, than in following the route of the tourists through their different stages. In short, we have adopted an arrangement of our own, which first brings under view the actual benefit which the colonies had derived, more than a year since, from the Emancipation Act, and especially those in which it was not clogged with the apprenticeships against which humanity and justice are lifting up their voices in Britain.

It is not easy to determine whether, in some respects, emancipation, with compensation and other concomitant advantages, has not benefited the planters as much as the slaves. We have abundant evidence that many of the slave proprietors were upon the verge of ruin when that noble and munificent arrangement was made between them and the British People, the conditions of which they have so ill kept. A person from Demerara, who was the fellow-passenger of the English party from Barbadoes to Antigua, spoke highly of the liberality of the government. "You may depend on it," he said, "though few like to acknowledge it, it has been the salvation of nine-tenths of us." He knew thirty or forty planters, whose mortgages would have been foreclosed before this period, had not the question been settled at the time and in the way it was. Property has increased in value, from the date of the free system, in every one of the colonies. A grazing estate in Antigua, of 196 acres, of which the half had been some time ago offered for £400, has recently been sold for £2,600. A planter near Willoughby Bay gave a most encouraging account of the free system. Before emancipation, out of 110 slaves on the estate, he could sometimes scarcely muster seventeen or twenty in the field. The expense of their maintenance was £27 a-week; now he has fifty-seven free labourers, (for our readers will recollect that apprenticeship was at once abolished in Antigua,) and these are paid only £15 weekly. This gentleman complained bitterly of the small thanks this step had obtained from the home government; and the general feeling is that Antigua is in disgrace at the Colonial office for rejecting apprenticeships. Yet the measure has worked well; and there is nothing more satisfactory in the course of the tour than the report of the improved condition of Antigua. Before emancipation, several properties were on the point of being abandoned; nothing save the legislative measure could have saved them. One is instanced, possessing 400 of the finest slaves on the island, which was so inextricably involved, that the proprietor in England had turned his back upon it, and would neither receive nor answer his agent's letters, who had thus no means of carrying on the cultivation, and was also embarrassed by prosecutions for the legal maintenance of the negroes. Abolition emancipated the planters, one of whom compared the connexion between

the slave and his owner to the ligament which bound together the Siamese twins—one of mutual inconvenience. Superfluous hands, or rather mouths, were dismissed, and cultivation was resumed with a fair prospect of success. Some estates had already thrown off their load of debt, and others had passed into the hand of capitalists, who can effectively cultivate them. The Governor of Antigua, Colonel Light, spoke very favourably of the working of the new system. The labourers were more industrious, and the expense of cultivating estates less. A gentleman, long resident in the island, remarked, that the people had improved much in dress and appearance. Sham sickness has disappeared since the labourers were their own masters; and the planters save considerably, among other things, in medical attendance. They have no fear of not obtaining labourers. "Give me a supply of cash," said the manager of an estate, "and I will take off the largest crop it may please Providence to send." His people, he said, worked more regularly; and they willingly undertake task-work when the reward is for themselves. Their wages have become higher every year, from increased industry:—"Some had been stimulated to more industrious habits. One of the most worthless women on the property, once always pretending sickness and inability to work, had become as industrious a labourer as any on the estate. He asked her, on one occasion, the reason of the change in her habits. She replied, significantly, 'Me got no money then, massa.'"

On one estate, before emancipation, *three* coopers could not supply the requisite number of sugar hogsheads; and extra hands were hired on Saturdays—the slave's own day—at four shillings a-head. Now, *two* coopers are found sufficient, at two shillings a-day each, to make the hogsheads, and also the rum puncheons, which were formerly purchased ready made. Dr Nugent, an intelligent gentleman in Antigua, is of opinion, that, under the free system, the saving is great to those planters who depended on imported supplies for their slaves, but less where they were fed on rations of ground provisions grown upon the estate. On the average of the whole island, he believes the saving considerable. The credit of the planters is improved; and English firms, formerly seeking to reduce their securities, are now willing to extend them. There is much more bustle and appearance of prosperity in the town and harbour of St John's. Still there are important exceptions; and much remains for time, care, and enlightened and humane principles, to effect. The condition of the labourers—of slaves who have, at one leap, risen to the dignity of freemen—is unequivocally improved; yet the matured fruits of religion and morality are not the growth of a day, nor yet of one or two generations. The aged and infirm, no longer entitled to a legal provision from the masters, are suffering in some instances; and, though morals are improving, and schools in operation, one reads with pain such anecdotes as this which follows, of the Moravian School at St John's:—

A number of the scholars recited some passages of scripture, and the whole school sung a hymn before breaking up—exercises which they performed very well. Dreadful evils are occasioned to some of these scholars, from the lax morals of *a part* of the white inhabitants of the colony. Within the last three months, three girls have left the school in consequence of having formed improper connexions with white men. The last instance was one of their most promising scholars, a girl about seventeen, who, it is believed, was sacrificed by her mother for gain.

These things are considered trifles in the West Indies. At the Metropolitan Girl's School, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, we are informed:—

There were at one time four or five children of a late Governor, the Duke of Manchester; and one of its present teachers is the daughter of the Duke's *celebrated* secretary, Bullock. Her freedom was purchased, some years ago, by the English patronesses of the school. The dreadful state of social disorganization in Jamaica, is legibly written even on the surface of society. Its "bad eminence" is doubtless to be attributed, in part, to the corrupting influence of the long administration of the above-mentioned Governor. The matron of the school shewed us some nice specimens of plain and ornamental needle-work. We also heard several classes read, and examined them in spelling and arithmetic. The children were neatly dressed, and very clean. Many of them are apprentices; of whom fourteen coloured girls are sent by their attorney from a single estate in the neighbourhood. They are intended to become teachers of estates' schools.

In Antigua, one planter, who is a clergyman of the Established Church, believed that, on the whole, there was an improvement in the moral condition of the people. There were now no frightful outbreaks of the furious and vengeful passions of the slaves. Yet the negroes of Antigua had passed through no preparatory or transition state. Christmas 1834 was the first Christmas-day on which martial law had not, as a matter of course, been proclaimed. The Moravians alone venture to observe the 1st of August, the day of abolition, as a solemn occasion of thanks and jubilee, though the planters discountenance the observance; and some of our readers will remember that, in Jamaica, the day of abolition, to which the planters looked forward with trembling, dreading the retributive vengeance of the negroes, was spent in devotional exercises.

Even those labourers who find their wages inadequate to the comfortable maintenance of their families and aged relatives, and who suffer from many other causes, still value their newly-acquired freedom. A negro with whom the tourists conversed, and who was recommended to them as a man of strict veracity, complained of many hardships; yet he emphatically blessed his deliverance from the lash and the dungeon, at the pleasure of his owners, as, "Thank God, a great deliverance from bondage!" On their way back one day to St. John's, the Friends inquired of several negroes whom they casually met, about their change of condition. They acknowledged that it was much improved—"Thank God," said one, "we are a hundred times better than before!" Yet they complained of low wages. These men were all members of churches, and we will afterwards see the useful nature of the

discipline of the religious communities to which they belong.

The comparative improvements in the condition of the rural population are not to be enumerated. They are not flogged, or locked up. They are their own masters, free to go or stay. They receive money wages, whilst they retain all their old privileges, except their allowances of food and clothing. A common source of dissatisfaction formerly was their food. They became tired of yams and Indian corn. Eddoes (another farinaceous root) would almost create mutiny. The law, too, did not prescribe how their rations should be distributed; so that corn was sometimes given them in the ear; and, thereby, a vast increase of their labour occasioned, perhaps in crop, by their having to parch and pound it. Now, they provide themselves with what they like; and are, therefore, better, if less abundantly fed. *They are also much better dressed.* Many make themselves ridiculously fine on Sundays. It is not uncommon, on that day, to see *ladies*, who toil under a burning sun during six days of the week, attired, on the seventh, in silk stockings and straw bonnet, with parasol and gloves; and the *gentlemen* in black coats and fancy waistcoats. . . . . If they cultivate their grounds less than before, it is to be attributed to the drought, which has rendered it unprofitable to expend labour upon them. They do not work so well on the estates, except when they are on task-work; but, though task-work has not yet been extensively introduced, the cane cultivation is well adapted to it. Drunkenness is not a vice of the negro. His temptations are stealing and lying. Dances are a great source of demoralization. They sometimes aspire to suppers and even champagne, so called; and most absurdly give sums of four or five dollars for the honour of opening the ball, besides money to their partners. This tempts to robbery. If any change for the worse has taken place in their morals, it is in the case of domestic servants.

The people are much more easily and pleasantly governed than during slavery. The proprietor has less "*cark*" *and care*, less bodily and mental fatigue, and infinitely less annoyance of all descriptions. Every difficulty used to be referred to him; constant disputes were to be settled, as to the work to be done by females, &c.; now, he has no need to interfere. The disputes are carried to the magistrate.

Would those *slaves of slaves*, the planters of the Southern United States, and their over-tasked helpmates, but take a lesson here! One entry is peculiarly indicative of a happy change:—

26th.—We went this morning through the market, which was largely attended. Almost every sort of eatable commodity was exposed for sale; fruit, fish, meal, besides bundles of sticks and grass, cotton prints, &c. &c. The scene was a highly animated one, but the proceedings were conducted with great order. Previously to the abolition of slavery, the market was principally supplied by the agricultural peasantry, with articles of their own raising; but now this class are more generally buyers than sellers; and a large proportion of the merchandise is of foreign growth or manufacture. The increase of trade thus created, is one consequence of the payment of labour in wages.

Two gentlemen from the United States (we presume abolitionists) arrived at Antigua, on a tour of inquiry, just as the English party were leaving the island. Their report cannot fail to be favourable as to the results of Emancipation. They were afterwards met in Jamaica. Many of the negro dwellings have been rebuilt since the year of deliverance, and now consist of one or two apartments of tolerable size, kept very clean, and furnished with a four-post bed, and other articles. The kitchen is always a detached shed. On some estates, the negro cottages have been enclosed since 1834, by neat fences, by the labourers themselves, and their whole conduct shews that they have no intention to remove from their original habitations.

Where the outlay has been greater than in the years of slavery, the returns of the estates have been proportionably increased, while improvement advances. A small chapel, in which a school is kept, is frequent on the best managed estates. On one estate, the proprietor is erecting new works, and thirty new houses, at an expense of several thousand pounds. The labourers' cottages are built on three sides of a square, in the centre of which a school-house is to be erected —an excellent social arrangement. In fact, schools, it would seem, are established almost universally; and we meet with very frequent notices of them. Upon the whole, when the American inquirers, Messrs Thome and Kemball, go home, their report of the state of Antigua, and of the effects of *immediate and total abolition*, must be favourable. Our countrymen, Messrs Sturge and Harvey, sum up the result of their patient inquiry with judgment and impartiality. They were a month in the island. They were well received, and had every opportunity, public and private, of satisfying themselves. They had free and full communication with all conditions of men, from the Governor of the colony to the negro returning from his daily labour—clergymen, schoolmasters, medical men, judges, barristers, planters, managers, persons of colour, and, above all, the emancipated slaves themselves. With considerable discrepancy of opinion on different subjects, all agreed on one—"*The great experiment of abolition had succeeded beyond the expectation of its most sanguine advocates.*"

Some, indeed, affect to regard the *future* with apprehension; but none will deny that the new system has hitherto worked well; or will hazard a declaration of preference for slavery. Many speak in emphatic terms, of the annoyances they have escaped by the change, and of the comparative comfort with which they now manage their estates. The measure has been felt to be one of emancipation of masters, as well as slaves, from a most oppressive bondage. . . . . .

The annual cost of cultivation is believed, by the most intelligent resident planters, to be, on the average, one-fifth or one-sixth less than formerly; so that free labour is manifestly advantageous, taking even the narrowest view of the subject. The *general* advantages, however, of the change, imperfectly as they have been yet developed, would have more than compensated for a considerably increased expenditure. There has been an augmentation of the import trade of the island. Houses and land have risen in value. Estates are now worth as much as they were, with the slaves attached to them, before the alleged depreciation of their value, in consequence of the agitation of the abolition question. The cultivation of one estate, which had been thrown up for twenty years, and of others which were on the point of being abandoned, has been resumed. The few sold since 1834 have been eagerly bought up at very high prices. . . . . The negroes buy considerable quantities of provisions from the plantation stores, and occasionally other agricultural produce.

But miracles are not to be looked for; and when these gentlemen were in the colony, it should be recollected that only two years had elapsed from the date of emancipation. The *prospective* advantages must be incalculably greater than those yet realized. Among these, the following are

enumerated as likely to accrue to the proprietors :—

The embarrassed planter will no longer have the opportunity of purchasing his annual supplies of food and clothing for his negroes at usurious prices. His estates will pass in time into other hands, which can carry on the cultivation efficiently. It is anticipated that the present expensive and absurd system of agency and management will be gradually changed, by absentee proprietors *leasing* their estates to tenants or other representatives, who will thus acquire, as a resident proprietary, a direct interest in the improvement of the island. The planters will gradually release themselves from their servile dependence on the merchants. Under the present system, with a few exceptions, they are obliged to consign their produce to one mercantile house, instead of being able to choose the best market. . . . . Freedom is "an ever-germinating principle;" its gradual and progressive operation rather than the amount of good, considerable as it is, which has hitherto been effected, marks the contrast in Antigua between the present and the past.

On the blessings which must attend emancipation to the negroes themselves, it would be superfluous to expatiate. We already see some of them realized, in their improved domestic circumstances and habits; and in the germ of civilization rooted in pure Christianity. The American gentlemen will have to report no incredible tales of a Negro Utopia. They will have to tell of a people not yet "elevated above the stage of moral and intellectual childhood," but in a rapid state of improvement. It is stated, that there is probably,

At the present moment, a larger proportion of persons under the pastoral care of ministers of religion, and also of children receiving education in the schools, than in any part of the parent country. . . . . The children in the schools are very docile, and give abundant proofs of natural quickness and capacity. They easily acquire the more mechanical parts of learning, as reciting, singing, reading, and writing. Opportunity is rarely afforded them of advancing beyond a certain point, as they enjoy only the benefits of the routine of the English infant and Lancastrian systems.

Combinations are in every one's mouth at present. When the slaves were emancipated, without passing through the intermediate state of apprentices, the masters in Antigua *combined* to give them a very low, uniform rate of wages—a shilling currency (fivepence halfpenny sterl ng) *per diem*. They could not, however, wanting the cart-whip, compel the labourers to give more work than the shilling's worth. The agreement was evaded in many ways; and now labour is generally unshackled. They either undertake task-work, or work by the job, or they bargain for their Saturdays with their employers, and work for wages on their privileged day.

Montserrat was the next field of observation. In that island, it had been proposed to imitate Antigua by the abolition of apprenticeships; but the bill was lost in the Assembly by *one* vote. Here

The planters had made an agreement with their negroes, to allow them provision grounds and two entire days, besides the Sabbath, in lieu of all allowances; the latter performing the legal amount of forty hours' labour per week, in four days, of ten hours each. This arrangement is, under ordinary circumstances, as compared with other colonies, a very advantageous one for the apprentices; but, about a year ago, a hurricane, followed by a severe drought, so completely destroyed their grounds, that the planters feared they would be obliged to support them by rations, according to the provisions of the Leeward Islands' Amelioration Act. They, therefore, proposed to surrender the apprenticeship. Five estates, on which the apprentices were liberated, are quite as efficiently cultivated by free labour as they were before.

The negroes of Antigua are ready to become *tee-totallers;* those of Montserrat are addicted to rum. The stipendiary magistrate said—and many of his brethren in other islands repeated the same thing—that his duties were becoming less onerous, by the decrease of offences; everywhere their increase is more apparent than real, as appeals must now be made to the magistrates in hundreds of petty cases which the *overseer* formerly judged and punished at his own good pleasure. A majority of the Assembly at Montserrat are persons of colour. Dr Dyett, the Speaker, is a man of colour; and, when the tourists re-embarked, he refused any compensation for their entertainment, because they were the associates of those in England who had always shewn sympathy with his class, as well as with the slaves.

At Dominica, they met William Lynch, Esq., one of the stipendiary magistrates, a man of colour, and highly esteemed, both in England and the West Indies, for his intelligence and piety. In company with this gentleman, they visited several estates, and found, upon the whole, the condition of the negroes, and their character and intelligence, inferior to those of Antigua. Instances of fraud and oppression, of cruelty, and a disposition to take advantage of the ignorance of the blacks, were found here, as in every island. In Dominica, originally a French colony, nearly the whole population are Roman Catholics, and speak the French language. Yet they are anxious to learn English; though there is a lamentable deficiency of the means of education. In the schools seen, the children shewed no want of quickness and docility. This romantic and beautiful island is not without its moral oases; and, to sweeten so much dry matter, we must treat our reader to this delightful sketch of its natural charms.

The near view, from the sea, of the hills and ravines is extremely grand. They are covered with luxuriant tropical verdure, and trees loaded with fruit and flowering shrubs, to the water's edge; except where the cliff, sometimes for considerable distances, presents a perpendicular face of rock. Dominica is truly a highland country, a land of mist, and rainbows, and mountain torrents. The beds of the valleys are the sites of the principal estates, and the light green of the cane fields is in beautiful contrast with the deep, rich verdure of the hills which enclose them on either side. We arrived in about two hours at our destination—a free village at the mouth of a considerable stream. We proceeded to the cottage of a respectable old negro woman, who keeps a shop for the sale of bread and provisions, the only one, we believe, in the island, except in the towns. The Stipendiary has taken a room in her own house, which has been fitted up for his accommodation, when unavoidably compelled to be more than a day from home. His landlady has been ten years free. She is now upwards of eighty years of age, has never been married, but has always borne an irreproachable character. She appears to be a person of very cheerful piety, and exercises, we are told, the happiest influence over her neighbours. She is a class leader among the Wesleyans, who have a chapel in the village, where service is usually performed

every Sabbath, by one of the missionaries or a local preacher. She is a bright example of usefulness and true respectability in a very humble sphere. Her house was in nice order, and very clean, and the adjoining gardens neatly fenced.

The scenery of the islands often calls forth the warm admiration of the tourists. The Hillsborough estate in this island, makes a perfect tropical picture.

It occupies a perfectly level plain of considerable extent, limited on one side by the line of bamboo which marks the course of the river, and shut in on the other, in the form of a half circle, by a hill, apparently almost perpendicular, except on one sloping side, which is occupied by the negro gardens and huts. On the height above them, is the manager's house, which is again overtopped by mountains, but which is still lofty enough to command a view of the works and cane fields, spread out like a map, with the sea front in the distance. A large stone vault, at some distance from the house, is used as the burying place of the white residents: and near the same spot also is a handsome tomb erected over the remains of a former attorney of the estate, at each end of which is a magnificent palmetto, or cabbage-tree, with trunks as straight and columnar as if chiselled out of marble. This is a much more beautiful palm than the cocoa-nut tree, though at first sight they would usually be confounded by an European. . . . . The manager kindly provided us with horses and mules, to make a little excursion up the valley. Our path was just wide enough for the animals to pass, with the river below us on one side, and a wall of rock many hundred feet high on the other, sometimes so absolutely perpendicular as to be free from vegetation, but usually covered with shrubs and creepers.

This bright picture has its shades; though we are told that here a change of system, from cruelty to enlightened humanity, has now been adopted. The opinion here was in favour of *total emancipation*. One negro said, he found little difference between the condition of slavery and apprenticeship. As a slave, he had never been flogged; but a magistrate had ordered him thirty-nine stripes for being tipsy and riotous. The manager agreed that the apprentices were no better off, and that total emancipation would be best for all parties. A new mode of indulgence was adopted on one part of this estate: the negroes, who are continually stealing canes, were allowed to raise a quantity for themselves, and received the produce in sugar, with the deduction of one-third for the use of the mill. It is thought the *meteyer* system may yet extend to some of the colonies. Much of Dominica is in coffee plantations, though a great deal of the island has never yet been even explored, save probably by the Maroons. Antigua, an arid region, receives all its water from the heavens; while Dominica, a mountain country, is watered by delicious streams. The tourists visited a proprietor, believed to be the oldest white man on the island.

His estate is situated immediately above the sea, and there is a parapet wall, to prevent children and animals from falling down a precipice of several hundred feet into the water. This, like the two preceding, was a coffee plantation, in a state of transition into a sugar estate. He is eighty-five years old, and of most venerable appearance; his long, white hair flowing down upon his shoulders. He is very infirm, but retains his mental powers, and much of his French vivacity. His wife is slightly coloured, and still older than himself. He seemed delighted to see and to converse with us. His reminiscences extended over nearly three quarters of a century. Forty years ago, he remembered expressing to an Irish Catholic priest, his conviction that the negroes would some time or other be emancipated. He mentioned also some great lady having told him, that the nineteenth century would be distinguished by great earthquakes and commotions, which he considered to be a metaphor prophetic of Abolition. He was very much amused by one of us telling him, when asked to take wine, that he had drank only water for the last eight years. He said "the frogs drink water—you are a frog," &c. Though, however, the idea of total abstinence from distilled and fermented drinks, appeared both to amuse and astonish him, yet he acknowledged he owed his advanced age to his temperance. He drank a glass of wine himself, "to the success of our good cause." This benevolent old gentleman seemed to live in patriarchal style in the midst of his people. Some of the young children almost lived in his house, and served to amuse him with their play; one who was present, received his supper from the table. The negroes on this property, we were told, have doubled their numbers within the last twenty years. Nothing can be a greater contrast than the condition, appearance, and manners, of the people on some of these properties of the old French residents, and of those on even the well-managed English estates. On the former, there has generally been an increase, and on the latter a striking decrease of numbers.

Both in *Guadaloupe* and *Martinique*, the question of emancipation naturally excites great interest. The coloured proprietors in the latter island have petitioned for *immediate* and *total* abolition; and, were the other proprietors satisfied that the example of the British Government, in granting liberal, if not enormous compensation, would be followed by Louis Philippe, all would probably join in the petition. Messrs Sturge and Harvey touched at Martinique. They found the planters labouring under great ignorance of facts, and the natural prejudices of slave-owners. Slaves have fallen in value; and the colony is suffering in its trade, while a large military force is necessary to maintain subordination. The general opinion was, that emancipation is at hand; and one person had bought a dozen slaves *cheap*, speculating on compensation. The government appeared to be fitting the people for change, by encouraging education; and, exactly as we write, 15th February, a bill has been brought into the French Chambers, by M. Passy, which, however, recognises no term of apprenticeship, and appears a very bad modification of the English Abolition Act, with a few improvements, suggested by the experience of its working. Husbands and wives are not to be separated; and stipulations are made for the better care of children, and consequently of mothers, which is quite as necessary to the planters as to the negroes. In the British colonies, the severity shewn to pregnant women and nursing mothers, and the neglect of infants, since 1834, is diminishing the negro population. Under this bill, which is likely to pass, the total abolition of slavery in the French colonies cannot take place for probably fourscore years; as only children born after its passing will be free. The slaves are to have the same right of redemption which apprentices in the British colonies have—namely, that of purchasing their freedom. The French bill will be viewed with great dissatisfaction by sincere abolitionists, whether in France or Great Britain. Already the slaves of Martinique were escaping

to the British colonies of Dominica and St Lucia, crossing the intermediate channels on rafts; and the intelligence that, for the living race, there is no hope of freedom, will make more runaways. There are already 600 of these settled and usefully employed in St Lucia.

At St Lucia, the governor, Sir Dudley Hill, gave a very favourable account of the condition of the negro population; but it was not confirmed by others to the same extent. Dr Robinson, a member of council, did not think the condition of the blacks in any respect improved under the new system, or that they would be better prepared for receiving freedom in 1840 than when the Abolition Bill passed. The mortality among the free children had been great. A considerable disparity between the numbers of the sexes is observed here, and in other islands. The same number of each is born; but half the males die before twenty, while only a third of the females die within the same period. This gentleman imagines the cause of this remarkable difference to be, that severe labour is more injurious to growing youths than to negro girls, who attain earlier maturity. The negroes here revere the memory of Jeremie. A tune, called "President Jeremie," composed by them, was played on Christmas Day, by the military band who paraded the streets. The two sugar estates of Mr Muter, in this island, are well managed. He is an enlightened and liberal man, who has successfully adopted those new modes of cultivating the cane which have been tried in Mexico; and which admit, to a considerable extent, the substitution of animal for human labour, in weeding and hoeing the plants. The original language and religion of the colonists still place difficulties in the way of education. The resident proprietors are chiefly French, who, in the humane treatment of their slaves might, at all times, we imagine, have been advantageously compared with the British. Of one planter we hear, who gave two of his head negroes a piece of ground on his coffee-estate, to cultivate canes; and lent them money to erect a small mill. In the first year, they made a profit of sixty pounds; and he reasonably concludes that, if free, they would be well content to become his tenants. The dissolute state of morals among a part of the whites in this, and over all the West Indies, is such that it cannot be described in a work intended for general circulation. To counterbalance this painful statement, we learn that marriages are increasing in all the islands, among the apprentices, and that a visible improvement is perceived in their morals, and in those of the coloured people.

In Barbadoes, the tourists received much contradictory information, and saw very much to lament and disapprove. The former governor, Sir Lionel Smith, now governor of Jamaica, is not, apparently, a favourite with the Friends. While in Barbadoes, he did much good, but he also tolerated or sanctioned many questionable measures. In Jamaica, his policy has not become more liberal; and his recent weak assent to the most obnoxious clauses of the Planters' Police Bill, upon its renewal, never, we are persuaded, can obtain the sanction of the Home Government. Lord Stanley and Lord Aberdeen are morally as much bound to repress this iniquity as the present Colonial Minister.

Shortly after their arrival, the tourists relate—

> We called to-day upon several persons, intimately acquainted with the state of the colony, and regret to state that all the information we received, is of an unsatisfactory nature; with the single exception, that the proprietors are prosperous, and that the island was never in a higher state of cultivation. One gentleman, who is in the interests of the planters, informs us that the small estates are worth double what they were five years ago; and that estates then valued at twenty thousand pounds, would now fetch thirty-five thousand. Our informant said, he came out to Barbadoes with English feelings on the subject of slavery; but his residence in the colonies, and the acquisition of slaves, appeared to have given him a most unfavourable impression of the negro character. He complained particularly of his domestics. Though most anxious to be rid of them, he said they were such wretches that, for the sake of society, he could not conscientiously emancipate them. He was obliged to have three grooms to look after one horse, &c. Without at all concurring in a general extension of these sentiments to the non-predials, it is generally allowed in the colonies, that the apprenticeship has had a more unfavourable effect on their character than on that of the field labourers. Other disinterested persons speak unfavourably of the condition of the apprentices. The stipendiaries are, perhaps, with a single exception, accustomed to share the hospitalities of the planters. . . . . The free children are much neglected. After 1834, many of the planters turned them off the estates, provoked by the disappointment of their expectation, that the parents would consent to apprentice them; an expectation which was baffled by the perseverance of the mothers, acting under the advice of the governor, Sir Lionel Smith. This extreme measure against the free children, was happily not persevered in; but cases have recently occurred where it has again been resorted to.

The mothers are universally apprehensive and suspicious, lest the freedom of their children be invaded. In some cases, they refuse to let them receive medical attendance, or any assistance from the planters, lest a claim should be established on their liberty by the masters—lest they should, in some way, be made thralls. One must respect this honourable maternal feeling, even when it is the result of ignorance. "The child is *free*, and I will do nothing to bind him," say the black mothers. Their distrust of seeming kindness, is the same feeling which frightens the mother of an English peasant, at a Sergeant Kite offering a shilling to her son. Distrust is one of the inevitable vices of a slave, and of all men suffering under forms of injustice much short of slavery. It finds a lurking-place in the bosom of the Irish peasant; and is becoming strong among the labourers of Great Britain. Magistrates, ministers, and schoolmasters, who associate with planters and overseers, instantly forfeit the confidence of the negroes. They look for nothing but injustice from the stipendiary or special magistrate "who dines with Massa," and distrust the schoolmaster who associates with the overseer of the plantation. A Wesleyan minister, in Barbadoes, a good preacher and an excellent man, at once lost the confidence of his sable flock, and his usefulness, by marrying into a planter's family. The negroes said—"He ea;

with manager, and he drink with manager, and manager tell him what to say to we." There is but too much cause for distrust of the magistrates; as is seen in very many cases, which fell under the immediate observation of the English inquirers, in their attendance at the courts. At Bridgetown, Barbadoes, the stipendiary magistrate informed a female—a domestic, or non-predial apprentice—who was willing to pay her hire, of a half dollar a-week, to her master, but claimed the right of choosing her own employers—

"*You are the property of your master, and he can do what he likes with you.* You must not think you can go and work where you please. You are his property; he can make you stay at home to do his work, or he can hire you out to any person he thinks proper." Such is the position of the nominally emancipated negro, and such are the doctrines maintained by a functionary, appointed to carry into effect an act for "*The Abolition of Slavery.*" The magistrate told us, that the non-predials were fast buying out their time; he sometimes registered thirty manumissions in a month.

In Jamaica, one day, when a man wished to be *valued* before a special magistrate, in order to buy up his time—cases in which the grossest frauds are practised by the holders of apprentices—

The special magistrate, who is supposed to be especially intrusted, in valuations, with the interests of the apprentice, said to the two local magistrates associated with him, "Whatever you say, gentlemen, I shall be satisfied with." One of them appraised the man at seventy pounds, the other at forty-four pounds. The stipendiary wrote the two sums on paper, and added sixty pounds as his own estimate; the average of which amounts fixed the value of the apprentice at fifty-eight pounds. . . . . The business of this court was conducted in a manner and spirit than which it is difficult to conceive anything more objectionable.

In Barbadoes, as in all the other islands, property has risen in value since the Emancipation Act passed; and the price given for estates proves that there are no serious apprehensions that they will not, after 1840, be profitably cultivated by free labourers. Barbadoes is stated to have received an undue share of the general compensation, so that the planters have hitherto benefited far more than the apprentices. The Barbadoes Legislature was the last to pass an act for the Abolition of Slavery, as required by the Home Government; and we learn with regret, that the planters have succeeded in moulding apprenticeship into a perfect resemblance to the slave system, which they so unwillingly relinquished.

An equal, if not a greater amount, of uncompensated labour, is now extorted from the negroes; while, as their owners have no longer the same interest in their health and lives, their condition, and particularly that of mothers and young children, is, in many respects, worse than during slavery. . . . The little that was wanting to make the apprenticeship the heavy burden that it now is to the negroes, has been supplied by Sir Lionel Smith's "scale of labour." The prejudice against colour is stronger in Barbadoes than in any other colony, although the coloured class of its population is numerous, wealthy, and respectable, and comprises some of the first merchants of the island. No coloured student has yet been admitted within the walls of Codrington College. The public opinion of the colony is powerful, and exercises an unfavourable influence.

Many, who have a deep sense of wrong in the existing belief of the natural inferiority of the blacks, and in the prejudice of caste and colour, are not endowed with the moral courage requisite to justice. Barbadoes is called *Little England*; but, in this baneful thraldom of opinion, it as well deserves to be called *Little America*. Though the pro-slavery faction is louder and more turbulent in Jamaica, it is not so tyrannical as in Barbadoes. In Jamaica, the minority of whites assert a freedom of thought and independence of action, which the same class in Barbadoes dare not venture.

The remainder of the time devoted to inquiry by the tourists, was spent in Jamaica, to which they went by a steam-vessel, about the middle of January 1837, and quitted for New York on the 14th April. Their first visits were generally to churches and schools—we mean to the preaching stations of the Baptists, Methodists, and Moravians, and the schools for the instruction of negroes and coloured children. They went to established churches also; for, in the West Indies, a few clergymen who, in colonial language, "are worse than Baptists," may be found. On the evening after their arrival, they attended the anniversary of the Jamaica Bible Society. Five or six hundred persons, mostly black or coloured, were present; and contributions from children were given, earned by them as the teachers of grown-up or old persons among their neighbours and relations. The tourists shew some indulgence to the impatience of European slave-holders, with their troublesome and provoking black domestics; and yet justly convert the indolence and bad qualities of the negro servants into an argument for freedom. A gentleman in Kingston remarked, that the heart and temper were often put to a severe trial; and that, in Jamaica, a man could learn more of his true character in a few months, than in England, (where all domestic affairs go on smoothly,) in as many years.

Shortly after their arrival in Jamaica, the Friends became acquainted with Mr S. Bourne, a special magistrate, whom the negroes like to have as a judge of their complaints, while their masters say that "his *interference* occasions more punishment than the misconduct of all the apprentices in the neighbourhood." His *interference* consists in listening to their complaints, and recommending them to the proper quarter for redress of grievances. We doubt not that some of the complaints of these poor ignorant people may often be sufficiently "frivolous and vexatious;" but Mr Bourne, if he errs at all, errs on the right side. His influence, unlike that of the majority of the magistrates, is thrown into the scale of the weak and the oppressed.

The tourists remained for some time at the Botanic Garden, near the residence of Mr Bourne, that they might have an opportunity of attending his courts. This gentleman—like popular and trust-worthy judges all over the world, and even, for instance, in the Supreme Courts of Scotland—has many more cases brought before him than falls to the share of his brethren. The apprentices believe him impartial and their friend,

and accordingly prefer him to that fluctuating character "the nearest magistrate." The complaints brought before Mr Bourne, by the overseers on estates, were sometimes as frivolous, and often more unreasonable, than the most captious complaints made by the apprentices. An entry like the following, affords much more satisfaction than the proceedings of petty courts, which, we fear, even in cooler latitudes than the West Indies, where the poor and the rich come into collision, are often too much of the same character.

4th.—Yesterday and to-day, we have had striking proofs, from our own observation, of the industry of the negroes, when working under a proper stimulus. As we went to our lodgings, which are nine miles from town, late in the evening, we met several parties of two or three men, women, and even children, coming down from the mountains with heavy loads of produce on their heads, from their own grounds, for the Kingston market. Some of them had mules loaded, besides the burdens they carried themselves. We could hear other distant parties, in the mountain passes and defiles, singing cheerful songs, to beguile the tediousness of the way. Many come a distance of twenty, or even thirty miles, and pass the night in the open air on the road. English carrots, cabbages, and artichokes, besides yams, and other roots and fruits of the country, were among their supplies.

The negroes construct their own houses, make their own clothes, cultivate their provisions with their own hands; they use oil of their own pressing for their lamps, and wicks prepared from cotton growing at their own doors. We inquired of two apprentices in one of the huts, if they were married. They were not, though they had lived three years together, and appeared sensible that they ought to be. This large and extensive parish, though it is one of the longest settled in the island, is nearly destitute of opportunities of religious improvement. S. Bourne, who resides near the Botanic Garden, has a Sunday school at his house, which we visited; it was attended by ten men, who were learning to read and write, and several boys in an alphabet class. One of the former was the head man on a neighbouring large estate. He was asked why so few children now attended the Sabbath school from that property, and replied, that the attorney disturbed and unsettled the people, or, to use his own phrase, "made their minds chatter."

In speaking of the unwholesome exhalations from the immense swamp lying between Kingston and Spanish Town, it is remarked:—"In any other than a slave country, it would have been drained, and would now be teeming with exhaustless supplies of agricultural wealth." The bogs of Ireland are, we presume, no exception.

Alexander Bravo—the Friends *Mister* no man—is one of the most remarkable persons whom they met in Jamaica; liberal and humane, and, moreover, a sound political economist. He has no fears that the free negroes will not work for wages, and that continuously.

He finds no difficulty in purchasing all the labour that his own people have to sell, besides the spare time of many from adjoining estates. He considers slave labour, of all others, the most uneconomical and expensive; and is persuaded that twenty free men are equal to one hundred slaves.

They visited two of this gentleman's estates, which afford a very favourable picture of West India management.

On the first estate which we visited, our host is erecting one of the most handsome and substantial mansions in the island. It is beautifully situated on a gentle acclivity, commanding a view of the sea, from which it is distant three or four miles. It is built by the labour of his own apprentices, with materials supplied from his different estates. The work would do credit to English artificers. We could not but regard it as a monument of the confidence of a liberal and enlightened proprietor in the permanent prosperity of the country under a free system. On these estates, the most judicious means have been adopted, to habituate the people to work cheerfully for wages, and we are assured with complete success. The proprietor has introduced task-work and remuneration, and has recently substituted money payments on a liberal scale, in lieu of all allowances of clothing, salt-fish, sugar, rum, &c.; and, in order to accustom his people to spend money, as well as earn it, he has established a shop on one or more of his estates. Many of his principal negroes receive salaries, varying from five to sixteen pounds per annum, besides liberal wages for their extra time, their house and ground rent free, and the pasturage of a few hogs, cattle, or horses. We were requested to make our own inquiries of the negroes, and accordingly entered into conversation with a number of them. One complained of the discontinuance of their allowances of salt-fish, &c., since Christmas. He was reckoning up, in the most perspicuous way, the value of each, according to the quantity allowed, when his master came in, and listened very patiently to his charges, and then replied by shewing that the money which he gave them was a full equivalent for those indulgences. A discussion of several other minor points followed, which terminated in the same manner. The principal orator, on the part of the negroes, certainly exhibited an ingenious display of special pleading; but it was really pleasant to see the independent and free spirit of the negroes, and the good feeling subsisting between them and their master; which, so far as our observation extends, is a rare exception to the general rule.

Upon a Sabbath Day, after attending at the station of the Baptist mission at Spanish Town, the tourists were introduced to the negro elders and leaders of the church, some of them free men, others apprentices from the estates, and "many of them *fully equal in intelligence and information to English peasantry in some of the agricultural districts.*" They had many complaints to make of oppression from overseers.

The appentices now receive none of their former allowances of salt-fish, and only half their former quantity of clothing. It was very hard for them to subsist, as their grounds were often burned up by drought; and that the overseer took their own time from them whenever he wanted it, and it was often a hard thing to get him to repay it. On our asking whether the people would be willing to work after 1840, he said, "nothing was sweeter than for a man to labour for his own bread"—a sentiment to which all present responded. They told us that many had been flogged or sent to the treadmill, who had never been punished during slavery. Two of the individuals present had been sent to the treadmill, and sustained severe injury from its effects. The offences were merely nominal, and we were assured their characters were without reproach. Another poor woman present, who was the mother of eight children, and in declining years and health, had been sent to the treadmill because she could not work in the first gang, after having lived, during the last years of slavery, a life of comparative ease and indulgence. The overseer had also pulled down her house, which was the best on the estate. All the apprentices complained that the magistrates did not give them a fair opportunity of speaking in their own behalf.

All the negroes of this district spoke very affectionately of Dr Palmer, a magistrate appointed by Lord Sligo, whose case is well-known in England. Dr Palmer was dismissed from office by the present Governor, because, as is alleged, the planters thought him inimical to their interests, and too favourable to the ne-

groes. They said, when met by the tourists at Jericho, that he was the best magistrate that ever came into the parish of St Thomas-in-the-Vale, which parish he was accused of having thrown into a state of insurrection. Before his time, the apprentices stated that they—

Never obtained their half Fridays, according to the law; and, since he was removed, they have again been deprived of them. He encouraged them to clear and cultivate new provision grounds, and now they have "plenty of victual in them," while, before, they were so unsettled and afraid, that they neglected their grounds. One of the apprentices suggested, as an effectual remedy for one of the greatest abuses to which they are exposed, that a cannon should be placed at Rodney Hall Workhouse, with a soldier to fire it at the proper hours of shell-blow. It would be heard on every estate in the Vale. They said they should be perfectly satisfied, if the law were but fairly administered; but that "the white people never dealt fairly by them, though they were always the first to cry out." Before we took leave of them, one of them was requested by the missionary to offer up a prayer, which he did, in appropriate and affecting terms, for the general extension of religion, for a blessing on the church, on their minister and his family, and on the friends of the negroes in England, and, lastly, that their minister might have given to him a "voice like a mighty shell, to make the word of life known."

The reader will understand that the cannon was to announce the hour of release from labour, as the slaves are often cheated of their time. The complaints of the *Jericho* gathering were repeated in many other places. Even those best satisfied complained of

Compulsory and unrequited labour during crop; frauds of time out of crop; being deprived of their old allowances; inattention to the sick; insufficiency of time allowed to pregnant women and nursing mothers; general ill-treatment by their overseers; and partiality, injustice, and drunkenness of the Special Magistrate. They said, that all who were sent to the treadmill, returned sick and injured, some having to stay in the hospital afterwards for two, three, or even four months. They were not only daily defrauded of their time, but were frequently mulcted of their Saturdays.

Nor can these things cease until labour is entirely free. That period may be near; and this consideration induces us to pass the more lightly over the record of ill-treatment, cruelty, and oppression of the apprentices, that finds a place in the journal of Messrs Sturge and Harvey, and especially in appendix, which is an exact report of examinations made on the spot. The state of the jail at Bridgetown, in Barbadoes, they rightly consider a reproach to Sir Lionel Smith's government. The West India treadmill, with the *cat* which urges its movements, is found in every locality, and is a disgrace to humanity. This report of the state of the Bridgetown jail was made by Dr Lloyd and Mr John Scoble, before they went from thence to Demerara. They say:—

From the council chamber we proceeded into the jail yard, where were collected a large number of negroes employed in breaking stones. The male negroes are required to break thirty baskets a-day—the women twenty-five baskets a-day. The stones are very hard, and the hammers very soft; the consequence is, that it is a most laborious operation. In failure of their appointed tasks, they are flogged, both male and female! This I learned on the spot. Among the women thus employed, was one very far advanced in pregnancy. I was very much pleased to learn, that some of the more powerful negroes would break a few more baskets than their required amount, and give their surplus to the weaker, to save them a flogging. From this part of the yard we proceeded to the back of the prison, to inspect the tread-mill. It was going when we reached it. Fifteen male negroes, of different ages, from boys to men, were on it, and the cat was in constant requisition on their sides, shoulders, and legs, to keep them up to their work; and, even when the miserable creatures kept step properly, if they did not *tread down*, they were flogged. On the top of the tread-mill were a number of negroes, who secured the arms of those that were too weak to hold on by the rail. The usual time for them to be on the tread-mill is ten minutes. From the mill we proceeded to the jail. The first room we entered was about thirty by thirty-five feet, in which one hundred and ten negroes are obliged to herd together, from four in the afternoon until next morning. How they can live in such an atmosphere as must be created by so large a number of persons being congregated together in a tropical climate, I cannot tell.—The next apartment visited was about half the size. There were confined in it thirty-five males, committed for various felonies. The jailor informed me, that sometimes negroes were incarcerated there twelve months previous to trial, and are then discharged without it. Often, when it is inconvenient for the prosecutor to appear, or he does not choose to appear, cases are adjourned to the next Sessions, a period of six months. How iniquitous a system is this! We returned back to the tread-mill. The women were then on; such a sight I never saw before; they were dressed in coarse dowlas, descending from the hips like trowsers, below the knees, and upwards to the bosom, leaving the neck exposed, fitting close round the body. The arms from below the shoulders bare, the legs bare also. The heads shaved quite close, with a hankerchief tied round them. They were up for ten minutes, and had been up during the morning four times before, and were to be put up twice after we left. No difference whatever was made between them as to the amount of punishment. When we arrived, they had been up about three minutes, and the brutal driver was flogging them with the cat, with as much severity as he had previously flogged the men; he cut them wherever he listed, and as often as he pleased. We were dreadfully shocked, but determined to witness the whole proceeding. On the mill there was a mulatto woman, perhaps about thirty, dreadfully exhausted—indeed, she could not step any more, although she had been on only a few minutes.

The driver flogged her repeatedly, and she as often made the attempt to tread the mill, but nature was worn out. She was literally suspended by the bend of the elbow of one arm, a negro holding down the wrist at the top of the mill for some minutes; and her poor legs knocking against the revolving steps of the mill until her blood marked them. There she hung groaning, and anon receiving a cut from the driver, to which she appeared almost indifferent. When the ten minutes were up, the negro above released her arm, and she fell on the floor, utterly unable to support herself, and at last managed to stagger out of the place. Her sufferings must have been terrible. But she was not the only one who suffered. A black girl, apparently about eighteen, was equally exhausted. When we arrived, she was moaning piteously. Her moans were answered by the cut of the whip. She endeavoured again and again to tread the mill, but was utterly unable. She had lost all power, and hung, in the same helpless way, with the mulatto woman, suspended by the left arm, held on by the wrist by a negro above. The bend of the arm passed over the rail, and the wrist was held down tightly, so that she could not alter her position, or get the least ease by moving. It was most affecting to hear her appeals to the driver—"Sweet massa, do pity me—do, sweet massa, pity me—my arm is broke." Her entreaties to be relieved were answered by cuts from the whip, and threats that, did she not cease to make a noise, he would have her down and flog her. The fear that he would carry this threat into execution, led her to suppress her feelings as well as she could. . . . . During the whole time these scenes were transacting, the Barbadoes Legis-

lature were holding their Sessions within thirty yards of the tread-mill.

It is proper to add, that Sir Ewan Macgregor has since rectified some of the worst of these abuses, and forbidden the superintendent to carry the cat, and likewise the punishment of the tread-mill for pregnant women. But to the music of the cat the apprentices still, in many places, in negro phrase, "dance the treadmill," for a week or more, and for the most frivolous causes. Sir Lionel Smith was a rigid disciplinarian, it would seem, and not very delicately discriminative in his scale of punishments. The treadmill, with the cat, and shaving the head, was the general remedy for all classes of crime—whether stealing, washing linen ill, or not doing enough o. hoeing. The Half-way Tree Workhouse, or House of Correction, in Jamaica, is a second edition of the Bridgetown jail. Men and women were found there, heavily chained, and many prisoners were nearly naked :—

We spoke to a negro, who was sick from the effects of a severe flogging ; his back was a white mass of suppuration. Another pitiable object was lying about, whose body and limbs were swollen and ulcerated. He seemed a mass of disease, and was apparently of weak intellect. He was a watchman on Chester Vale estate, and had been sent there for suffering the cattle to trespass. So far from possessing activity enough to be a watchman, we do not think he could have walked across the yard. Even the supervisor said he ought not to have been sent. We next went to see the treadmill. There were two gangs of men and women, who, we were told, worked alternate spells of fifteen minutes each ; an almost incredible amount of punishment. The men were put upon it during our stay ; they were in the same state of exposure as before noticed. The women were standing near them, waiting their turn. No regard was paid to decency in providing the latter with a suitable dress to work on the mill.

White-skinned prisoners are kept apart, and never chained. Since Lord Sligo left the island, the gallows has become a permanent erection in Spanish Town—*in terrorem*. At a workhouse jail, in St Ann's Bay, two females were found in the solitary cells, one condemned "to dance the treadmill" twice a-day, for *deficiency* in her work. Some of the prisoners were suffering from injuries received in the treadmill, which, in Jamaica and Barbadoes, is a formidable instrument of torture :—

Every step is stained with blood both recent and old ; the former being that of the poor old woman whom the deputy mentioned to us. It had been shed so profusely that even the sand on the floor was thickly sprinkled with it. We asked him whether the prisoners on the treadwheel were flogged. He replied that it was necessary "*to touch them up*"—*women* as well as men. The latter, he said, were struck on the back, but the women on their feet. The whip, which we asked to see, is a cat composed of nine lashes of knotted small cords.

The valuation of the time of apprentices is a source of perpetual fraud, vexation, and oppression. The tourists were present at several of these appraisements. They describe the mode of valuing "as a premium on worthlessness," and the honesty and faithfulness of a negro apprentice as his greatest misfortune, as these qualities enhance his value beyond his means of purchasing freedom. As the apprentice time draws shorter, his price is heightened ; and an apprentice, valued a year before at five or six doubloons, will rise to nine or ten. At a Special Court held at Machinael, at which the Quaker gentlemen attended—after many cases of complaints, brought both by apprentices and overseers, had been dismissed—an apprentice came forward to be valued :—

His master said that he was one of his most valuable men ; that he was a mason and carpenter, and occasionally worked in the field. His bookkeeper deposed, that, during a two years' residence on the estate, he had never known him employed except in the field, but that he was a very active, valuable man. Another bookkeeper deposed, that he had once seen him some years ago plastering a cottage. The next witness was a coloured man, who had been a slave, and had been manumitted by the father of his present proprietor, for his valuable services, and is still employed on the estate. He swore that the negro in question could handle both a trowel and a saw, but was not a good workman with either. The apprentice himself said he had only been sent to learn to be a mason for a short period, several years ago, and that he had bad health. His brother confirmed this statement. An overseer, who was standing by, rated his services at L.40 per annum nett. A dispute next arose about the class to which he belonged, as he had been employed as a domestic servant some time previous to August 1833. Two important features of the system were disclosed to our observation during these proceedings. The Special Magistrate reminded the proprietor of the fact which had been elicited in the previous case, that he paid his negroes only 1s. 8d. for their Saturdays ; and he remonstrated with him on his placing an exorbitant price on their services when they came to be valued. The latter replied, that, whatever the time of his apprentices was worth, it was nothing to anybody if they chose to sell it to him for 1s. 8d. a-day. . . . . The *animus* of the whole proceedings on the part of the planters was odious ; and this single day's experience convinced us, that, for general and systematic violations of the Apprenticeship Act, this is not behind any district in the island.

Apprentices, it would seem, become *predials* or *non-predials* exactly as it suits their masters ; and thus it is often rendered impossible for them to redeem themselves ; while, to benevolent persons, who are either desirous to purchase their freedom or lend them money for that purpose, great difficulties are presented. Before the 1st of August next, we may expect a sudden and immense increase of *predials*. The masters having first pocketed compensation, given at the public expense, would now derive an unfairly enhanced price for their "property" in apprentice labour. One man, the head carpenter on the Wallen estate, was twice valued—first at £352, and, after appealing to the Governor, at £230 ; but this valuation was set aside by his master, who brought, the man said, a great number of persons to swear against his character, who put trades upon him he knew nothing about, and made out there was nothing he could not do. Now he despairs of ever being free. He cannot pay his price : he is nearly sixty, and freedom without price will come too late for him. It must be recollected, that the *non-predials* are entitled to emancipation in 1838 ; so that this man's remaining time must have been enormously over-valued. Among the hardships of the apprentices, we find the arbitrary mulcting of whole gangs of field-labourers, for the delinquency or idleness of one of their number, and compelling them to repay time which has been lost by their being sent to the

estate dungeon or the treadmill, on, probably, some frivolous complaint of the overseers. The frauds practised by the cunning strong upon the ignorant and weak we do not pretend to enumerate. The negroes are also subjected to a variety of wanton and malicious aggressions from the overseers, who shoot their goats, hogs, and poultry, or seize the latter for their own use. They either wilfully allow the cattle and horses of the plantations to trespass upon the little gardens and provision grounds of the labourers, or, if the trespass should be accidental, in both cases refuse all redress. Pounding "Massa's cattle" is not to be thought of. These tricks of spite, and acts of petty persecution, are in revenge for the negroes complaining to the magistrates, and "taking the law" of their masters. Sometimes the negro huts are pulled down, and the threat or actual withdrawing of the customary allowances of salt fish and other things, places the poor creatures greatly in the power of their task-masters. Many more little spiteful ways of annoyance are fallen upon; for, though the masters have had the *lash* torn from their hands, and been well paid for laying it down, their power to wrong and oppress has been little abridged, where there is inclination to use it.

The amount of suffering and punishment inflicted in these modes, is placed on no record, reported to no authority, but it is not therefore less oppressively and keenly felt. It affords us little satisfaction to turn from illegal to legal oppression. A limited and imperfect idea of the amount of punishment inflicted by the Special Magistrates, may be learned from the fact, that, during the first two years of their administration in the colony, sixty thousand apprentices were punished, to an extent, in the aggregate, of a *quarter of a million of lashes*, and *fifty thousand* other punishments, by *the treadmill, chain gang, solitary confinement*, and *mulcts of time*.

The state of religious instruction and of schools, attracted the especial attention of the Friends; and the accounts of the Baptist mission in Jamaica, that of the Moravians in different islands, the Wesleyan Methodists, and those of other religious bodies in Great Britain, whose Christian and brotherly love has extended to the West Indies, are extremely gratifying. The tourists state that they are unable to render justice to the missionary efforts in Jamaica. They speak with affectionate warmth.

Representation cannot picture the happy results of these efforts; description can convey no idea of their excellence and magnitude. A few years ago, the negroes were heathen and benighted; now, they are, to a great extent, enlightened and Christian. . . . . The success of missionary labours among the servile population, has been general and striking; much has been done, yet much remains to be done. The work requires to be deepened, strengthened, and extended; and we earnestly commend those benefactors of the human race, the missionaries, to the more earnest prayers, to the deeper sympathies, and to the yet more liberal support of British Christians.

The church discipline exercised in Antigua, appears well adapted to the present condition of the people. A vigilant oversight is maintained over the members, which might be improper, and indeed insufferable, in a more enlightened community of Christians, though productive of great benefit among the negroes. In certain evenings of every week, the members come to have "a speaking" with the minister; and the arrangements are such that the whole pass before him once in every six or eight weeks. A religious negro on each estate is appointed "a helper;" and his duty is to watch over the members, and bring all delinquencies before the minister. The cases of discipline which the Friends saw brought before a minister belonging to the United Brethren, were those of two men accused of living with women to whom they were not married. their sentence was to be put out of the church. A man who had beat his wife was suspended. The members have an appeal from those decisions to the Monthly Conference of Missionaries. The negroes are more afraid of church discipline than of legal punishment; and sometimes the planters call in the aid of the minister, to subdue the refractory, and enforce obedience. The tourists were also witnesses, in Jamaica, of the examination of candidates for baptism. A good old woman was put back for a time, until her knowledge should be more ripened; a young man was received.

In Jamaica, and some of the other islands, the Mico Institution has now numerous branch schools; and schools and chapels, twin-stars of dawning civilization, appear in many a locality. Many of the proprietors support or aid education and religious instruction on their estates. The schools are now, in a great majority of instances, taught by free blacks or coloured people. To some of these schools, the children travel five miles, backwards and forwards, every day. To others of the Mico schools, the little children bring yams and roots, to be cooked for them. At one of them, when cooked, their meal was laid on a cloth in the middle of the floor. One of the elder boys portioned it out with a knife, the children bringing their tins or little baskets, one by one, till all were served. Above 4000 children are already taught in these schools.

Individuals among the coloured people, who, in spite of prejudice and various obstacles, have risen to distinction, by the mere force of good conduct, talent, and energy of character, greatly interested the tourists. They were seen in all the islands, and of both sexes. The Wesleyan minister at Parkham in Antigua, is a man of colour, and was born a slave in Bermuda. It is said—

His history is remarkable. He is not, we believe, inferior, either in education, qualifications, or usefulness, to any of his brethren in the ministry. The school under his care is in good order, and very numerously attended. The children are all emancipated but two; a circumstance which is employed to instil into their breasts sentiments of fervent loyalty. They were told we came from England; and asked "Who lives in England?"—"The King." "What has the King done for you?"—"He make us free," was responded by upwards of one hundred little voices, with the greatest enthusiasm.

At Wolmer's free school at Kingston, which is pronounced the best school seen in the West Indies, the master asserted that the children of colour attending, are equal, both in conduct and ability, to the white scholars. They have always carried off more than their proportion of prizes. This master had taught the school for thirty-eight years.

In the present state of the West Indies, much, if not everything, depends upon the character of the managers and attorneys who superintend the estates. If the individual administering be a humane man, and mild and considerate in the exercise of his despotic power, the labourers are comparatively comfortable and contented. They make few or no appeals to the special or stipendiary magistrate, and endure no chains, mulcts, or "dancing the tread-mill." And such mild and enlightened despots are, happily, often found both among resident proprietors and managers. Absentee properties, as is fairly to be presumed, are often very ill-managed. The apprentices on Lord Holland's estate get no allowance of salt fish, contrary to agreement; "and the people turn out to work, the very same as during slavery." Their own time is cruelly trenched upon. They were, in brief, full of complaints, and hoped for no satisfaction from the magistrate of the parish. The overseer complains, and the magistrate writes out the punishment. "Missis [Lady Holland] has," they say, "been kind to we. We know that, whether we get the gifts she sends or not, we should remain on the estate as long as we live." But they did not meanwhile wish to enter into rash bargains with the attorney; they were anxious, as many of the best, the most foreseeing of the apprentices must be, about what was to be done respecting their houses and grounds, which they said uncertainty prevented them from repairing and improving:—

They said, that former times were bad enough; the apprenticeship was better, as they could not be flogged by the driver, but they wished they might be free immediately. One of their complaints was, that they had never seen their master, pointing, at the same time, to a very old negro, and intimating he had never seen his owner. They wished Lord Holland would send out "his piccaninny or his cousin," with whom they might talk about the terms upon which they should remain when free. As we were leaving, they preferred a request to their attorney, to exchange their half Friday for every alternate Friday, as their grounds were six miles distant. From Sweet River we proceeded to Friendship, a sugar estate belonging to Lord Holland. Here, also, we saw and conversed with at least fifty or sixty of the people, in the presence of their attorney and overseer. We did not find them very communicative. They said, however, that they had a kind master and mistress (Lord and Lady Holland;) and, when free, which they wished might be to-morrow, they should be glad to remain on the estate, and work for wages, rather than leave their houses and grounds to begin the world again. We asked them whether the Special Magistrate heard both sides fairly, when they were brought before him. They replied he would not let them speak; in confirmation of which, the Custos strongly condemned the conduct of some of the stipendiaries.

The estate of Mr Wallace of Kelly does not seem to be in the best hands. Mr Ewing of Glasgow's estate is also mentioned, as one of the absentee properties on which the people are ill-cared for. One of the Caymanas (the name of several estates) belongs to Lord Carrington, and is in a good condition:—

The hospital is a large, well-ventilated building. The negro village of the farm is, probably, one of the best in the island. The houses are scattered over a considerable extent of ground, in groups of two or three, in separate neat inclosures It is embosomed in a grove of cocoa nut trees, on which the negroes are, in part, dependent for the means of support. Many of the cottages consist of two or three good rooms, in which are a little furniture, and, in a few instances, glasses and earthenware. They were remarkably clean, and the courts carefully swept. We were introduced to Whitehall Ellis, the head negro, an intelligent man, who is still as active and as lively as a boy, though nearly seventy years of age. He has a numerous family of descendants, and is a man of considerable property, being possessed of a light tax cart and a number of cattle and sheep. He owned, before the 1st of August, nine slaves, twenty head of cattle, and seventy sheep; but, like other prosperous men, he has experienced occasional reverses. His speculations in slaves did not turn out well; he gave us a most amusing account of one of them, who stole some of his cattle, and sold them for himself in Kingston market, and then, pretending they were lost, almost killed his master, by leading him a wild goose chase in search of them, among the swamps and woods. As he, being himself a slave, could not hold slaves in his own right, he was likely also to lose the compensation, through the faithlessness of the friend in whose name they had been registered. Ellis invited us to his house, which is a large, comfortable, and furnished cottage, with *jalousies* in the casements. He produced a bottle of Maderia, and wine glasses; and, by so doing, according to West India notions, refuted the thousand and one statements of the Anti-Slavery Society of the physical sufferings of slaves. Among the negro houses, there is a small chapel, in which one of the apprentices occasionally preaches. The attorney asked the people whether they would send their children to school if he provided a teacher. They professed great anxiety to avail themselves of his offer. As we were leaving, a woman came forward to petition for assistance towards rebuilding or repairing her cottage. She manifested much distress. Old Ellis rebuked her sharply—"Did she wish to bring massa's property into disgrace before the gentlemen? Where were her manners?" &c. The negroes on this estate are a fine muscular race of people, and both their appearance and that of their dwellings was one of comfort.

The estate of Montpelier, belonging to Lord Seaford, presents a painful contrast to this. The negroes are discontented, the overseers tyrannical and cruel. In Belvidere, a neighbouring estate, which is said to have been cruelly managed before the "rebellion," a better system has lately been introduced by a Scotch ploughman, who came out to introduce a new system of culture, and was promoted to be overseer of the estate by a judicious attorney.

He is not only greatly improving the cultivation, but adding to the comfort of the negroes. We have met with no one who has introduced the plough so extensively. We conversed with several of the negroes in the boiling-house. They all said they were satisfied with their Busha, and would be glad, when free, to remain as labourers on the estate. If the same question had been asked them a year before, they should have given a very different answer. They receive twopence per hour for extra labour during crop, which is the most liberal arrangement we have yet heard of.

So these negroes are easily rendered contented, and even grateful, though probably they as easily become litigious and troublesome. The tourists met with several of the emigrants taken out in consequence of that dread of negro indolence, which so grievously afflicted the proprietors. One family, seen on Hyde Hall estate, were from Sussex; but they had only newly landed, and were still delighted with their new country. The emigrant settlement at Altamont, in the heart of the Portland mountains, was reached

through a succession of exquisitely beautiful scenery.

The location is delightfully chosen in an irregular valley about one mile and a half in length, through which flows the Rio Grande. The climate is very fine, and the only obvious disadvantage is the difficulty of transporting produce to a port or market. The sides of the mountains being crown land, afford ample scope for the extension of the settlement. The soil is virgin land of the most fertile description, well suited to the cultivation of coffee and ginger. The attention of the Superintendent is turned to the introduction of indigo, tobacco, the mulberry, and various other descriptions of profitable cultivation. The colony consists, at present, of only six families, who have been about two months in the island. The commissioners anticipated their arrival, by building some neat little white cottages, which the people themselves have since further improved, and inclosed in little plots of ground, by neat fences of young rose trees. They are all married persons with young families, from the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, selected by a minister, who is the brother of a member of Assembly in this island, one of the chief promoters of the colonization of Europeans. They have hitherto enjoyed good health, with the exception of one family, who were detained on a sugar estate, near the coast, where the husband found employment as a cooper. There his wife and children were attacked by intermittent fever, from which they have not yet recovered. Each family, besides being permitted for the present to occupy a house rent free, cultivates any quantity of land they think proper. They have also a cow and certain allowances of food till they are able to support themselves. An account is kept against them for the two latter items, which they will be expected to repay. They are offered twenty acres of land in fee, as soon as they can erect a house upon it, so as to leave their present dwellings for new occupants. About twenty houses are either built or in progress, and an additional number of families are shortly expected. The superintendent appeared delighted with the industry of the emigrants, and, indeed, shewed us sufficient proofs of it, in the quantity of land they have already brought into cultivation. The men are fine, athletic peasants. They seemed cheerful, and expressed themselves satisfied with their new country: they were employed in making a piece of road, towards the expense of which the island has granted a sum of money. Their children looked happy, and their blue eyes, laughing faces, and bare feet, reminded us of their native mountains. Their wives, however, generally appeared home-sick.

It is intended to form more white colonies.

The Friends consider the Jamaica colonization system founded on false principles; and to us their objections appear just. The Maroon colony in this mountainous region is an interesting feature of the country. It is as beautifully situated as Altamont, and already consists of about a hundred houses, larger and better furnished than the negro huts on estates, and prettily scattered over the hill side. The house of the superintendent, and that of the clergyman, stand on adjoining eminences, overlooking the town.

The Maroons are a fine race of people, tall and elegant in person, with features more European than the negroes generally possess, and with the independent bearing of men who have been for generations free. Some of the women are decidedly handsome, and, except their complexion, more like gipsies than negroes. The inhabitants of this settlement, the largest Maroon town in the island, have lately acquired a reputation for industry. We saw a number of women employed at Altamont, in carrying lime on their heads a considerable distance, to the top of a hill, on which a building was in progress. A troop of the men sometimes turn out, with their negro captain at their head, to clear the pastures of such of the neighbouring planters as are willing to employ them; they work with their cutlasses, having a sort of disdain for the implements degraded by slavery. They also cultivate their own grounds industriously, and surround themselves with many domestic comforts; and bid fair, in short, to become industrious citizens. Their improved condition and habits do great credit to their present superintendent. It is to be desired, when their blood-hound occupation of hunting out runaway negroes shall have ceased by the abolition of slavery, that their exclusive character and privileges may be abolished, their land divided among them in fee, and themselves left to merge into the general community of free persons.

The condition of the apprentices of Trinadad and Demerara is considered by Mr Sturge as equally bad if not worse than that of their brethren in Jamaica. A new branch of traffic has sprung up in some of the islands, and may probably extend. In the "Demerara slave-trade," as it is termed, agents and speculators induce the free labourers in Antigua to *indent* with them. Of their service, for the number of years agreed on, they dispose in British Guiana, where there is a great demand for negro labour. The fellow-passenger of the Friends from Barbadoes to Antigua, mentioned above, was engaged in this traffic. At Antigua he had at this time induced thirty-two negroes of both sexes to indent with him; and it is calculated that £100 sterling will be realized upon each of those slaves held by a new tenure.

We have endeavoured to give a fair notion of the spirit of this volume, and of the sort of information with which it literally teems, regarding the practical operation of the Abolition Bill. The opinion of the authors is decidedly unfavourable as to the immediate results of that Bill; but not more so than might have been presumed from what they witnessed, and the bias to the right side with which they must have left England. They went prepared, by what they had heard, to find great iniquity existing; and their worst fears were confirmed. They went avowedly to "spy out the nakedness of the land;" to probe the festering, ill-concealed sore, to search with keen eyes for cruelty and injustice in their lurking places, and to drag them into light. The object of their humane mission was not to discover the social virtues and engaging qualities of planters and magistrates; and, keeping this in view, we are inclined to believe that they have in their report done impartial justice between the judges, the masters, and the labourers, so far as the whole truth regarding the higher classes was made known to them. If their ear was more readily and willingly given to the complaints of the helpless, who shall condemn the generous error?

In hope and patience, the country now waits the result of the resolutions which, before this number of *Tait's Magazine* is published, Lord Brougham will have brought before Parliament. We write in ignorance of the precise nature of the proposed resolutions; but their general tenor may easily be conjectured. Their main object will be the IMMEDIATE ABOLITION of Slavery in every part of the British West Indies; but, prospectively, they must look to the protection of the negroes, and the maintenance of their rights as British subjects.

OLD AUNT ANNE; OR, THE PENSION LIST.

SURELY the Dean is sadly out of spirits?" quoth I, to my worthy friend, Mrs Drainham, the other night. "Long Christmas bills are apt to engender long Christmas faces; but my very reverend friend is known to be a ready-money man. What is the matter? Tithes looking down? Surely his Isle of Sheppy living is not in default?—or his rectory in Suffolk behindhand?—or his mastership of —— College danger of cutting down?"

"No—oh, dear, no! Thank goodness, all is safe with us! The Dean's proctor keeps a strict hand over such matters. Seldom a week or a guinea in arrear. Even the Irish living, which is held till my youngest son is old enough for ordination, improves every quarter. With four thousand seven hundred a-year church preferment in the family, we have no great reason to complain if occasionally a hundred pounds deficit."

"You admit, however, that the Dean *is* somewhat low just now? I suppose, poor fellow, his digestion is not quite the thing. I saw him refuse lobster sauce, yesterday, with his turbot, as if a *leetle* afraid of it; and he ate his wild duck with cayenne. Take my word for it, my dear madam, at the Dean's age, a bottle of claret a-day is too cold without a good foundation of Madeira or sherry, and a topping up of liqueur. The Dean should never take his coffee without a *chasse* of noyeau or curaçoa, or something warm of that description, to keep up the circulation."

"I don't think his digestion much amiss," replied Mrs Drainham. "At least, I know he can dispatch half-a-dozen oyster patties for his luncheon, or a basin of turtle soup, and eat a good dinner afterwards—a thing I was never able to do in my life. But the fact is, my husband is desperately put out just now about his old Aunt Anne."

"What old Aunt Anne? I was not aware that the Dean had any such relation?"

"Nor any one else, except the editors of 'The Peerage.' The old lady ought to have been dead these fifteen years: Miss Drainham was eighty-five last March."

"The Dean is in mourning, then, not for her decease but for her survival—eh! my dear madam? But, compose your feelings—no mortal is immortal, nowadays, except Talleyrand and Lady Cork, who, I am assured, were very near getting up a match last season. Depend upon it, Aunt Anne will drop before long."

"That makes the case the more provoking. As the old lady has one foot in the grave, 'tis very hard that her pension should drop first."

"Her pension?"

"Miss Drainham has been on the pension list ever since the year 1773—before the Deluge! Yet they say she will certainly be struck off. Conceive the infamy of Ministers in sacrificing a poor, helpless, old woman, who has been receiving for the last sixty years the bounty of the country!"

"And what had Aunt Anne done for the country, to merit this benefaction of £12,000?" quoth I.

"Done *for* the country?—*who* does anything for his country in modern times? To *do* the country is now the grand object; and the mode in which Aunt Anne obtained her pension was curious enough. Her father, Lord Drainham, who was Master of the Buckhounds, and constantly about the Court, applied to get her appointed Maid of Honour; and nothing is so difficult as to refuse a trifling favour to a person with whom one is in habits of daily intercourse. But it happened that Anne Drainham was precisely the sort of young person to be insupportable at the Queen's Lodge—a prying, sarcastic girl, with all her eyes and all her tongue about her; and the Queen, literally, would not hear of her. So, by way of pacifying the old Lord, Aunt Anne was put on the civil list for two hundred a-year; and, soon afterwards, the Lord Chamberlain was requested to give her an apartment at Hampton Court. By these means, Lord Drainham got rid of his daughter, and Queen Charlotte of her maid of honour; and *there* she has been vegetating to her heart's content for the last sixty years."

"And will probably continue to vegetate for the remainder of her days."

"Not she!—tiresome old woman! It will be impossible for her to live there, you know, on a pittance of three hundred a-year; and, in consideration of her pension, such was the miserable income assigned her by her father. His other daughters had *five;* but Aunt Anne's pension was brought into hotch-pot to make up her fortune."

"Hard enough upon *her*."

"Upon *her*? And what is it upon *us*? She will certainly require the Dean to do something for her if the pension-list should go to the wall. People of *her* age are so unreasonable! The Dean, the present Lord Drainham, and the Governor of ——, are her only nephews; the rest of the family are females."

"But her claim is surely greatest on Lord Drainham, as the eldest son of her only brother."

"To what claims was Lord Drainham ever known to attend, except those of Newmarket and White's? If shirking his old aunt would get him turned out of the Jockey Club, Aunt Anne would be safe enough. But when poor old Miss Drainham applied to him on the subject, the only notice he took of her letter was to enclose it to his brother, and bid the Dean put it in his pipe and smoke it."

"Most unfeeling conduct, I admit! But the Governor, Sir Richard Drainham's salary must amount to many thousands a-year."

"If it were ten, it would not half suffice his own wants. His income is desperately dipped. They only gave him that government to get him out of the way of his creditors. He could no longer afford a seat in Parliament after Lord Drainham sold the two family boroughs—(after getting the deanery and the mastership for one brother, and a regiment for the other, he wanted nothing further of Government, and it was useless keeping them!) But, so soon as Sir Richard was out of the House, the Bench stared him in the face; and the Regent, the best-hearted man alive, could not bear to see an old acquaintance (the son of his royal father's favourite's favourite) disgraced. Such was the motive of his being sent out to ——."

"But, being there, and with such princely emoluments, it is surely Sir Richard's duty to do something for his poor relations?"

"Not so long as Government will do it for him! Consider how hard the Drainhams have always worked for their country! The old Lord was Master of the Stag-hounds and Lord of the Bedchamber; and the late Lord, Master of the Mint and Groom of the Stole. There is my poor husband, toiling through the duties of his Deanery, and three livings besides; and the General labouring away in exile at his Government House! The least Ministers can do for the infirm relative of men who stand so high in the estimation of the world, is to continue her pension. For my part, I consider that, after fifty years' enjoyment, a pension ought to be doubled. Aunt Anne's would probably have been so, had George IV. survived. He had such an esteem for her! Miss Drainham is one of the few surviving relicts of those amusing Kew and Frogmore times. She has a thousand abominable anecdotes of Lord North, and Wilkes, and Foote, and Barrington, and all sorts of eminent people. If the pension-list should be thrown over, I shall advise her to write her memoirs. She could call them 'Recollections of an Ex-Maid of Honour;' and, if she got the ghost of George Hanger, or one of the royal family, to edit the book, Colburn would give her, at least, a thousand guineas."

"Meanwhile, she retains, at least, the enjoyment of her snuggery at Hampton Court."

"Yes, a pretty snuggery!—up two hundred and four steep steps of a winding stone staircase. Lord Alvanley once advised Aunt Anne to be drawn up by a crane, as the housemaids and sacks of coals are swung at York House. The *good* apartments in the Quality Workhouse (as it is called in the neighbourhood) are given to rich dowagers: the Duchess of M., with a jointure of four thousand a-year; the Dowager Countess of S., ditto, ditto; the Countess of M., three thousand—and so forth. The attic floor alone is given to noble families in distress, or starving spinsters, who are forced to accept what they can get."

"Poor creatures! To be compelled to burrow in such a tabby-warren! I am told they get up the most amusing feuds about their rights to half a scullery, or bottle-rack, or coal-shed; and that the Honourable Miss A. sends a lawyer's letter to the Right Honourable Lady Charlotte B., because her Ladyship's footboy hangs his dusters to dry over the Honourable Miss A.'s meat-safe."

"Yes!—I recollect hearing that Aunt Anne had got into a lawsuit with some Dowager Viscountess, because her canary bird scattered his seed-husks over her ladyship's mignonette vases on the story below. And now we are likely to have both her and the canary bird at the Deanery!"

"I don't see the absolute necessity for such a remove."

"Why, you see, we could keep the old lady here cheaper than by allowing her two hundred a-year to stay at the palace. Remember she has three hundred of her own; and the horrid newspapers would be at us, if the Dean were to let his old aunt come to want."

"These Sunday newspapers are a perfect inquisition upon the higher classes," quoth I.

"And, after all, though many of their statements are founded on fact, it is impossible for them to judge the *real* state of every case. They are always at poor Lord Drainham, for instance, about his patent place; as if he were actually *receiving* fees to the amount of eight thousand a-year. Why, every creature in society knows that he sold the reversion of the place long before his father's death—that he does not finger a guinea from it—that he is only the nominal occupant. Then the Dean, whom they tax with the amount of his preferment—just consider what the Dean has to do with his money! Seven thousand pounds last month for a troop in the Life-Guards for John; and an allowance of a thousand a-year, to enable him to keep it with decency. Edward, you know, is *attaché* at Vienna; he cannot get on with less than five hundred. My youngest son costs us nearly as much at Oxford; and, as to the girls—what with two guineas a-lesson to Herz, and a guinea and a half a-lesson to Madam Michan—the expense of their education is enormous! Now, I just ask you, after that, whether the Dean is likely to have any money to throw away upon Aunt Anne! *Do*, pray, my dear Mr Allspy, write to London, to your friend the young Sec., (whose pert letters sometimes figure in the newspapers,) and inquire what chance we have about the pension list, now that that wretch Harvey is out of the Committee; and whether (for you perceive that the Dean is getting desperately out of spirits about the matter) there is likely to be a vacancy in the housekeeperships of any of the palaces or public offices. To be appointed laundress, or to any other of those odd sinecures about the Court, would be the very thing for old Aunt Anne!"

POLITIC TACTICS.

It is a startling study, on the eve of a general election, to consider the motives and causes which impel divers sorts and conditions of men towards Parliament, and a painful result to discover how small the minority of those who are actuated by a desire to devote their time and faculties to the legislation of their country and amelioration of their kind. We hear wondrous Jeremiades over the venality of electors, the degradation of votes, the bad spirit of certain districts, and the partiality of certain returning officers; but far less than enough of the views and objects of candidates. They are, occasionally, twitted on the hustings, with the baseness of their origin, the unsoundness of their political principles, or even with the blemishes on their moral conduct. But we are told, and they are told, little or nothing respecting their ulterior objects in aspiring to membership of the House.

There have been published, especially of late, divers lists and catalogues of the new Parliament; in some of which, Whigs and Tories are distinguished, by black ink and red; the *rouge et noir* being farther illustrated by the Roman capitals, C. and R., to denote Conservatives and Radicals. All this is vastly instructive. It is right and meet for the silly sheep to be marked with the initials of their master's flock, lest, on any occasion, not having the fear of the press before their eyes, they presume to give an independent vote, or to be influenced by facts unfolded in debate. But we should be glad to see one list more. We should be glad to know, not only what they are going to do, but why they have acquired the privilege of doing it. We live in retirement, we know little of the tactics of the political word; and, finding no solution in the published speeches of nine in ten candidates at the late general election, for their pretence to coadhere with the legislative wisdom of the kingdom, would fain learn by what latent impulses their ambition was suggested.

Having stumbled, the other evening, into the company of an ex-member, intimately versed in the state of political parties, we hazarded a few impertinent questions on this head, to which we had the satisfaction of obtaining the following pertinent answers.

Our first inquiry regarded Jack Jowlie, the honourable member for * * * * *, an individual who, if Wordsworth's theory be correct, that "the boy is father of the man," must be one of the most eminently stupid asses of the new Parliament. We remember him, first, a breechless little blockhead—next, the universal fag of Harrow—and, thirdly, the patient butt of Oxford.

"What made such a fellow as Jack Jowlie dream of getting into Parliament?" was our first query.

"His wife. Jack Jowlie's ten thousand a-year are married to the daughter of an Earl. Lady Mary (a pretty, lively, little woman, who saw no other method of weaning him from his kennel, and transferring him for six months of the twelve to London) negociated for him with one of the leading attorneys of * * * *. Jack was written to; solicited to come forward; humbugged to the hustings, humbugged *on* them, humbugged off; and Lady Mary's house in Grosvenor Street, next season, will necessitate a fall of timber at Jowlie Hall."

"And to what has the numskull pledged himself?"

"He will be obliged to look in one of the black and red lists to ascertain. Jack knows no more of politics than one of his own pointers; but, having noticed that the late squire, his father, appeared, in his portrait by Opie, in a suit of blue and buff, took himself to be an hereditary Whig, and takes his seat accordingly."

"Discerning patriot!—But what could be the object of my friend, Sir Marmaduke Moggs?"

"Finding himself a solitary knight, in one of the most baronetiferous counties in England, he determined to redeem his insignificance by substituting M.P. for Knt."

"And what are his politics?"

"They used to be Conservative—for it was by the Tories he was knighted. They are now Whig—for it is to the present Administration he looks for a baronetcy."

"And young Lord Laxmore, the idlest and weakest of Crockford's loungers—what induced *him* to stand for Hawkswell?"

"He was told it was a knowing thing, and his maiden aunt promised to frank him."

"And Lord Harry Ross?"

"Did not choose to be outdone by his chum Laxmore."

"And Sir William Berry?"

"Wanted a pretext for leave of absence from his regiment, during the London season."

"And young Martingale?"

"Wanted security from the sheriff's officers, all the year round."

"All this may be true," cried we, with dolorous looks of conviction; "for these are boobies and dunces. But let us look higher. There are certain even of the better brothers, whom we should scarcely have guessed to be desirous of devoting their lives to Parliament—men of small fortunes and great abilities, whose line of politics renders the pursuit of loaves and fishes through a Parliamentary channel altogether hopeless. What put it into poor Pica's head, for instance, to get into the House?"

"To raise the price of his books, which were going down in the market. M.P. after the name of Timothy Pica, is thirty per cent. added to his copyright."

"And Wirewove, who is too well off to submit to such considerations?"

"Wirewove became an amateur author out

of love for the eclat of authorship. Finding it tarnished and worn threadbare, he is now ambitious of figuring in the oratorical line. Wirewove will now speak trash, instead of writing it; he means to astonish the world by his sallies."

"On which side?"

"I doubt whether he is at present decided. He will, perhaps, take alternate weeks for Whig and Tory, as he would engage an opera box."

"And Bawlington—what does *he* purpose by obtaining a seat?"

"To extend the circulation of his paper."

"And Flimsy, the country banker?"

"To extend the circulation of his notes."

"And young Adamson?"

"To obtain notes for circulation from his old uncle, the nabob, who chooses that one of his name should be in Parliament, and is too gouty to take the trouble."

Uncertain whether to be more surprised or shocked by these aspersions, we had scarcely courage to pursue the inquiry. But our friend saved us the trouble of deliberation.

"Then there is that poor old spent ball, Sir Thomas ——," said he—"almost drivelling, and scarcely able to toddle into the House. Having sat for five-and forty years, he did not choose it to be said that he gave in and died ex-senatorial. There is old Choldhurst—he was obliged to keep his place. With five sons unprovided for, he could not afford to give up his seat. He got in for three thousand, so it was well worth his while. Robson stood because he wants to push his Irish railroad business; and Barnardston means to remain in Parliament till his son-in-law's peerage claim is settled. Ward was put up without his knowledge, by the Drakes, who have always kept one of the seats for Crumhurst, and thought it a fine opportunity to entangle him to marry their daughter. Then there was Offley wanted *his* to be made a maid of honour; but he was disappointed."

"In short," said I, "there is not a conscientious member in the new Parliament?"

"Come, come, come; not so bad as that!" cried my friend. "We have picked out a few flagrant examples. If you wish me to go over the catalogue of eminent statesmen, useful debaters, valuable committeemen, you must attack me another time. At present, I have only had a moment to bring down folly as it flies; at present, I have only had leisure to give you a bird's-eye peep into our Politic tactics."

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS, FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Continued from our March (1837) *Number.*

THE reader who may have accompanied me in these wandering memorials of my own life and casual experiences, will be aware that I have brought them forward with little regard to their exact order of succession. In reference to that particular object which governed me in bringing them forward at all—an object which I shall, perhaps, explain pointedly in my closing paper—it was of very little importance to consult the chronologies of the case, except in so far as sometimes it may have happened that the precise dates of a transaction were of some negative* value towards its verification. Consequently, I have wandered backwards and forwards, obeying any momentary impulse, as accident or sometimes even as purely verbal suggestions might arise to guide me. But, in many cases, this neglect of chronological order is not merely permitted—it is in fact to some degree inevitable; for there are cases which, as a whole, connect themselves with my own life, at so many different eras, that, upon any chronological principle of position, it would have been difficult to assign them a proper place—backwards or forwards they must have leaped, in whatever place they had been introduced; and in their entire compass, from first to last, never could have been represented as properly belonging to any one *present* time, whensoever that had been selected. In reality, as a man must be aware beforehand, that, amongst the incidents of any life connected with each other by no logical connexion, there can be no logical transitions from one to the other, so also, upon examining any particular life, one of those admirable lives, for instance, by Dr Johnson, he will find that, in fact, the mere incidents are not connected, nor could be, any more than the items in an auctioneer's catalogue. How, then, is it that any seeming connexion is effected? How is it, at the least, that they read with a sense of unbroken continuous fluency? Simply thus—and here lies the main secret of good biography: a moral is drawn, a philosophic inference, from some particular incident; this inference, for the very reason that it is philosophic, will be large and general; it may therefore be so framed as to include, by anticipation, some kindred thought, that will apply as an introducing moral to the succeeding incident; or it may be itself so large and comprehensive an idea, so ambidexter in its sense, as to bear a Janus-like application, one aspect pointing backwards to

* "*Negative!*—why *negative* value?" I hear some young readers exclaim. As it is always of importance to cultivate accuracy of thinking, and as I never wish to use words (wrong or right otherwise) without a distinct meaning, I reply that the chronology has a negative value in this sense: being false, it would have upset the story—although, being true, it did not establish that story.

No. 1, one forwards to No. 2. Thus, to take a coarse, obvious illustration: a story, we will suppose, is told of riotous profusion; and next—without any imaginable natural connexion or sequence, so that, left to themselves, they would read like parts of a technical advertisement—there comes a story of some private brawl in a tavern, ending in murder. But these detached notices are fused into unity, by a philosophic regret that the subject of memoir should have been led into aspirations after a kind of society which had tempted him equally (looking backwards to No. 1) into disproportionate expenses, and (looking forward to No. 2) amongst pretensions in point of rank, issuing naturally into insults unendurable by a generous nature. Such a remark, interposed between the two incidents, Nos. 1 and 2, connects them—brings them into relation to a common principle, and makes into parts of one whole, incidents that would else have been utterly disjointed. And thus it is, by the *setting*, and not by the jewels *set*, that the whole course of a life is woven into one texture.* In fact, the connexions of a life, when they are not of the vulgar order—in this year he did thus, in the next year he did thus—must resolve themselves into intellectual abstractions—into those meditative reflections upon the whirling motions of life which rise from them like a perpetual spray or atmosphere, such as is thrown off from a cataract, and which invests all surrounding objects. Thus, and it is noticeable, the reflections which arise may be made, and, in the hands of a great poet like Shakspeare, *are* made, to anticipate and mould the course of what is to follow. The reflections, or reflex thoughts, pure reverberations, as it were, of what has passed, are so treated as to become anticipations and pregnant sources of what is to follow. They seem to be mere passive results or products from the narration; but, properly managed, they assume the very opposite relation, and predetermine the course of that narration. Now, if chronology is thus incapable of furnishing that principle of connexion amongst the facts of a life, which, on some principle or other, must be had, in order to give any unity to its parts, and to take away the distraction of a mere catalogue; if, at any rate, something more than chronology must be resorted to, then it follows that chronology may be safely neglected in general; and, *à fortiori*, may be neglected with respect to those cases which, belonging to every place alike, therefore belong, according to the proverb, to no place at all, or, (reversing this proverb,) belonging to no place by preferable right, do, in fact, belong to every place.

The incidents I am now going to relate come under this rule; for they form part of a story which fell in with my own life at many different points. It is a story taken from the life of my own brother—and I dwell on it with the more willingness, because it furnishes an indirect lesson upon a great principle of social life, now and for many years back *sub judice*, and struggling for its just supremacy—the principle that all corporal punishments whatsoever, and upon whomsoever inflicted, are hateful, and an indignity to our common nature—enshrined in the person of the sufferer. I will not here add one word upon the general thesis, but go on to the facts of this case, which, if all its incidents could be now recovered, was perhaps as romantic as any that ever has been told. But its moral interest depends upon this—that, simply out of one brutal chastisement, arose naturally the entire series of events which so very nearly made shipwreck of all hope for one individual, and did in fact poison the tranquillity of a whole family for seven years. My next brother, younger by about four years than myself, was a boy of exquisite and delicate beauty—delicate, that is, in respect to its feminine elegance and bloom; for else, (as regards constitution) he turned out remarkably robust. In such excess did his beauty flourish during childhood, that those, who remember him and myself at the public school of Bath, will also remember the ludicrous molestation in the streets, (for to him it was molestation,) which it entailed upon him—ladies stopping continually to kiss him. The relation with whom we came to Bath from a remote quarter of the kingdom, occupied at first the very apartments on the North Parade, just quitted by Edmund Burke at the point of death. That circumstance, or the expectation of finding Burke still there, brought for some weeks crowds of inquirers, many of whom saw the childish Adonis, then scarcely seven years old, and inflicted upon him what he viewed as the martyrdom of their caresses. Thus began a persecution which continued as long as his years allowed it. The most brilliant complexion that could be imagined, the features of an Antinous, and perfect symmetry of figure at that period of his life (afterwards he lost it) made him the subject of never-ending admiration to the whole female population, gentle and simple, who passed him in the streets. In after days, he had the grace to regret his own perverse and scornful coyness—what Roman poets would have called his *protervitas*. But, at that time, so foolishly insensible was he to the honour, that he used to kick and struggle with all his might to liberate himself from the gentle violence which was continually offered and he renewed the scene so elaborately painted by Shakspeare, of the conflicts between Venus and Adonis. For two years, this continued a subject of irritation the keenest on the one side, and of laughter on the other, between my brother and his uglier schoolfellows, myself being

* There is an essay by Mr Coleridge, in his revised edition of "The Friend," which contains elements of a deep philosophy, and which he himself (I believe) regarded as the profoundest effort of thought he had published to the world, illustrating principles pretty similar to those, but with a reference not to the art of biography so much (not at all, perhaps) as to the art of narration; and most admirably it is illustrated, in particular from the narration of Hamlet to Horatio, with respect to his sea adventures with Rosincrantz and Guildenstern. I speak from a recollection of nineteen years.

amongst them. Not that we had the slightest jealousy on the subject—far from it: it struck us all (as it generally does strike boys) in the light of an attaint upon the dignity of a male, that he should be subjected to the caresses of women, without leave asked: this was felt to be a badge of childhood, and a proof that the object of such fondling tenderness, so public and avowed, must be regarded in the light of a baby—not to mention that the very foundation of all this distinction, a beautiful face, is as a male distinction regarded in a very questionable light by multitudes, and often by those most who are the possessors of that distinction. Certainly that was the fact in my brother's case. Not one of us could feel so pointedly as himself the ridicule of his situation; nor did he cease, when increasing years had liberated him from that practical expression of homage to his beauty, to regard the beauty itself as a degradation; nor could he bear to be flattered upon it, though, in reality, it did him service in after distresses, when no other endowment whatsoever would have been availing. Often, in fact, do men's natures sternly contradict the promise of their features; for no person would have believed that, under the blooming loveliness of a Narcissus, lay shrouded, as I firmly believe there did, the soul of a hero; as much courage as a man could have, with a capacity of patient submission to hardship, and of wrestling with calamity, that is rarely found amongst the endowments of youth. I have reason, also, to think that the state of degradation in which he believed himself to have passed his childish years, from the sort of public petting which I have described, and his strong recoil from it as an insult, went much deeper than was supposed, and had much to do in his subsequent conduct, and in nerving him to the strong resolutions he adopted. He seemed to resent as an original insult of Nature, the having given him a false index of character in his feminine beauty, and to take a pleasure in contradicting it. Had it been in his power, I am sure he would have spoiled it. Certain it is, that from the time he reached his eleventh birthday, he had begun already to withdraw himself from the society of all other boys—to fall into long fits of abstraction—and to throw himself upon his own resources in a way neither usual nor necessary. Schoolfellows of his own age and standing—those even who were the most amiable—he shunned; and, many years after his disappearance, I found, in his handwriting, a collection of fragments, couched in a sort of wild lyrical verses, presenting, unquestionably, the most extraordinary evidences of a proud, self-sustained mind, consciously concentring his own hopes in himself and abjuring the rest of the world, that can ever have emanated from so young a person; since, upon the largest concession, and supposing them to have been written on the eve of his quitting England, which, however, was hardly compatible with the situation where they were found—even in that case, they must have been written at the age of thirteen. I have often speculated on the subject of these mysterious compositions; they were of a nature to have proceeded rather from some mystical quietist, such as Madame Guyon, if one can suppose the union with this rapt devotion of a rebellious spirit of worldly aspiration: passionate apostrophes there were, to nature and the powers of nature; and what seemed strangest of all was—that, in style, not only were they free from all tumor and inflation which might have been looked for in so young a writer, but were even wilfully childish and colloquial in a pathetic degree—in fact, in point of tone, allowing for the difference between a narrative poem and a lyrical, they somewhat resembled that very beautiful and little-known * poem of George Herbert, in which he describes symbolically to a friend, under the form of treacherous ill usage he had suspected, the religious processes by which a soul is weaned from the world. Taken as a whole, they most reminded me of "Lewti," a joint poem by Coleridge and Wordsworth. The most obvious solution of the mystery would be, to suppose these fragments to have been copied from some obscure author: but, besides that no author could have remained obscure in this age of elaborate research, who had been capable of sighs, (for such I may call them,) drawn up from such well-like recesses of feeling, and expressed with such dithyrambic fervour and exquisite simplicity of language—there was another testimony to their being the productions of him who owned the penmanship; which was, that some of the papers exhibited the whole process of creation and growth, such as erasures, substitutions, doubts expressed as to this and that form of expression, together with references backwards and forwards. Now, that the handwriting was my brother's, admitted of no doubt whatsoever. I now go on with his story.—In 1800, my visit to Ireland, and visits to other places subsequently, separated me from him for above a year. In 1801, we were at very different schools: I in the highest class of a great public school—he at a very sequestered parsonage in a northern county. This situation, probably, fed and cherished his melancholy habits; for he had no society except that of a younger brother, who would give him no disturbance at all. The developement of our national resources had not yet gone so far as absolutely to exterminate from the map of England everything like a heath, a breezy down, (such as gave so peculiar a character to the counties of Wilts, Somerset, Dorset, &c.,) or even a village common. Heaths were yet to be found in England, not so spacious, indeed, as the *landes* of France, but as wild and romantic. In such a situation my brother lived, and under the tuition of a clergyman, retired in his habits, and even ascetic, but gentle in his manners. (To that I can speak myself; for, in the winter of 1801, I dined with him, and I found that his yoke was, indeed, a mild one; since, even to my youngest brother, a headstrong child of seven,

* This poem, from great admiration of its mother English, and to illustrate some ideas upon style, Mr Coleridge republished in his *Biographia Literaria*.

he used no stronger remonstrance in urging him to some essential point of duty, than "*Do be persuaded, sir.*") Here, therefore, was the best of all possible situations for my brother's wayward and haughty nature. The clergyman was learned, quiet, absorbed in his studies; humble and modest beyond the proprieties of his situation; and treating my brother in all points as a companion: whilst, on the other hand, my brother was not the person to forget the respect due, by a triple title, to a clergyman, a scholar, and his own preceptor —one, besides, who so little thought of exacting it. How happy might all parties have been —what suffering, what danger, what years of miserable anxiety might have been spared to all who were interested—had the guardians and executors of my father's will thought fit to "let *well* alone!" But, "*per star meglio*,"* they chose to remove my brother from this gentle recluse to an active, bustling man of the world, the very anti-pole in character. What might be the pretensions of this gentleman to scholarship, I never had any means of judging; and, considering that he must now, (if living at all,) at a distance of thirty-six years, be grey-headed, I shall respect his age so far as to suppress his name. He was of a class now annually declining (and, I hope, rapidly) to extinction. Thanks be to God, in that point, at least, for the dignity of human nature, that, amongst the many, many cases of reform held by some of us, or destined, however in defiance of all opinions, eventually to turn out chimerical, this one, at least, never can be defeated, injured, or eclipsed. As man grows more intellectual, the power of managing him by his intellect and his moral nature, in utter contempt of all appeals to his mere animal instincts of pain, must go on *pari passu*. And, if a "*Te Deum*," or an "*O Jubilate!*" were to be celebrated by all nations and languages for any one advance and absolute conquest over wrong and error won by human nature in our times—yes, not excepting

"The bloody writing by all nations torn"—

the abolition of the commerce in slaves—to my thinking, that festival should be for the mighty progress made towards the suppression of brutal, bestial modes of punishment. Nay, I may call them worse than bestial; for a man of any goodness of nature does not willingly or needlessly resort to the spur or the lash with his horse or with his hound. But, with respect to man, if he will not be moved or won over by conciliatory means, by means that presuppose him a reasonable creature, then let him die, confounded in his own vileness: but let not me, let not the man (that is to say) who has him in his power, dishonour himself by inflicting punishments, violating that image of human nature which, not in any vague rhetorical sense, but upon a religious principle of duty, (the human person is expressly exalted in Scripture, under the notion that it is "the temple of the Holy Ghost,") ought to be a consecrated thing in the eyes of all good men; and of this, we may be assured—this, which I am now going to say, is more sure than day or night—that, in proportion as man, *as* man, is honoured, raised, exalted, trusted, in that proportion will he become more worthy of honour, of exaltation, of trust.

Well, this schoolmaster had very different views of man and his nature. He not only thought that physical coercion was the one sole engine by which man could be managed, but—on the principle of that common maxim which declares that, when two schoolboys meet with powers at all near to a balance, no peace can be expected between them until it is fairly put to the trial, and settled *who* is the master—on that same principle, he fancied that no pupil could adequately or proportionably reverence his master until he had settled the precise proportion of superiority in animal powers by which his master was in advance of himself. Strength of blows only could ascertain *that:* and, as he was not very nice about creating his opportunities, as he plunged at once "*in medias res*," and more especially when he saw or suspected any rebellious tendencies, he soon picked a quarrel with my unfortunate brother. Not, be it observed, that he much cared for a well-looking or respectable quarrel. No. I have been assured that, even when the most fawning obsequiousness had appealed to his clemency, in the person of some timorous new-comer, appalled by the reports he had heard—even in such cases, (deeming it wise to impress, from the beginning, a salutary awe of his Jovian thunders,) he made a practice of doing thus:—He would speak loud, utter some order, not very clearly, perhaps, as respected the sound, but with *perfect* perplexity as regarded the sense, to the timid, sensitive boy upon whom he intended to fix a charge of disobedience. "Sir, if you please, what was it that you said?"—"What was it that I said? What! playing upon my words? Chopping logic? Strip, sir; strip this instant." Thenceforward this timid boy became a serviceable instrument in his equipage. Not only was he a proof, even without co-operation on the master's part, that extreme cases of submission could not ensure mercy, but also he, this boy, in his own person, breathed forth, at intervals, a dim sense of awe and worship—the religion of fear—towards the grim Moloch of the scene. Hence, as by electrical conductors, was conveyed throughout every region of the establishment a tremulous sensibility that vibrated towards the centre. Different, O Rowland Hill! are the laws of thy establishment; far other are the echoes heard amid the ancient halls of Bruce. There it is possible for the timid child to be happy—for the child destined to an early grave to reap his brief harvest in peace. Wherefore were there no such asylums in those days? Man flourished then, as now, in beauty and in power. Wherefore did he not put forth his power upon establishments that might cultivate happiness as well as knowledge? Wherefore did no man cry aloud—

"Give to the morn of youth its natural blessedness?"

Well: why or wherefore it will never be

* The well-known Italian epitaph—"*Stava bene: ma, per star meglio, sto qui.*"

made clear, but—so it was—these things were not; or, if they were at all, in small local institutions, scarcely heard of beyond a few individuals, and comprehending, perhaps, no more aliens than that quiet family in which my two brothers were living—viz., exactly those two. Meantime, the elder of these two, in an evil hour, having quitted that most quiet of human sanctuaries, having forfeited that peace which possibly he was never to retrieve, fell (as I have said) into the power of this Moloch. And this Moloch upon him illustrated the laws of his establishment: him also, the gentle, the beautiful, but also the proud, the arrogant, he beat—beat brutally—kicked, trampled on!

In two hours from that time, my brother was on the road to Liverpool. Painfully he made out his way to Liverpool, having not much money, and with a sense of total abandonment which made him feel that all he might have would prove little enough for his purposes. Not many weeks before this time, we had travelled together, we three brothers, over part of this very road, in a post-chaise from Chester to the point at which our roads diverged. Reaching the inn, we (that is, this brother and myself) sat down and wept: we were now to part. We wept; and the youngest, who understood not our grief, wept also; but we understood it well. We had no superiors who could or would enter into our wishes. Had we learned to feel sensibly the shortness of time, we might have cared little for this. Five years and a half to me, nine and a half to the elder of my two brothers, would bring us to the brink of our inheritance; and then we might be happy, according to the mode of our choice. But to us these intervals were so long that we should have regarded them as sensible expressions of the infinite; and, therefore, we did not think of them at all. We wept, because we feared impending changes which might justify our tears, and because, at our ages, we were helpless against injuries that might be meditated. We parted—it was about sunset; each party entered a post-chaise at the same moment—my two brothers into one, I alone into the other. There we set off together: waved our hands to each other, as our roads diverged from the little town of Altrincham; and never again did either party see the other, till ten long years were past.

My brother went to an inn, after his long, long journey to Liverpool, foot-sore—(for he had walked through many days, and, from ignorance, of the world, combined with excessive shyness—oh! how shy do people become from pride!—had not profited by those well-known incidents upon English high-roads—return post-chaises, stage-coaches, led horses, or waggons)—foot-sore and eager for sleep. Sleep, supper, breakfast in the morning—all these he had; so far his slender finances reached; and for these he paid the treacherous landlord; who then proposed to him that they should take a walk out together, by way of looking at the public buildings and the docks. It seems the man had noticed my brother's beauty, some circumstances about his dress inconsistent with his mode of travelling, and also his style of conversation. Accordingly, he wiled him along from street to street, until they reached the Town Hall. "Here *seems* to be a fine building," said this Jesuitical knave, as if it had been some recent discovery—a sort of Luxor or Palmyra, that he had unexpectedly lit upon amongst the undiscovered parts of Liverpool—"Here seems to be a fine building: shall we go in and ask leave to look at it?" My brother, thinking less of the spectacle than the spectator, whom, in a wilderness of man, naturally he wished to make his friend, consented readily. In they went; and, by the merest accident, Mr Mayor and the town-council were then sitting. The treacherous landlord communicated privately an account of his suspicions to his Worship. He himself conducted my brother, under pretence of discovering the best station for picturesque purposes, to the particular box for prisoners at the bar. This was not suspected by the poor boy, not even when Mr Mayor began to question him. He still thought it an accident, though doubtless he blushed excessively on being questioned, and questioned so impertinently, in public. The object of the Mayor and of other Liverpool gentlemen then present [this happened in 1802] was, to ascertain my brother's real rank and family: for he persisted in representing himself as a poor wandering boy. Various means were vainly tried to elicit this information; until at length—like the wily Ulysses, who mixed with his pedlar's budget of female ornaments and attire, a few arms, by way of tempting Achilles to a self-detection in the court of Lycomedes—one gentleman counselled the Mayor to send for a Greek Testament. This was done; the Testament was presented open at St John's Gospel to my brother, and he was requested to say whether he knew in what language that book was written; or whether perhaps he could furnish them with a translation from the page before him. Human vanity in this situation was hardly proof against such an appeal. The poor boy fell into the snare: he construed a few verses: and immediately he was consigned to the care of a gentleman who won from him by kindness what he had refused to importunities or menaces. His family he confessed at once, but not his school. An express was therefore forwarded from Liverpool to our nearest male relation—a military man, then by accident on leave of absence from a remote colony. He came over, took my brother back, (looking upon the whole as a boyish frolic of no permanent importance,) made some stipulations in his behalf for indemnity from punishment, and immediately returned home. Left to himself, the grim tyrant of the school easily evaded the stipulations, and repeated his brutalities more fiercely than before—now acting in the double spirit of tyranny and revenge.

In a few hours, my brother was again on the road to Liverpool. But not on this occasion did he resort to any inn, or visit any treacherous hunter of the picturesque. He offered himself to

no temptations now, nor to any risks. He went right onwards to the docks, addressed himself to a grave elder master of a trading vessel, bound upon a distant voyage, and instantly procured an engagement. The skipper was a good and sensible man, and (as it turned out) a sailor accomplished in all parts of his profession. The ship which he commanded was a South Sea whaler belonging to Lord Grenville, whether lying at Liverpool or in the Thames at that moment, I am not sure. However, they soon afterwards sailed.

For somewhat more than two years, my brother continued under the care of this good man, who was won by his appearance, and by some resemblance which he fancied in his features to a son whom he had lost. Fortunate, indeed, for the poor boy, was this interval of fatherly superintendence; for, under him, he was not only preserved from the perils which afterwards besieged him, until his years had made him more capable of confronting them; but also he had thus an opportunity, which he improved to the utmost, of making himself acquainted with the two separate branches of his profession—navigation and seamanship, qualifications which are not very often united.

After the death of this captain, my brother ran through many wild adventures; until at length, after a severe action fought off the coast of Peru, the armed merchantman in which he then served was captured by pirates. Most of the crew were massacred. My brother, on account of the important services he could render, was spared; and with these pirates, cruising under a black flag, and perpetrating unnumbered atrocities, he was obliged to sail for the next two years and a half; nor could he in all that period find any opportunity for effecting his escape.

During this long expatriation, let any thoughtful reader imagine the perils of every sort which besieged one so young, so inexperienced, so sensitive, and so haughty; perils to his life, (but these it was the very expression of his unhappy situation, were those least to be mourned for;) perils to his good name, going the length of absolute infamy—since, if the piratical ship had been captured by a British man-of-war, he might have found it impossible to clear himself of a voluntary participation in the bloody actions of his shipmates; and, on the other hand, (a case equally probable in the regions which they frequented,) supposing him to have been captured by a Spanish *guarda costa*, he would scarcely have been able, from his ignorance of the Spanish language, to draw even a momentary attention to the special circumstances of his own situation; he would have been involved in the general presumptions of the case, and would have been executed in a summary way, upon the *prima facie* evidence against him, that he did not appear to be in the condition of a prisoner; and, if his name had ever again reached his country, it would have been in some sad list of ruffians, murderers, traitors to their country; and even these titles, as if not enough in themselves, aggravated by the name of pirate, which at once includes them all, and surpasses them all. These were perils sufficiently distressing at any rate; but, last of all, came others even more appalling—the perils of moral contamination, in that excess which might be looked for from such associates: not, be it recollected, a few wild notions or lawless principles adopted into his creed of practical ethics, but that brutal transfiguration of the entire character, which occurs, for instance, in the case of the young gipsy son of Effie Deans; a change, making it impossible to rely upon the very holiest instincts of the moral nature, and consigning its victim to hopeless reprobation. Murder itself might have lost its horrors to one who must have been but too familiar with the spectacle, if not forced into the perpetration with his own youthful hands, of massacre by wholesale upon unresisting crews, upon passengers enfeebled by sickness, or upon sequestered villagers, roused from their slumbers by the glare of conflagration reflected from gleaming cutlasses, and from the faces of demons. This fear it was—a fear like this, as, I have often thought—which must, amidst her others woes, have been the Aaron wo that swallowed up all the rest to the unhappy Marie Antoinette. This must have been the sting of death to her maternal heart, the grief paramount, the "crowning" grief—the prospect, namely, that her royal boy would not be dismissed from the horrors of royalty, to peace and humble innocence; but that his fair cheek would be ravaged by vice as well as sorrow; that he would be tempted into cursing, drinking, and every mode of moral pollution; until, like poor Constance with her young Arthur, but for a sadder reason, even if it were possible that the royal mother should see her son in "the courts of heaven," she would not know again one so fearfully transfigured. This prospect for the royal Constance of revolutionary France, was but too painfully fulfilled; as we are taught to guess, even from the faithful records of the Duchesse D'Angoulême. The young Dauphin, to the everlasting infamy of his keepers, was so trained as to become loathsome for coarse and vulgar brutality, as well as for habits of uncleanliness, to all who approached him—one purpose of his guilty tutors being to render royalty and august descent contemptible in his person. And, in fact, they were so far likely to succeed in this purpose, for the moment, and to the extent of an individual case, that, upon that account alone, but still more for the sake of the poor child, the most welcome news with respect to him—him whose birth* had drawn anthems of

* To those who are open to the impression of omens, there is a most striking one on record with respect to the birth of this ill-fated Prince, not less so than the falling off of the head from the cane of Charles I. at his trial, or the same King's striking a medal, bearing the image of an oak-tree, with this prophetic inscription, "*Seris nepotibus umbram.*" At the very moment when, according to immemorial usage) the birth of a child was in the act of annunciation to the great officers of State assembled in the Queen's bed-chamber, and when a private signal from a lady had made known the glad tidings that it was a Dauphin, (the first child having been

exultation from twenty-five millions of men—was the news of his death. And what else can well be expected for children suddenly withdrawn from parental tenderness, and thrown upon their own guardianship at such an age as from ten to fourteen, an age combining the separate perils of childhood and raw manhood. But, in my brother's case, all the adverse chances, overwhelming as they seemed, were turned aside by some good angel; all had failed to harm him; and he came out unsinged from the fiery furnace.

I have said that he would not have appeared to any capturing ship as standing in the situation of prisoner amongst the pirates, nor was he such in the sense of being confined. He moved about, when on board ship, in freedom; but he was watched, never trusted on shore, unless under very peculiar circumstances; and tolerated at all only because one accomplishment made him indispensable to the prosperity of the ship. Amongst the various parts of nautical skill communicated to my brother by his first fatherly captain, was the management of chronometers. Several had been captured, some of the highest value, in the many prizes, European or American. My brother happened to be perfect in the skill of managing them; and, fortunately for him, no other person amongst them had that skill even its lowest degree. To this one qualification, therefore, (and ultimately to this only,) he was indebted for both safety and freedom; since, though he might have been spared, in the first moments of carnage, from other considerations, there is little doubt that, in some one of the innumerable brawls which followed through the years of his captivity, he would have fallen a sacrifice to hasty impulses of anger or wantonness, had not his safety been made an object of interest and vigilance to those in command, and to all who assumed any care for the general welfare. Much, therefore, it was that he owed to this accomplishment. Still, there is no good thing without its alloy; and this great blessing brought along with it something worse than a dull duty—the necessity, in fact, of facing fears and trials to which the sailor's heart is pre-eminently sensible. All sailors, it is notorious, are superstitious; partly, I suppose, from looking out so much upon the wilderness of waves, empty of all human life; for mighty solitudes are generally fear-haunted and fear-peopled; such, for instance, as the solitudes of forests, where, in the absence of human forms and ordinary human sounds, are discerned forms more dusky and vague, not referred by the eye to any known type, and sounds imperfectly intelligible. And, therefore, are all German coal-burners, wood-cutters, &c., superstitious. Now the sea is often peopled, amidst its ravings, with what seem innumerable human voices—such voices, or as ominous, as what were heard by Kubla Khan—"ancestral voices prophesying war;" oftentimes laughter mixes, from a distance, (seeming to come also from distant times, as well as distant places,) with the uproar of waters; and doubtless shapes of fear, or shapes of beauty not less awful, are at times seen upon the waves by the diseased eye of the sailor, in other cases besides the somewhat rare one of calenture. This vast solitude of the sea being taken, therefore, as one condition of the superstitious fear found so commonly among sailors, a second may be the perilous insecurity of their own lives—or (if the lives of sailors, after all, by means of large immunities from danger in other shapes, are *not* so insecure as is supposed, though, by the way, it is enough for this result that, to themselves, they seem so,) yet at all events the insecurity of the ships in which they sail. In such a case, in the case of battle, and in others where the empire of chance seems absolute, there the temptation is greatest to dally with supernatural oracles and supernatural means of consulting them. Finally, the interruption habitually of all ordinary avenues to information about the fate of their dearest relatives; the consequent agitation which must often possess those who are re-entering upon home waters; and the sudden burst, upon stepping ashore, of heart-shaking news in long accumulated arrears—these are circumstances which dispose the mind to look out for relief towards signs and omens as one way of breaking the shock by dim anticipations. Rats leaving a vessel destined to sink, although the political application of it as a name of reproach is purely modern, must be ranked among the oldest of omens; and perhaps the most sober-minded of men might have leave to be moved with any augury of an ancient traditional order, such as had won faith for centuries, applied to a fate so interesting as that of the ship to which he was on the point of committing himself. Other causes might be assigned, causative of nautical superstition, and tending to feed it. But enough. It is well known that the whole family of sailors *is* superstitious. My brother, poor Pink, (this was an old household name, which he retained amongst us from an incident of his childhood,) was so in an immoderate degree. Being a great reader, (in fact, he had read everything in his mother tongue that was of general interest,) he was pretty well aware how general was the ridicule attached in our times to the subject of ghosts. But this—nor the reverence he yielded otherwise to some of those writers who had joined in that ridicule—any more had unsettled his faith in their existence, than the submission of a sailor in a religious sense to his spiritual counsellor upon the false and fraudulent pleasures of luxury, can ever disturb his remembrance of the virtues lodged in rum or tobacco. His own unconquerable, unanswer-

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a princess, to the signal disappointment of the nation) the whole frame of carved wood-work at the back of the Queen's bed, representing the crown and other regalia of France, with the Bourbon lilies, came rattling down in ruins. There is another and more direct ill-omen, connected, perhaps, with the birth of this prince; in fact, a distinct prophecy of his ruin—a prophecy that he should survive his father, and yet not reign—which seems so overladen with mystery, that one is perplexed in what light to view it; and the more so that the King (Louis XVIII.) who records it, obviously confounds the first Dauphin with the second.

able experience, the blank realities of pleasure and pain, put to flight all arguments whatsoever that anchored only in his understanding. Pink used, in arguing the case with me, to admit that ghosts might be questionable realities in our hemisphere; but "it's a different thing to the *suthard* of the line." And then he would go on to tell me of his own fearful experience; in particular of one many times renewed, and investigated to no purpose by parties of men communicating from a distance upon a system of concerted signals, in one of the Gallapagos Islands. These islands, which were visited, and I think described, by Dampier—and therefore must have been a haunt of the Buccaniers and Flibustiers in the latter part of the 17th century—were so still of their more desperate successors, the Pirates, at the beginning of the 19th; and for the same reason—the facilities they offer (rare in those seas) for procuring wood and water. Hither, then, the black flag often resorted; and here, amidst these romantic solitudes—islands untenanted by man—oftentimes it lay furled up for weeks together; rapine and murder had rest for a season; and the bloody cutlass slept within its scabbard. When this happened, and when it became known beforehand that it *would* happen, a tent was pitched on shore for my brother, and the chronometers were transported thither for the period of their stay. The island selected for this purpose, amongst the many equally open to their choice, might, according to circumstances, be that which offered the best anchorage, or that from which the re-embarkation was easiest, or that which allowed the readiest access to wood and water. But for some, or all of these advantages, the particular island most generally honoured by the piratical custom and "good-will," was one, known to American navigators as "The Wood-cutter's Island." There was some old tradition—and I know not but it was a tradition dating from the times of Dampier—that a Spaniard or an Indian settler in this island, (relying, perhaps, too entirely upon the protection of perfect solitude,) had been murdered in pure wantonness by some of the lawless rovers who frequented this solitary archipelago. Whether it were from some peculiar atrocity of bad faith in the act, or from the sanctity of the man, or the deep solitude of the island, or with a view to the peculiar edification of mariners in these semi-Christian seas—so however it was, and attested by generations of sea-vagabonds, (for most of the armed roamers in these ocean Zaaras at one time were of a suspicious order,) that every night, duly as the sun went down, and the twilight began to prevail, a sound arose—audible to other islands, and to every ship lying quietly at anchor in that neighbourhood—of a wood-cutter's axe. Sturdy were the blows, and steady the succession in which they followed: some even fancied they could hear that sort of groaning respiration which is made by men who use an axe, or by those who in towns ply the "three-man beetle" of Falstaff, as paviours; echoes they certainly heard of every sound, from the profound woods and the sylvan precipices on the margin of the shores; which, however, should rather indicate that the sounds were *not* supernatural, since, if a visual object, falling under hyper-physical or cata-physical laws, loses its shadow—by parity of argument, an audible object, in the same circumstances, should lose its echo. But this was the story: and amongst sailors there is as little variety of versions in telling any true sea-story, as there is in a log-book, or in "The Flying Dutchman:" *literatim* fidelity is, with a sailor, a point at once of religious faith and worldly honour. The close of the story was—that, after, suppose, ten or twelve minutes of hacking and hewing, a horrid crash was heard, announcing that the tree, if tree it were, that never yet was made visible to daylight search, had yielded to the old woodman's persecution. It was exactly the crash, so familiar to many ears on board the neighbouring vessels, which expresses the harsh tearing asunder of the fibres, caused by the weight of the trunk in falling; beginning slowly, increasing rapidly, and terminating in one rush of rending. This over—one tree felled "towards his winter store"—there was an interval: man must have rest; and the old woodman, after working for more than a century, must want repose. Time enough to begin again after a quarter-of-an-hour's relaxation. Sure enough, in that space of time, again began, in the words of Comus, "the wonted roar amid the woods." Again the blows become quicker, as the catastrophe drew nearer; again the final crash resounded; and again the mighty echoes travelled through the solitary forests, and were taken up by all the islands near and far, like Joanna's laugh amongst the Westmoreland hills, to the astonishment of the silent ocean. Yet, wherefore should the ocean be astonished—he that had heard this nightly tumult, by all accounts, for more than a century? My brother, however, poor Pink, *was* astonished, in good earnest, being, in that respect, of the *genus attonitorum;* and as often as the gentlemen pirates steered their course for the Gallapagos, he would sink in spirit before the trials he might be summoned to face. No second person was ever put on shore with Pink, lest poor Pink and he might become jovial over the liquor, and the chronometers be broken or neglected; for a considerable quantity of spirits was necessarily landed, as well as of provisions, because sometimes a sudden change of weather, or the sudden appearance of a suspicious sail, might draw the ship off the island for a fortnight. My brother could have pleaded his fears without shame; but he had a character to maintain with the sailors: he was respected equally for his seamanship* and his shipmanship.

* "Seamanship and shipmanship." These are two functions of a sailor seldom separated in the mind of a landsman. The conducting a ship (causing her to *choose* a right path) through the ocean—that is one thing. Then there is the management of the ship within herself, the trimming of her sails, &c., (causing her to *keep* the line chosen,) that is another thing. The first is called seamanship; the second *might* be called shipmanship: but *is* (I believe) called navigation. They are perfectly dis-

By the way, when it is considered, that one-half of a sailor's professional science refers him to the stars, (though it is true the other half refers him to the sails and shrouds of a ship,) just as in geodesical operations, one part is referred to heaven, and one to earth—When this is considered, another argument arises for the superstition of sailors, so far as it is astrological. They who know (but know the *ὅτι* without knowing the *διὰ τί*) that the stars have much to do in guiding their own movements, which are yet so far from the stars, and, to all appearance, so little connected with them, may be excused for supposing that the stars are connected astrologically with human destinies. But this by the way. The sailors, looking to Pink's double skill, and to his experience on shore, (more astonishing than all beside, being experience gathered amongst ghosts,) expressed an admiration which, to one who was also a sailor, had too genial a sound to be sacrificed, if it could be maintained at any price. Therefore it was, that Pink still clung, in spite of his terrors, to his shore appointment. But hard was his trial; and many a time has he described to me one effect of it, when too long continued, or combined with darkness too intense. The wood-cutter would begin his operations soon after the sun had set; but, uniformly, at that time, his noise was less. Three hours after sunset, it had increased; and, generally, at midnight it was greatest, but not always. Sometimes the case varied thus far: that it greatly increased towards three or four o'clock in the morning; and, as the sound grew louder, and thereby seemed to draw nearer, poor Pink's ghostly panic grew insupportable; and he absolutely crept from his pavilion, and its luxurious comforts, to a point of rock—a promontory—about half-a-mile off, from which he could see the ship. The mere sight of a human abode, though an abode of ruffians, comforted his panic. With the approach of daylight, the mysterious sounds ceased. Cock-crow there happened to be none, in those islands of the Gallapagos, or none in that particular island; though many cocks are heard crowing in the woods of America, and these, perhaps might be caught by spiritual senses; or the wood-cutter may be supposed, upon Hamlet's principle, either scenting the morning air, or catching the sounds of Christian matin-bells, from some dim convent, in the depth of American forests. However, so it was: the wood-cutter's axe began to intermit about the earliest approach of dawn; and, as "light *thickened*"* it ceased entirely. At nine, ten, or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the whole appeared to have been a delusion; but towards sunset, it revived in credit; during twilight it strengthened; and very soon afterwards, superstitious panic was again seated on her throne. Such were the fluctuations of the case. Meantime, Pink, sitting on his promontory in early dawn, and consoling his terrors, by looking away from the mighty woods to the tranquil ship, on board of which (in spite of her secret black flag) the whole crew, murderers and all, were sleeping peacefully—he, a beautiful English boy, chased away to the Antipodes from one early home by his sense of wounded honour, and from his immediate home by superstitious fear, recalled to my mind an image and a situation that had been beautifully sketched by Miss Bannerman in "Basil," one of the striking (though, to rapid readers, somewhat unintelligible) metrical tales published about the beginning of this century, under the name of *Tales of Superstition and Chivalry*. Basil is a "rude sea-boy," desolate and neglected from infancy, but with feelings profound from nature and fed by solitude. He dwells alone in a rocky cave; but, in consequence of some supernatural terrors connected with a murder, arising in some way, (not very clearly made out,) to trouble the repose of his home, he leaves it in horror, and rushes in the grey dawn to the sea-side rocks; seated on which he draws a sort of consolation for his terrors, or of sympathy with his wounded heart, from that mimicry of life which goes on for ever amongst the raving waves.

From the Gallapagos, Pink went often to Juan, (or, as he chose to call it, after Dampier and others, *John*) Fernandez. Very lately (December 1837) the newspapers of Europe informed us, and the story was current for full nine days, that this fair island had been swallowed up by an earthquake; or, at least, that, in some way or other, it had disappeared. Had that story proved true, one pleasant bower would have perished—raised by Pink as a memorial expression of his youthful feelings either towards De Foe, or his visionary creature Robinson Crusoe—but rather, perhaps, towards the substantial Alexander Selkirk; for it was raised on some spot known or reputed by tradition to have been one of those most occupied as a home by Selkirk. I say "rather towards Alexander Selkirk;" for there is a difficulty to the judgment in associating Robinson Crusoe with this lovely island of the Pacific, and a difficulty even to the fancy. *Why*, it is hard to guess, or through what perverse contradiction to the facts, De Foe chose to place the shipwreck of Robinson Crusoe upon the *eastern* side of the American Continent. Now, not only was this in direct opposition to the realities of the case upon which he built, as first reported (I believe) by Woodes Rogers, from the log-book of the *Duke and Duchess*—(a privateer fitted out, to the best of my remembrance, by the Bristol merchants, two or three years before the Peace of Utrecht;) and so far the mind of any man acquainted with these circumstances was staggered, in attempting to associate this eastern wreck with this western island; but a worse obstacle than this, because a moral one, (and what, by analogy,

tinct: one man rarely has both in perfection. Both may be illustrated from the rudder. The question is, suppose, at the Cape of Good Hope, to steer for India: trust the rudder to him, as a seaman, who knows the passage whether within or without Madagascar. The question is to avoid a sunk rock: trust the rudder to him, as a navigator, who understands the art of steering to a nicety.

* "Light thickens."—*Macbeth.*

to an error against time, which we call an anachronism, and, if against the *spirit* of time, a moral anachronism, we might here term a moral *anatopism*,) is this—that, by thus perversely transferring the scene from the Pacific to the Atlantic, De Foe has transferred it from a quiet and sequestered to a populous and troubled sea—the Fleet Street or Cheapside of the navigating world, the great thoroughfare of nations—and thus has prejudiced the moral sense and the fancy against his fiction still more inevitably than his judgment, and in a way that was perfectly needless; for the change brought along with it no shadow of compensation.

My brother's wild adventures amongst these desperate sea-rovers were afterwards communicated in long letters to a female relative; and, even as letters, apart from the fearful burthen of their contents, I can bear witness that they had very extraordinary merit. This, in fact, was the happy result of writing from his heart; feeling profoundly what he communicated, and anticipating the profoundest sympathy with all that he uttered from her whom he addressed. A man of business, who opened some of these letters, in his character of agent for my brother's five guardians, and who had not any special interest in the affair, assured me that, throughout the whole course of his life, he had never read anything so affecting, from the facts they contained, and from the sentiments which they expressed—above all, the yearning for that England which he remembered as the land of his youthful pleasures, but also of his youthful degradations. Three of the guardians were present at the reading of these letters, and were all affected to tears, notwithstanding they had been irritated to the uttermost by the course which both myself and my brother had pursued—a course which seemed to argue some defect of judgment, or of reasonable kindness, in themselves. These letters, I hope, are still preserved; though they have been long removed from my control. Thinking of them, and their extraordinary merit, I have often been led to believe that every post-town, and many times in the course of a month, carries out numbers of beautifully written letters; and more from women than from men; not that men are to be supposed less capable of writing good letters—and, in fact, amongst all the celebrated letter-writers of past or present times, a large overbalance happens to have been men—but that more frequently women write from their hearts; and the very same cause operates to make female letters good, which operated at one period to make the diction of Roman ladies more pure than that of orators or professional cultivators of the Roman language—and which, at another period, in the Byzantine Court, operated to preserve the purity of the mother idiom within the nurseries and the female drawing-rooms of the palace, whilst it was corrupted in the forensic standards, and the academic—in the standards of the pulpit and the throne. With respect to Pink's yearning for England, that had been partially gratified in some part of his long exile: twice, as we learned long afterwards, he had landed in England: but such was his haughty adherence to his purpose, and such his consequent terror of being discovered and reclaimed by his guardians, that he never attempted to communicate with any of his brothers or sisters. There he was wrong—me they should have cut to pieces before I would have betrayed him. I, like him, had been an obstinate recusant to what I viewed as unjust pretensions of authority; and, having been the first to raise* the standard of revolt, had been taxed by my guardians with having seduced Pink by my example. But that was untrue: Pink acted for himself. However, he could know little of all this; and he traversed England twice, without making an overture towards any communication with his friends. Two circumstances of these journeys he used to mention: both were from the port of London (for he never contemplated London but as a port) to Liverpool: or, thus far I may be wrong—that one of the two might be (in the return order) from Liverpool to London. On the first of these journeys his route lay through Coventry; on the other, through Oxford and Birmingham. In neither case, had he started with much money; and he was going to have retired from the coach at the place of supping on the first night, (the journey then occupying two entire days and two entire nights,) when the passengers insisted on paying for him: that was a tribute to his beauty—not yet extinct. He mentioned this part of his adventures somewhat shily, whilst going over them with a sailor's literal accuracy; though, as a record belonging to what he viewed as childish years, he had ceased to care about it. On the other journey his experience was different, but equally testified to the spirit of kindness that is everywhere abroad. He had no money, on this occasion, that could purchase even a momentary lift by a stage-coach: as a pedestrian, he had travelled down to Oxford, occupying two days in the fifty-four or fifty-six

* And here may be a fit place for mentioning a case of equal obstinacy, more worthy to be admired than mine, because without a shadow of self-interest to support it. When I quitted school in the manner recorded in the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," I left a large trunk behind me. This, knowing that I had not time to send it off before me, I confided to the care of a boy one class below me; but, by thoughtfulness and premature dignity of manner, on a level with any class. Immediately after my elopement was made known, this trunk was reclaimed by my guardians. They were men of weight even in that large town. The carrier was alarmed; resisted at first; but soon afterwards, suspecting that all the energy and the purse would be on one side, he shewed symptoms of wavering; and, doubtless, would have declared against my poor claims. But—and to this hour, thirty-six years distant, I feel gratitude—at that critical moment, stepped forward this boy—this G—b—t, not perhaps much (if anything) above sixteen years old. In the face of all the menaces, *planted* with the carrier, *lodged* there, and registered, this boy held the carrier to his duty—challenged, defied him to swerve from it. And the issue was—that the carrier knocked under—the boy triumphed—the trunk was sent—I was saved from despair. This boy has since been Vice-chancellor of Oxford.

miles which then measured the road from London, and sleeping in a farmer's barn without leave asked. Wearied and depressed in spirits, he had reached Oxford, hopeless of any aid, and with a deadly shame at the thought of asking it. But, somewhere in the High Street, and according to his very accurate sailor's description of that noble street, it must have been about the entrance of All Souls' College, he met a gentleman—a gownsman, who (at the very moment of turning into the college gate) looked at Pink earnestly, and then gave him a guinea; saying at the time—"I know what it is to be in your situation. You are a schoolboy, and you have run away from your school. Well, I was once in your situation, and I pity you." The kind gownsman, who wore a velvet cap with a silk gown, and must therefore have been what in Oxford is called a gentleman commoner, gave him an address at some college or other—Magdalen, he fancied, in after years—where he instructed him to call before he quitted Oxford. Had Pink done this, and had he frankly communicated his whole story, very probably he would have received—not assistance merely—but the best advice for guiding his future motions. His reason for not keeping the appointment, was simply, that he was nervously shy; and, above all things, jealous of being entrapped by insidious kindness into revelations that might prove dangerously circumstantial. Oxford had a mayor—Oxford had a corporation—Oxford had Greek Testaments past all counting; and so, remembering past experiences, Pink held it to be the wisest counsel that he should pursue his route on foot to Liverpool. That guinea, however, he used to say, saved him from despair. One circumstance affected me in this part of Pink's story. I was a student in Oxford at that time. By comparing dates, there was no doubt whatever that I, who held my guardians in abhorrence, and above all things admired my brother for his conduct, might have rescued him at this point of his youthful trials, four years before the fortunate catastrophe of his case, from the calamities which awaited him. This is felt generally to be the most distressing form of human blindness—the case when accident brings two fraternal hearts, or any two persons whatsoever, deeply interested in effecting a reunion of hearts yearning for reunion, into almost touching neighbourhood, and then, in a moment after, by the difference, perhaps, of three inches in space, or three seconds in time, will separate them again, unconscious of their brief neighbourhood, for many a year, or, it may be, for ever. Amongst the monstrosities and the frantic extravagances of Goethe, which have excluded, and for ever will exclude him from taking root in our literature, there is one drama, dull in its conduct and developement beyond all precedent, but heart-rending in its plot, where this principle of pathos forms the hinge of the whole fable—the "Eugenia" I mean—a drama in which (and apparently the fable has been suggested by some real case amongst the morganatic or left-handed marriages of Germany) a prince loving better than light and day one heavenly girl, a grown-up daughter, *Eugenia*, is suddenly persuaded to believe, for some purpose of intrigue, that she is dead. Well; the reader is led to feel that the man is happy, and thrice happy, who has no daughter; because, for him, neither fear nor grief of this kind is possible. Meantime, the daughter, thus mourned for, and whom the prince would have redeemed with his own life a thousand times over, what becomes of her? She, with a wretched governess, bribed doubly, by money in the first place, and by a hollow promise of marriage in the second—is turned adrift; believing herself to have been rejected by her father. She travels, unknown for what she is, to a sea-port town; everywhere treated with respect for her personal merits; everywhere viewed as a poor wretched outcast, under the ban of government; and not seldom standing a chance of being, in that character, thrown back upon her father's adoring eyes. All chances, however, are thrown away upon her who had been born to misfortune. Her father she sees no more; and the drama (finished only to the end of the *first* part) closes with the prospect of her embarking for some distant land.* How this drama would have been terminated, had Goethe chosen to terminate it, I do not know or guess. It ought not to have had a prosperous ending; and yet, for the relief of the heart, there should have been some αναγνωρισις, even when too late for a happy reunion. In the present case, however, it may be doubted whether this unconscious rencontre and unconscious parting in Oxford ought to be viewed as a misfortune. Pink, it is true, endured years of suffering, four at least, that might have been saved by this seasonable rencontre; but, on the other hand, by travelling through his misfortunes with unabated spirit, and to their natural end, he won experience and distinctions that else he would have missed. His further history was briefly this:—

Somewhere in the river of Plate, he had effected his escape from the pirates; and, a long time after, in 1807 I believe, (I write without books to consult,) he joined the storming party of the English at Monte Video. Here he happened fortunately to fall under the eye of Sir Home Popham; and Sir Home forthwith rated my brother as a midshipman on board his own ship, which was at that time, I think, a fifty gun ship—the Diadem. Thus, by merits of the most appropriate kind, and without one particle of interest, my brother passed into the royal navy. His nautical accomplishments were now of the utmost importance to him; and, as often as he shifted his ship, which (to say the truth) was far too often—for his temper was fickle and delighting in change—so often these accomplishments were made the basis of very earnest eulogy. I have read a vast heap of certificates vouching

* In this slight abstract of the *Eugenia*, I must warn the reader that I speak from a very hasty glance of it, which I took several years ago, and at the time *stans pede in uno*.

for Pink's qualifications as a sailor, in the highest terms, and from several of the most distinguished officers in the service. Early in his career as a midshipman, he suffered a mortifying interruption of the active life which had now become essential to his comfort. He had contrived to get appointed on board a fire-ship, the Prometheus, (chiefly with a wish to enlarge his expeperience by this variety of naval warfare,) at the time of the last Copenhagen expedition; and he obtained his wish; for the Prometheus had a very distinguished station assigned her on the great night of bombardment; and from her decks, I believe, was made almost the first effectual trial of the Congreve rockets. Soon after the Danish capital had fallen, and whilst the Prometheus was still cruising in the Baltic, Pink, in company with the purser of his ship, landed on the coast of Jutland, for the purpose of a morning's sporting. It seems strange that this should have been allowed upon a hostile shore; and, perhaps, it was *not* allowed, but might have been a thoughtless abuse of some other mission shorewards. So it was, unfortunately; and one at least of the two sailors had leisure to rue the sporting of that day for eighteen long months of captivity. They were perfectly unacquainted with the localities, but conceived themselves able at any time to make good their retreat to the boat, by means of fleet heels, and arms sufficient to deal with any opposition of the sort they apprehended. Venturing, however, too far into the country, they became suddenly aware of certain sentinels, posted expressly for the benefit of chance English visiters. These men did not pursue, but they did worse, for they fired signal shots; and, by the time our two thoughtless Jack tars had reached the shore, they saw a detachment of Danish cavalry trotting their horses pretty coolly down in a direction for the boat. Feeling confident of their power to keep a-head of the pursuit, the sailors amused tnemselves with various sallies of nautical wit; and Pink, in particular, was just telling them to present his dutiful respects to the Crown Prince, and assure him that, but for this lubberly interruption, he trusted to have improved his royal dinner by a brace of birds—when, oh, sight of blank confusion!—all at once, they became aware that between themselves and their boat lay a perfect net-work of streams, deep watery holes, requiring both time and local knowledge to unravel. The purser hit upon a course which enabled him to regain the boat; but I am not sure whether he also was not captured. Poor Pink *was* at all events: and, through seventeen or eighteen months, he bewailed this boyish imprudence. At the end of that time there was an exchange of prisoners; and he was again serving on board various and splendid frigates. Wyborg in Jutland was the seat of his Danish captivity; and such was the amiableness of the Danish character, that, except for the loss of his time, to one who was aspiring to distinction and professional honour, none of the prisoners who were on parole could have had much reason for complaint. The street mob, excusably irritated with England at that time—(for without entering on the question of right, or of expedience, as regarded that war, it is notorious that such arguments as we had for our unannounced hostilities, could not be pleaded openly by the English Cabinet, for fear of compromising our private friend and informant, the King of Sweden)—the mob, therefore, were rough in their treatment of the British prisoners; at night, they would pelt them with stones; and here and there some honest burgher, who might have suffered grievously in his property, or in the person of his nearest friends, by the ruin inflicted upon the Danish commercial shipping, or by the dreadful havoc made in Zealand, would shew something of the same bitter spirit. But the great body of the richer and more educated inhabitants, shewed the most hospitable attention to all who justified that sort of notice by their conduct. And their remembrance of these English friendships was not fugitive; for, through long years after my brother's death, I used to receive letters, written in the Danish, (a language which I had attained in the course of my studies, and which I have since endeavoured to turn to account in a public journal for some useful purposes of research, both in philology and in history,) from young men as well as women in Jutland; letters couched in the most friendly terms, and recalling to his remembrance scenes and incidents which sufficiently proved the terms of intimacy, and and even of fraternal affection, upon which he had lived amongst these public enemies; and some of them I have preserved to this day, as memorials that do honour, on different considerations, to both parties alike.

DEFAMATION OF THE FAMOUS INFAMOUS.

"Who steals my purse steals trash;
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which nought enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

And of what does not *he* defraud me who robs me of the illusions of life? Of what does not *he* defraud me who precipitates my household gods from their shrines, and tells me I have been worshipping graven images? Of what does not *he* defraud me who shews me the reverse of the tapestry whose rich devices have long adorned the sacred chambers of my home? Is it not enough that, one by one, we are called upon, in this arid age, to resign the enchantments of life?—that philosophy reveals the rainbow to us as primitively co-existent with the laws of nature, instead of the glorious seal of a covenant hung up specifically in the sky, to appease the terrors of mankind?—that echo must no longer enchant our ears as to the mysterious voice of solitude? Philosophy—prying, peddling, analyzing philosophy—hath spread out, in short, a cold, matter-of-fact, material wilderness before our eyes.

That book of Priors! Who shall abide it! *Our* Goldsmith!—our own dear Goldy!—our "Vicar of Wakefield!"—our "Deserted Village!"

our "Traveller!"—our gentle essayist! Were we not familiar with all that required to be known of his faults and frailties, his weaknesses, his wants, his anxious days, his imprisonings, his duns, his debts? We knew all—we forgave all. Pity was an irresistible advocate. We loved him as we loved Burns, almost the better for weaknesses interwoven with such bright impulses and holy inspirations. Summing up his history with a sigh, we decided that his miseries had atoned for his indiscretions. Our last ejaculation over his grave was—

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."

And, after all this, to have the pitiful record of his tailor's bills raked up, with all their mendings, and darnings, and turnings, and piecings! To have the bloom-coloured coat thrust into our face, not only in its old character as an emblem of vanity, but almost as a token of dishonesty! To have poor Oliver's heart turned inside out by the publication of every private outpouring of its wounded feelings—every wound scarified under our eyes!—The biographer who performs his task while the ashes of the illustrious are scarcely cold, and the love of surviving friends affectionately warm, hesitates to perform such cruel acts of justice; the indignation of a man's family—nay, the sympathy of the public—would be too strong for him. It is only the tardy biographer, who, wanting to write *himself* into notoriety, disinters the relics of the dead, and plants his standard upon a grave on which the thistles of oblivion are beginning to spring, by whom these savage exposures are ever perpetrated. Who is there to take the defence of Goldsmith against the circumstantialities of Mr Prior? Who, among all those who have sat on a summer's day, basking in the sunshine, listening to the blackbirds—their inward man revivified in the bright creation of the "Vicar of Wakefield"—will be at the trouble of telling this gatherer-together of old rags and broken flint-glass, that the life of poor Noll should have been written in a warmer and more genial spirit.

It is useless to assure us that such harsh publications are requisite to unbandage the eyes of the rising generation; that, in eminent instances, the truth—the whole truth—is to be spoken; that the career of the man of genius is to be developed with the most painful particularity, lest it prove dangerously attractive to the ambitious boy. We maintain that the publicity of the fearful destinies of Otway and Chatterton, or the humiliations of Goldsmith and Sheridan, will never make a poet the less, or the less ragged. Goldsmith knew by rote, as well as Mr Prior, the distich of Pope—

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunello."

And what was *his* commentary on the text? No, no! over the frailties of the necessitous man of genius, labouring for his daily bread, elated by temporary prosperity, and sinking into an untimely and misery-worn grave, while he bequeaths to posterity the glorious and imperishable offspring of his ill-requited labour, a man of genius should hasten to draw the curtain. We look upon it as an act of *malice prepense*—of slow-poisoning—of deliberate murder, to have unripped the budget of poor Goldsmith's faults and afflictions, and hung them up in ragged array, like tattered clothes exposed to the contempt of the vulgar, at a stall in Monmouth Street.

But we have just now a sterner quarrel on our hands than this assault upon Prior the pitiful. What right had the luminous mind of Macauley to concentrate its refulgence upon the one dark spot deteriorating the mighty name of Bacon?—what right to resuscitate forgotten grievances, and set up a gibbet as a monument to one of our national demigods of fame? Are we so rich in philosophers that we can afford to part with a boast such as the name of Bacon? If we have writ our annals true, 'tis there historically recorded that Bacon became a fingerer of bribes. Which of us did not know it, previous to the recapitulation of the *Edinburgh Review*?—which of us was not willing to forget it? If the memory of his fault have, in some degree, fallen into decay, it was because men *chose* that it should not be had in remembrance. It evinces a noble spirit indeed in posterity, that it has continued to revere the inspired works of the prophet whose personal backslidings are inscribed in the inscrutable tablets of the judgment-seat of God.

We would, with all our soul, that Macauley had never dispatched his recent criticism across the main. The errors of Basil Montague's biography of Bacon, were amiable errors. He had put the shoes from off his feet, because the spot on which he stood was holy ground; and if his steps were less steady in consequence, we reverenced their stumbling. Macauley's treatise is undeniably a master-piece of composition; but, after writing it, a man of his expansiveness of mind ought to have committed it to the flames. He should have scorned to give the least of the little such notable occasion to triumph over a son of Anak. The faults of the virtuous, the follies of the wise, should remain sacred in the eyes of the wise and virtuous. There are dunces and pettifoggers enough to denounce them. The pious man shrinketh from laying his hand upon the vail of the temple!

We do hereby forewarn and admonish Thomas Babington Macauley, that, in case of survivorship, we will become his fiercely impartial biographer. Concerning Mr James Prior, we conceive that the public knows and cares not whether he be a dead dog or a living lion. But Thomas Babington hath his future place in the annals of fame; and, our pen upon it, he shall win it hardly! We do not suspect him of lawless appropriation of the rupees of dusky Ind. But he is a lawgiver. He holdeth the scales of justice; and "let them turn but in the estimation of a hair," and posterity shall hear of it! His misdemeanours shall be writ on brass, his virtues in water. Be it his task, therefore, to redouble the light of his already brilliant reputation, to outshine the records of our recriminative justice.

MARION CAMPBELL.—A HIGHLAND STORY.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

"This jealousy
Is for a precious creature."—SHAKSPEARE.

A MORE inquisitive race of dogs than the greyhound, breathes not upon this earth. Wanting the sense of smell which usually leads astray those four-footed people, who, like the best of the two-footed generation, have certain small and genial frailties mingled amongst their many virtues—lacking that temptation to step aside from the straight and beaten path, they indulge their wandering propensities by poking their pretty noses into every crevice and cranny they can spy out, and following every indication of life or motion which their quick sense of seeing and hearing can detect on every side. Many a dance has my lamented Mayflower led me, by her vagaries in this way; and, as greyhound nature will be greyhound nature under all varieties of coat or feature, I suspect that the fair Marion Campbell found her pet Luath—rough, wiry, bony, though he was, and of the sturdier and stronger sex—quite as unmanageable as I my fair, sleek, delicate canine companion; although, in addition to all other points of difference, the good greyhound Mayflower happened to be a lady, and we all know that "the men-folk," as a country friend of mine is pleased disparagingly to designate that important part of the creation, are pleased to arrogate to themselves a total deficiency in the great quality called curiosity. I do not see that we "women-folk" have any business to quarrel with this assertion. If they who go clad in doublet and hose choose to make over to the wearers of boddice and petticoat the exclusive possession of the great faculty which may be called the very key to knowledge, I can find no reason why we should disclaim a distinction so honourable; except, indeed, the trifling consideration called truth, may count for anything in the argument; in which case, I should feel myself bound to declare, that, according to my limited observation, the quality in question is about as equally divided between the sexes, as freely and bountifully scattered amongst all animals with any pretensions to intelligence, whether biped or quadruped, as any—what shall we call it?—any questionable virtue well can be.

That this same organ of inquisitiveness was as strongly developed in Marion Campbell's rough and faithful attendant, as in my delicate pet, was made unpleasantly conscious to his fair mistress during a ramble which she, accompanied only by Luath and her damsel Janet, (whose functions about the daughter of the old Highland chief much resembled those of a modern lady's maid,) was taking through her native glens, one fine morning in August.

Marion passed along in silence; wrapt, sooth to say—as, in the heyday of her bloom, woman, from the princess to the peasant, is wont to be wrapt—in "maiden meditation," which, in the present instance at least, and, as I suspect, in a good many others, was, with all submission to the great poet, anything but "fancy free."

Marion Campbell's meditations glanced over her mind, mingling and crossing, now bright and now gloomy, like the tartan of her house, to which, indeed, that checkered and many-coloured web, a young lady's musings, may not inaptly be likened. First she thought of a new sacque and petticoat of pale lilac damask, flowered with alternate bouquets of roses and carnations, the most magnificent habiliment that had ever penetrated north of Inverary; and of a Mechlin head and ruffles, brought her in a present by her kinsman Archibald—Cousin Archie, as she used to call him, when they were children together—now a captain in Kingston's dragoons; then she repeated to herself certain rhymes of the ingenious Mr Moore, (upon that thin diet did the lovers of poetry banquet in those days,) whose "Fables for the Female Sex," published a year or two before, had just found their way into the Highlands; then the form of a heather sprig suggested an apron that she was flowering to wear with the above-mentioned damask suit; then she thought of her poor friend Helen Cameron, sister of the chief of Dungallan, whose proficiency in the mysteries of the needle had been acquired in a French convent, and who had taken so much pains to accomplish her in the gentle science of tent-stitch and cross-stitch; then the horrors of civil war, the much that she had heard, and the little that she had seen, of the last year's miseries, (for the ramble of which we are speaking occurred in the '46,) came shudderingly over her mind, as a cloud passes across the sun. "Poor, poor Helen!" thought Marion, sighingly; "Archibald used to be jealous of Dungallan. He had little cause, Heaven knows. I never thought of him, except as the brother of my friend, whatever might be his wishes with regard to me; and now, if, indeed, he be still alive, he is chased like the hill fox or the hare, and has nowhere to lay his head. Poor Dungallan! poor, poor Helen! Oh, the sickening horror of such a war as this has been!—kinsman with kinsman, friend with friend. And now this fearful search after a vanquished enemy!—this hunting down an old acquaintance, or, it may be, an honourable rival, like a beast of the field! Oh, to a brave spirit, it must be misery!" sighed Marion to herself, imputing, as a tender woman so often does impute, her own feelings to the man whom she loves. "Archibald must feel it so, in spite of his devotion to General Campbell (who has been as a

father to him,) and his loyalty to King George. And now these fearful sentences!—that poor young girl who died of a broken heart at the execution of her lover! They wring one's very soul. But Archibald has leave of absence now, for the cure of that old wound at Culloden, and will remain with us during the whole autumn; and no fugitive would be mad enough to come into the Campbell's country. Then, in the winter, my father talks of taking me to Edinburgh." And the lilac damask, with alternate bouquets of roses and carnations, flitted before the eyes of the fair wearer. "No one knows what may happen in the winter!" thought she; and visions of snow-white satin night-gowns, and white and silver brocades, the bridal paraphernalia of the time, gleamed, for an instant, in her mind's eye, calling forth a blush and a smile, a look and a feeling of innocent hope, that banished, for the moment, the recollection that such things as war and misery had ever existed in this world of sunshine and shadow

These were the musings which the pranks and vagaries of Luath had interrupted. First, he was aware of the motion of a moor-fowl among the heather, and he darted up the hill side with the speed of an arrow, giving to his fair lady, and still more to her serving maiden—who exerted her lungs most womanfully for his recovery, screaming at the top of a naturally high voice until the rocks echoed back the sound as if it had been the shriek of a mountain eagle—giving to his fair pursuers the exceedingly tormenting and provoking spectacle of moving away the faster the more he was called back. Then a deer shewed himself in the valley, and off he darted through the glen, with a rush that threatened to run down the whole herd; while Janet's shrill pipe resounded through the uttermost depths of the glen, as it had before climbed the topmost ridge of the crags. Then he contented himself with slighter deviations from the straight path, skipping from right to left, and from left to right, poking his nose into that nook and this cranny, until, at last, just as the bridal apparition had crossed Marion's fancy, he disappeared behind a small clump of brushwood—two or three young birch trees, and a plant or two of yellow broom and Scotch brier that grew on the ledge of a cliff, down which, in winter, a mountain torrent made its way, and vanished bodily, or seemed to vanish, into the face of the rock.

The extraordinary disappearance of her favourite—followed, as it was, first by a low sound from Luath, something between a bark and a growl, then by one or two muttered words, the speaker continuing invisible, and a slight noise of struggling—effectually roused his fair mistress, who, naturally high-spirited, free-born, and vigorous in mind and body, as becomes a mountain maid, plunged, without hesitation, into the stony bed of the torrent, now completely dried up by the summer sun, and, scrambling with considerable difficulty, (for the loose stones gave way even under her light tread, and she was forced to grasp every instant at the tufts of grass and heather that grew in the fissures of the cliff, and hung over its sides, to keep herself from falling,) succeeded, after some minutes' hard climbing, in gaining the position which her pet had reached at half a dozen bounds, and found herself perched upon a narrow ledge of rock overhanging the water-course, at about twenty feet from the bottom of the precipice; hardly wide enough to afford room to the little tuft of brushwood above which the cliff rose in a smooth, sheer ascent, until it seemed mingling with the clouds. Behind this small clump of birch, and broom, and brier, and now quite concealed by the summer foliage, was a small fissure, penetrating the natural mound, through which it was clear that Luath had disappeared, and into which she also passed, regardless alike of the dangers that she might encounter there, and of the warnings of Janet, who, climbing and remonstrating with equal good will, followed her lady as rapidly as a hearty tumble, which had unluckily befallen her at the commencement of her ascent, would permit.

A similar misadventure had very nearly occurred to her fair mistress, not aware, at the moment of her entrance, of the rapid shelving of the narrow passage into the cave in which it terminated. She recovered herself, however, and found, by the light which penetrated through the fissure, (the only light which the place afforded,) that she was in a natural cavern, of considerable extent, and immediately confronted by a young man, who stood directly opposite to her, with an air and attitude of calm determination, one hand vigorously planted upon Luath's neck, and the other grasping a pistol which he had drawn from his belt.

Both were instantly released as he perceived the sex of the intruder.

"A woman!" exclaimed he, replacing the pistol in his girdle, whilst Luath, in a transport of pleasure, sprang upon Marion's shoulder, and nestled his rough head against her cheek. "A lady! then I have nothing to fear." And, with a courtesy which seemed habitual, he dragged a block of smooth stone, the only thing resembling a seat which the cave afforded, to a level spot near his fair visiter, and entreated her to take possession of it, in an accent whose gentle cheerfulness contrasted singularly with his rude and squalid aspect.

Marion, complying with his request, gazed upon him, as he stood before her, with a mixture of wonder and compassion. He was a tall young man, of a fair complexion, or rather a complexion which, before a long exposure to sun, and wind, and weather, had been fair; and a countenance which, in spite of a tremendous length of beard, had something at once singular and agreeable. He wore an old dark tartan coat, a plaid, and a philibeg, with a pistol and a dirk at his side. His garments were torn and dirty, his feet all but bare, and his whole appearance indicated the extremity of human privation.

"One of those unhappy sufferers!" thought Marion, as her bright eyes filled with tears. "So

might my father and my poor cousin Archibald"—even in her silent thoughts, she did not call him by a tenderer name—"so might they have wandered in their enemy's country, and have hidden in caves and rocks, had the day of Culloden ended differently."

"It is only my maid, sir—one for whose discretion I can answer," said Marion, aloud, as the entrance of Janet, and her exclamation of alarm and astonishment at sight of the stranger, produced a less emphatic expression of surprise on his part. "I will answer for her as for myself," said Marion, warmly.

"Heaven forbid that I should doubt of either!" responded the stranger. "Wherever, during my wanderings, I have met a woman, there I have been sure to find a friend. Pity and fidelity are synonymous with her name."

"How can we serve you?" said Marion, glancing towards the interior of the cave, where some heather, arranged with the blossoms upwards, the hardy couch of the Highlander, and the remains of a wood fire, gave token of a residence of some duration. "You seem to want"——

"Almost everything, madam!" interrupted he, gaily. "For my wardrobe, you see its condition: witness my two feet, with half a brogue between them. Never was barefooted friar in fitter order for a pilgrimage. And as to my larder, that is reduced to a still lower ebb, as these few crumbs may bear testimony. I doubt if the leanest begging brother of St Francis was ever so sparely furnished. I have been thinking, indeed, of making an onslaught upon your venison. I must have attempted it to-night, from sheer starvation, though the report of firearms"——

"Would bring upon you twenty armed men," rejoined Marion—"would produce instant discovery, perhaps instant death! Heaven be praised you refrained, and that Luath's curiosity led us here to supply your wants. If it had been my father!"

"Or if Captain Archibald had happened to gang alang wi' Miss Marion the now, instead of me," interposed Janet—"whilk wasna unlikely, ye ken!"

"Hush, Janet!" resumed her mistress, blushing. "We have no time to waste in talk. They may miss us at home, and"——

"Eh! Miss Marion, but ye are richt!" exclaimed the incorrigible lady's maid. "The captain 'ill miss ye sure enoo, sae sune as he has dune thae weary letters. We hae nae time for clavers. He'll be seeking ye up the brae and doun the brae; and the loun Donald, the captain's man"——

"He'll be seeking after somebody else—will he not?" inquired the stranger, who had listened with an air of suppressed amusement, and sly, quiet intelligence, not a little provoking to the fair Marion, to the revelations of her waiting woman.

"He'll be following his master's good example, and seeking up the brae and down the brae for you? Won't he, Mistress Janet?"

"Janet! hold your peace, I entreat you!" cried her lady, interrupting something that the chattering damsel was about to say. "Tell me, sir, and quickly, for the very moments are precious, how we can best serve you. With provisions, we can, I hope, supply you after dark."

"The tae half of a red deer pasty, sin' the gentleman fancies the meat, and a tass of whisky, gin the loun Donald hae left sae mickle in the castle, for he's aye fou frae morn till nicht," quoth Janet.

"Unless our prolonged absence should excite suspicion, there is little doubt but we shall be able to supply you with food. Linen and shoes also can be procured from my father's wardrobe. But I ought to tell you, inhospitable as it seems, that your continuance here is attended with danger the most imminent. I feel that I am speaking to one of the unfortunate followers of the Pre—— of Charles Edward," continued she, checking herself, as her listener drew himself up proudly; "and it is right to inform him that he is in the very midst of Argyle's country, surrounded by enemies on all sides, parties of soldiers in every direction, and an officer in the service of the King—nay, this is no time to quarrel for a word with one who is risking much to preserve you—an officer in King George's service actually in the castle. What madness brought you hither? You must not, cannot remain here. The same accident that discovered your retreat to us, may make it known to others. And then"——

The horrors of the executions at Kennington—an account of which, transmitted to her cousin from a friend in London, she had that morning overheard him reading to her father—struck at once upon her mind. She thought of the young man before her, evidently well-born and delicately nurtured, who, for a wrong cause it might be, but still for one which he thought right, was enduring so cheerfully the extremity of human privation—she thought of him, to-day talking with her, full of life and spirit, to-morrow undergoing the fearful sentence at which her flesh had crept as she heard it; and, unable to bear the image which her fancy had conjured up, she burst suddenly into a passion of tears.

Much affected by her sensibility, the object of her generous interest laid aside his levity and his haughtiness, and explained to her, simply and gravely, that, having been closely and unrelentingly pursued for many weeks, he had taken a sudden resolution to baffle, if possible, the sagacity of his enemies, by leaving the friendly country in which he had hitherto taken refuge, and planting himself in the very stronghold of his foes. The actual spot in which he was concealed had been suggested, he said, by the local knowledge of a companion, who had left him on the double errand of obtaining important intelligence and recruiting their stock of provisions; but whose return, unless he himself prevented his arrival by meeting him at a rendezvous some twenty miles distant, he expected to take place two days after. This companion was, he added, no stranger to Miss Marion Campbell, whom he

believed himself to have the honour of addressing, and to whom the house of Dungallan was certainly not unknown.

"Eh, puir Dungallan!" exclaimed Janet, whose sympathy extended to all her mistress's lovers. "We ken him weel, guid man! He gied me the vera brooch that ye see i' my plaidie, in return for an auld gluve that he stealt of my leddy's, forbye ither tokens. Puir Dungallan!—sae it was he that fand the cove! He kent the place langsyne, did Dungallan; frae the time that he was a bairn, nae higher than the hound Luath. An' ye look for him the morn's morrow! Eh, sirs, but we maun pit a ewe-milk cheese an' a wheen bannocks, to the pasty—he'll be just famished—to sae naething of anither tass of the whisky."

"Let him not come, I beseech you," said Marion, earnestly. "His danger would be tenfold greater than yours. He is known. He is one of the chiefs of the Camerons—one of the principal planners of this unhappy insurrection; and said, also, to be a personal favourite of its unfortunate leader. I have known Dungallan all my life long. His sister was my early companion and instructress. Let me not have the misery of fearing that an old friend of my father's house should be dragged from his lands to a dreadful death. If he were taken, nothing could save him. My interest in him would be misconstrued. It would be thought—Heaven knows how falsely!—but it would be thought"—proceeded Marion, in a low tone, and blushing deeply—"I know that it would be suspected. Only this very morning, when I spoke of poor Helen, the feeling burst forth. His presence, whilst my hot-headed kinsman is at the castle, would, indeed, be dangerous to us all."

"As fire to tow," corroborated Janet. "Guid sirs! I had clean forgot the captain. He's ganging gyte upon that score. He garred the soldier lads tak auld Alison—who's as deaf as the stanes in the linn—to Inverary, to be examined, because the auld wife had a wee bit mutch of Cameron tartan, that the guidman had picked up at Falkirk, to cover her puir withered craig. No! no!—Dungallan maunna come hither. The captain wad jalouse that he was hereabout, by instinct, ye ken, just as Luath wad jalouse a brock or a tod by the mere effeck of natural anteepathy."

At this moment, the stranger—observing that Luath, who had hitherto stood quietly, and apparently half asleep, by the side of his mistress, pricked up his ears, and held his head slightly on one side, in the attitude of listening—laid his right hand firmly on his neck; and, in another instant, a quick step was heard in the glen below, succeeded by a loud, lively whistle, and a bold, manly voice calling, "Luath! Where are you, Luath, my man?" at short intervals. It was with considerable difficulty that the caresses of his lady, and the strong grasp of her companion, could restrain Luath from obeying the call. The footsteps were heard dashing through the loose, dry, gravelly bed of the wintry torrent; pausing a moment, as if the passer by were observing the marks made by the girls in their recent ascent, or as if his attention were attracted by the suppressed growls of Luath, or his repeated plunges, as he struggled with all his strength to escape from his holders; and in that moment—a moment that seemed an age—both Marion and Janet fancied that he might have heard the quick beating of their throbbing hearts. At length the sound of the footsteps died away; and the voice and the whistle grew fainter and fainter, and were gradually lost in the distance. For the present, at least, the danger was past.

After a long pause, Janet ventured a whisper. "Yon's Captain Archibald, calling Luath, puir fallow—be quiet, Luath, can't ye?—just to find whereabout Miss Marion may be. Eh, sirs!—there'd be wild wark, I trow, gin he and Dungallan should forgether!"

Their new acquaintance appeared to feel the full force of this observation.

"Well," said he, "I must, if possible, be off to-night. Heaven forbid that I should lead my faithful friend, or you, my kind protectress, into unnecessary danger! Supply me—if, without peril to yourselves, you can do so—with so much of the commonest food as may give me strength for the journey, and a pair of shoes to guard my feet from the rocks and briars, and the tass of whisky which Mistress Janet spoke of, to drink your health and happiness—and I will set forth this very night."

"Ye ken the road?" inquired Janet.

"I have passed it once; and have learnt, in my wanderings, almost with the skill of a wild Indian, to fix in my memory the great landmarks of nature—the outlines of the mountains, the course of the streams, and the positions of the stars in the heavens; nay, even to follow upon the trail of a companion, by the aid of almost imperceptible signs—a transverse cut upon the smooth bark of the mountain ash, a birch twig broken, a sprig of heather dropped upon the path—tokens which, even now that I have indicated them to you, none but an eye quickened by keen necessity and present danger could clearly apprehend. Oh, this necessity is the schoolmistress over all others, to sharpen observation, and teach a man the use of his wits! We may dwell in a palace all our lives, and not know for what purpose our senses were given us; but turn us, barefoot and hungry, amongst these Scottish wildernesses, and we soon find that the chief aim and object of our faculties is to enable us to make a shift—in which grand art of existence I'll challenge any canny Scot, Lowlander or Highlander, from John o' Groat's House to the Tweed. It will be moonlight to-night," added he, more seriously, "and I have little doubt of finding my way to the place where I have appointed to join my friend. So now, my fair benefactress, I will detain you no longer."

And he took her hand, and bent his lips to it with an habitual grace and dignity; the effect of which was not at all diminished by his rude and squalid exterior, so independent of mere extrinsic

circumstances are those qualities of mind and manner—that union of suavity and nobleness—which constitute a gentleman. Marion lingered.

"The night is, of all seasons, the most dangerous to a traveller, in these troubled times. Even the fact of being out in the dark exposes the wanderer to suspicion. Could no disguise be thought of that should enable you to elude suspicion by day?—a female garb, for instance?"

"The gentleman shall be welcome to my best kirtle and boddice, and a hood and screen to the wale of it," quoth Janet. "Eh, and he'll mak a braw strappin lassie!"

"A woman!" replied the fugitive, quickly. "There you must excuse me. Anything but that. Braggart that I was, I forgot my failure in that line. I'll play the woman no more."

"No more!" And Marion gazed fixedly on his face, whilst a fresh suspicion crossed her mind, and the colour mounted even to her temples. "No more!"

"But he maunna leave the cave, by daylight, in a plaid and philibeg of the Cameron set. Gin he does, the captain, or the loun Donald, 'ill hoist him ahint a dragoon, and carry him awa to Inverary, like puir doited Alison. There's walth o' auld tartans about the town, belanging to ae laddie or anither; and I can lift him a suit as cannily as ever my forebears lifted a drove o' black cattle," said Janet, laughing. "And then, when he has trimmed that beard o' his, whilk wad be as kenspeckle in a kilt as in a kirtle, he may pass for as douce a Campbell, honest man, as Locheden himsel'."

"My father went this morning to a small hunting-lodge, and, having accidentally left Luath behind, one of the lads who attended him ran back to desire that, unless my cousin should follow him to-morrow—which it must be my care to prevent—the dog might be sent after him in the morning. Luckily, the messenger met Janet before arriving at the castle, and, after delivering his message to her, returned immediately to his master; so that, if your route, sir, should lie in that direction, or in whatsoever direction your route may lie—for it will be better for both of us that I should remain in my present ignorance—your safety will be best assured by taking Luath, who is known to the whole country; and a note from myself to my father, which would be your warrant with any parties of the soldiery whom you might chance to meet. So soon as you shall be clear of present danger, set Luath free. He will speedily run home; and his appearance will be a token—a most welcome token—of your safety. Should you be taken, I rely upon your honour to declare my dear father's ignorance of this transaction. My own share in it I am ready to abide."

Once again, and with deep emotion, he for whose sake she was risking so much, and who felt that she was herself fully conscious of the peril which she incurred, lifted her hand to his lips, as she stood on the ledge of rock at the entrance of the cave, ready to attempt the precipitous descent.

"A poor and homeless fugitive thanks you, madam. The result of a more fortunate attempt may one day enable him to return, in his own behalf, or in that of him whom he represents, some part of this obligation. When that time shall arrive, send but a leaf of this flower"——And he plucked a lingering blossom of the wild brier that straggled into the cave, and presented it to her.

Marion turned towards him with gentle dignity.

"God forbid that any wild and idle words should lessen the readiness and satisfaction with which I tender my poor assistance to an enemy in distress! But if any circumstance could diminish those feelings, it would be the finding him—even in this moment of extremest wretchedness, when the blood of his bravest friends is flowing like water, and the lives of weak and suffering women are perilled, by the endeavour to save him from a similar fate—looking forward, with exulting hope, to a renewal of these scenes of agony. Oh, sir! if you be, as your words import, of high and legitimate influence with him in whose name this expedition has been carried on, represent to him the utter desolation which it has brought upon this unhappy land! Warn him against incurring, for that thorny wreath, a crown, the tremendous responsibility of another such convulsion. Whatever be the abstract justice of his claim, the truest titles to a throne—the blessing of God, and the love of the people—rest with the House of Brunswick; and he and his gallant son will find a nobler greatness, a sweeter peace, in a patient acquiescence in the will of Providence and the voice of the nation, than in efforts which can but end in the slaughter of their bravest and their most faithful followers, and in rending asunder the ties of friendship and of kindred, from the castle to the hut. Save this devoted country from the recurrence of scenes heart-rending alike to friend and to foe, and take with you my prayers and my blessings." Blushing at her own earnestness, she stopped suddenly. "I accept your flower," added she, in calmer tone, "not as an emblem—yet, see, the leaves are already falling!—but as a memorial. Janet and Luath shall be with you as soon as they can steal away after nightfall. Farewell!"

And, attended by her faithful adherents, she stepped into the narrow bed formed by the waters, and slowly and cautiously gained the path beneath.

"Strange, yet noble creature!" muttered the fugitive to himself, as he stood at the entrance of the cavern, watching her descent. "She has not made any promise of secrecy; but one feels that a woman like that might be trusted with more than life. I'faith! one might envy the Elector of Hanover and Captain Archibald Campbell such a subject and such a mistress. The rose was dropping, did she say? Flowers are but foolish emblems. There is an eagle, one of the same sort that hovered above the vessel as we approached the Scottish shore. Tullibar-

dine pointed it out to me at the time. That were a fitter symbol; and that sails on." And, catching, as ambition is wont to catch, at such auguries, he watched the flight of the kingly bird, soaring upward until it was lost in the distance; and then, cheered by the omen, retired into his place of refuge, with his usual *sang froid*, where, excellent, as he had himself boasted, at making a shift, he speedily kindled some dry sticks, by snapping the lock of his pistol, and setting light, by that means, to the stump of a tobacco pipe, lengthened sufficiently for use by the insertion of a tube of oaten straw, applied himself vigorously to the task of stifling the sense of present ennui and future danger, and the still more pressing claims of a keen appetite, in the fumes of the "fragrant weed."

Marion, on her part, flushed and agitated, contrived to reach home, unsuspected. She walked straight into the small room that she was accustomed to call her parlour, which contained what little property a Highland lady of that day could call her own; and Miss Marion Campbell's possessions in that way were the admiration of Argyleshire. She boasted, besides the ordinary complement of high-backed chairs, narrow settees, and diminutive tea-tables, a harpsichord, a scrutoire surmounted with glass doors, serving at once for writing-desk and book-case, and furnished with the usual limited female library; a japan cabinet, well stuffed with choice china, mixed with divers curiosities, natural and artificial, of questionable beauty, and not remarkable for preservation; a glass case of gorgeous humming birds; and a gilt cage, containing a recent gift of her cousin—a bullfinch of great tameness, and such extraordinary accomplishments, that he not only drew his own water in an ingenious bucket constructed for the purpose, but attested his loyalty by piping very successfully the whole of the national anthem, from the first bar to the last, and had completely won the old piper's affections, by making certain indistinct and far-off efforts to catch the notes of the "Gathering of the Clan," as performed by him for a full hour every morning, walking up and down in front of the hall door. Dutch tiles decorated the chimney, India paper covered the walls, and the little apartment had a look of snugness and comfort, hardly to have been expected amongst the wild hills of the north. The starry white jessamine, the everlasting pea, and the hardy purple clematis—

"The favoured flower
That bears the name of virgin's bower"—

were trained round the windows; and a half glass door opened upon a sheltered flower-plot, bordered with thrift, and gay with pinks, larkspurs, sweet-williams, and garden-lilies, intermixed with tall rose trees and carefully-trained bushes of Dutch honeysuckle, each almost as short, and quite as round as a Dutch cheese; whilst another door, on the opposite side of the room, led, by a narrow winding staircase, to her sleeping chamber above. It was a very complete lady's apartment; although most of the advantage of its insulation, and its power of egress from the castle without the knowledge of the other inhabitants, had hitherto been thrown away upon its fair possessor. She now decided that Janet and Luath should pass through the glass door when setting forth on their moonlight expedition. There was, to be sure, a wall round one side of the little flower garden into which it opened; whilst, on the other, it sank abruptly to the lake from which her father derived his territorial title; but that wall was in so precarious a state, and Janet so strong and active, that there was little doubt of her surmounting the difficulty. As to Luath, he would clear it at a bound.

Sunny and cheerful was Marion's little parlour, with its in-door comforts and luxuries, and its out-door prettinesses, its pleasant garden, and its sidelong peep of the calm clear waters, shut in by sheltering hills; and cheerful and sunny had been the temper with which the young Scottish maiden—high-born, healthful, and fair, the beloved and only daughter of a kind and indulgent father, the betrothed bride of the man whom she loved best in the world—had been wont to return to it, to pursue her ordinary avocations, after her daily ramble among the mountains, or by the lake side. Now her mood was changed. Anxious, uneasy, unquiet, the secret with which she had become acquainted—a secret which she felt must be imparted to no one, save her faithful Janet—must be held sacred at every risk—weighed upon her like a sin. She sate down to her scrutoire, with the double purpose of depositing in one of its little recesses, the half-fallen rose, (for, with the softened feeling so natural to a woman, when rendering, at a great risk, a great service, she had already relented towards him by whom it had been presented,) and of writing the important billet, which, with Luath, was to form his passport; but, harassed with doubts whether, in following the impulse of the moment, she had done right or wrong, and weighed down by the horrible responsibility belonging to her situation, she had no sooner folded the flower carefully in silver paper, and cleared one of the pigeon-holes for its reception, than, with an irresistible movement of self-pity, mingled, it may be, with a shade of self-distrust, she laid her head upon her hand, and burst into tears.

Her heart, somewhat relieved by that great female comfort and privilege, a hearty fit of crying, she lifted up her head, with the intention of writing her letter forthwith, and chasing the subject, as much as might be, from her mind, when her attention was arrested by a packet, which she had dislodged from its place in depositing the token-flower, and which had unrolled itself in falling, and now lay open before her eyes.

It was a water-colour drawing, of great finish and beauty, executed by Helen, and representing the two friends in a glen near the castle. Marion, richly dressed, was seated in the foreground; one little hand thrown round the neck of the faithful Luath, whose honest countenance,

always animated and intelligent, was awakened into double life by the report of Dungallan's gun, whose figure was seen farther down the glen, firing at a red deer, bounding by. Helen had drawn herself in profile, standing behind her companion, accoutred in plaid and boddice, as a Highland lassie, and setting off, by her darker complexion and simpler garb, the delicate and swanlike loveliness of the young beauty of Lochcden. Even in this picture, the unselfish and amiable character of the artist might be traced. Herself eminently handsome, she had cast into the shade her own graceful figure and noble features, and had given all her care to heighten the charms of her friend.

Marion's spirits, already weakened, could not resist the flood of recollection that burst upon her at sight of this drawing, and of some stanzas which had served it for an envelope ; slight, but graceful verses, in which the poet had mingled, with fond praises of his sister's skill as a portrait painter, very intelligent hints of his own devotion to the fair original.

"Poor Helen !" sighed she ; "poor, poor Dungallan !"

The sigh was echoed from behind her, and, turning round, with a shock of nervous trepidation, she saw her Cousin Archibald, leaning upon her chair.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Campbell, for daring to look over you," said he, somewhat stiffly ; "but having, after despatching answers to communications of some consequence, sought you in vain in your usual walks, and receiving, upon my return to the castle, the most contradictory answers to my questions as to your 'whereabout,' I was tempted, by the open door, and the sight of my friend Luath, to use my old privilege of the *entré*, and make my appearance in your withdrawing room. Old Angus informed me that you were walking, and well ; Mistress Janet, on the contrary, said that you were at home, and indisposed ; and, without intending, believe me, to intrude upon meditations which were clearly not intended to meet the general eye, I could not resist the temptation to inquire personally, which of the two reports was correct."

"Both were right, to a certain point," said Marion, with some effort. "I walked out, as I generally do, after breakfast, and returned, not ill, indeed, but less well than usual."

"It pleased Mistress Janet to deny that you had been out at all," persisted Archibald, drily ; eyeing, with no good will, the waiting damsel, who had, by this time, made her way into the apartment, and was busying herself in collecting her lady's bonnet and shawl. "However, to let that matter rest, I wished to warn you against rambling about unattended, at this particular time. Intelligence has been received that one of the prime leaders in this rebellion, the very chief over whose portrait, conjoined with your own, I find you weeping, has been traced to this neighbourhood."

"Eh, sirs ! Dungallan ! Guidness save him, puir chiel, frae thae bloody redcoats !" was the ejaculation of Janet.

"Whether there be more truth in the exploded doctrine of sympathies than it suits the philosophers of this enlightened age to admit," continued Archibald, doggedly, "or whether the interest which you and Mistress Janet there, are pleased to testify in his fate, together with this mysterious walk, may serve to solve the enigma of his lurking about a place so remote from his own country, and apparently surrounded by enemies, remains to be determined. At all events, the coincidence is curious."

"My grateful affection for his sister, the daughter of my poor mother's dearest friend, the friend and instructress of my own childhood, might well account for any interest that I might take in Dungallan's fate," said Marion, rousing herself as she perceived the effect which her passive dejection and silent acquiescence in his suspicions, was producing upon the jealous temper of her lover. "If he fell a victim to these cruel, cruel laws, poor Helen's happiness would be ruined for ever."

"Sisters are convenient persons," observed Captain Campbell. "I am unfortunate in not possessing one ; although, even if I were happy enough to boast a relation as accomplished as Miss Helen Cameron, I should lack the skill to set off her presents with a garnish of love verses. I am none of those same metre ballad-singers, thank Heaven!" added he, with increasing bitterness. "I am of Hotspur's mind, and

> 'Had rather hear a brazen candlestick turned,
> Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree ;
> And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
> Nothing so much as mincing poetry.'"

"As for my walk, this morning," began Marion, desirous of turning the conversation, "that" ——Fettered by the recollection of all that had passed in that morning's walk, and heart-struck by the sternness of his gaze, her voice faltered, and she suddenly stopped.

"What have I done, Archibald, that you should look at me and speak to me so unkindly?" said she, after a short pause, turning to him, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and a sweetness and earnestness of manner that won its way instantly to the lover's heart. He soothed and apologized, and, before they parted to dress for dinner, a perfect reconciliation had taken place, and he had vowed, for the fiftieth time, never again to suffer a shade of jealousy to pass across his mind.

Such vows are easily made ; but to keep them requires a cooler temperament than that of Archibald Campbell: twenty times, that very afternoon, was the stifled passion upon the brink of bursting forth.

We must all have felt, even although we may have been fortunate enough not to have a secret of life and death in our charge, like poor Marion, how difficult it is, when the mind is filled with one subject, to keep up an easy and unembarrassed conversation upon any other ; the more especially when our companion is one to whom

we have been accustomed to confide every thought as it happened to arise. In such a situation, not only is our behavour embarrassed and constrained, but there is a sort of spell over our faculties, so that, in steering clear of the one great danger, we run foul of all sorts of minor perils, and say and do, we hardly know what, in a vain endeavour to cover the awkwardness of our real position.

In the present case, for instance, Marion affected an exuberance of animal spirits, depressing, rather than exhilarating, to the listener; and as different from her general easy cheerfulness, as the rouge of a haggard court beauty, from the natural colouring of youth and health. She rattled on the harpsichord, with a rapidity which put melody quite out of the question, the liveliest tunes that she could recollect; sang, in a voice from which her usual arch sweetness was banished by agitation, the gayest of her national songs; choosing, quite unconsciously to herself, but in a manner which her auditor did not fail to remark, such airs as she had been accustomed to sing with Helen, and those which had been the particular favourites of her brother; and when, at last, she had quite exhausted herself with the exertion, she rose from the harpsichord, and, taking up the apron that she was flowering, requested that he would read to her while she worked, as Dungallan used to do to Helen.

It was now the Captain's turn to shew that a *tête-d-tête* between two lovers is not always so saccharine a matter as is erroneously supposed.

Turning over the newest books that he could find amongst her collection, he lighted upon Richardson's great novel, then in course of publication, the unknown catastrophe of which excited so much curiosity and interest, not merely amidst the flower-bed of young ladies by whom the author was surrounded, but amongst some score of persons of quality, who dispatched letter after letter, (one of them—Lady Bradshaigh—even writing upon her knees,) to ask for the reformation of the hero, and a happy conclusion to the story, with as earnest supplications, and as strong reasons to back their petition, as if they had been pleading for the real, actual, life-long felicity of two real, actual, living and existing human beings—the strongest tribute, by the way, to the power of the book, to its extraordinary verisimilitude and truthfulness, ever received by any author.

One of Lovelace's most characteristic letters did Captain Campbell address himself to read, avoiding, with the instinct of a high-bred gentleman, all that could be painful to female delicacy, and giving to the racy wit, the eloquent sophistry of that remarkable creation of Richardson's genius, all the advantage of the most intelligent and animated elocution; so that Marion's attention was excited in spite of herself.

"What a wretch!" exclaimed she, as he finished the account of one of his most teasing interviews with poor Clarissa. "What a cruel, unfeeling, cold-hearted wretch?"

"I don't know that," replied Archibald. (Be it remembered, in vindication of my hero, that only four volumes out of the eight had yet been published, and that Lovelace's conduct was still in suspense.) "I don't know that. The lady seems to me to have been quite as cold-hearted as the gentleman; or, rather, hearts on both sides seem to have been pretty much out of the question. She, justly as you will say, distrusted his honour; and he, with at least as much justice, doubted of her affection. The whole affair seems to me a game of chess, at which—barring false moves, which it is the author's business to guard against—the most skilful player will be sure to prove victorious. All you ladies exclaim, 'Poor Clarissa!' and, if she had loved him, I should be as ready as the best of you to echo the cry. But love is synonimous with confidence, and this paragon of her sex does not know what the word means. If she had relied upon him!—if she had trusted him! One wonders that Richardson did not see how much his book would have gained in interest by representing Clarissa as enamoured of Lovelace; but he lives amongst ladies, and piques himself, it is said, upon his knowledge of the female heart; and, therefore, it is not wonderful that he should shew them as he sees them, and as they are," added he bitterly, "delighting in tormenting those that love them best. Poor Clarissa, indeed! rather, poor Lovelace!"

At this moment, it was some relief to Marion, whose apron had certainly not improved by her afternoon's labours, that the weather, which had been louring all the afternoon, now assumed the appearance of one of the terrific storms of those mountain regions. The evening closed in prematurely, the clouds gathered dark and heavy, the wind moaned in gusts through the dark firs, and swept across the lake, whilst quick flashes of sharp, rapid lightning gleamed at the edge of the horizon, and the growl of distant thunder, proclaimed, in nature's awfullest voice, the gathering of the coming tempest. The momentary passions of man were hushed before it. The lover sate, contemplating, by the fitful glare of the lightning, the fair face of his beloved, pallid and sad from anxiety and sorrow; and once again his heart smote him for his unkindness.

"Marion, dearest Marion, do not you play the distrustful maiden with me, who, Heaven knows, have no wish upon this earth but for your happiness and honour! Be frank with me, confide in me, I conjure you! I see, I know, that there is a secret that weighs upon your mind at this moment. Trust it to me, and you shall not repent your reliance. Shew me but what you wish, and it shall be done. My power in this district is greater than you know of; my intelligence more accurate than you suspect. Say only, 'Dungallan is my friend's brother, and therefore I wish to save him;' say even, 'Dungallan is my own early friend'—and he shall be saved. Only prove that you think me worthy of your confidence, and see how I will deserve it. Nay,

even—although the thought be fatal to my every hope of happiness—even if his danger have revealed to you feelings hitherto unsuspected, and if, in aiding his escape, I give assistance to a favoured rival—yet, for your dear sake, to spare you the misery you would feel if he were taken, I swear to befriend him, at whatever peril it may be. I am not now on service, and there is only one of those unfortunate fugitives whom it would be eternal dishonour for a soldier to preserve. For Dungallan, since your happiness seems bound up in his safety, I will not hesitate to risk rank, fortune, life itself. Only trust me, only confide in me, if not as your devoted lover, yet as your nearest kinsman, your truest friend! Speak to me, I conjure you, Marion! I beseech you, speak!"

He hung over her affectionately, as he delivered, with an earnest truthfulness that could not be mistaken, this outburst of fond and disinterested love, gazing in her face as he spoke, and grasping, with all the fervour of passion, her cold and trembling hands.

"Will you not answer me? Do you disdain even to reply to my offer of service—my most sincere and honest offer? You do! I see plainly that you do! I see and feel, too plainly, that y desire my absence; and I will no longer intrud upon your privacy. Farewell, madam! May you find a truer and a more devoted heart than that which you have spurned from you!" And, lingering a moment on the threshold, in the hope, it may be, of being recalled, he left the room.

Marion wrung her hands in bitterness of vexation. Never had her heart so yearned towards the kinsman, the friend, the betrothed bridegroom, whom she had suffered to leave her, probably for ever.

"Oh, that I dared to undeceive him! But, for his own sake, I dare not, I must not. I have pledged myself to this adventure, and I must abide the trial. May the God of Mercy—who has willed that we should assist a fellow-creature in distress, who has gifted woman with a strength of sympathy which almost counterbalances her feebleness of body—may He grant that I bear it with firmness! It is a fearful night. Janet," continued she, addressing the faithful soubrette, who just now entered the apartment, "Janet, do you fear to encounter the storm? If you do, say so honestly, and I will go myself. I have no right to impose upon your kindness and fidelity a danger from which I should shrink. There is little left, Heaven knows, that should make me cling to life. Speak frankly, my good girl. If your heart fails you, say so at once."

Janet's answer was bold and confident. And, somewhat soothed by the fearless readiness of her confidante, her predictions that they should succeed in their enterprise, and that all jealousies and suspicions would be ultimately cleared up, (for her acuteness did not fail to detect the chief source of her lady's despondency,) Marion sate down to write, with more firmness than she had expected to be able to command, the important billet to her father, which, in case of the fugitive being intercepted by the soldiers, would, she believed, from the respect paid to the name of one of the most loyal and most powerful chiefs of the powerful and loyal house of Campbell, prove an effectual and unquestioned passport.

Her letter was short and simple; stating only that, as Captain Archibald Campbell had resolved not to join Locheden in his hunting expedition, she had sent Luath by the bearer; that all was well at the Castle; and that, wishing good sport to her dear father, she hoped to see him return in a few days.

Armed with this document, and laden with the promised provisions, the venison pasty and the whisky, ("lifted," to use Janet's own phrase,) together with a certain pair of "shoon," belonging to her lover, Donald, plaid garments of the Campbell set, and a collar and chain for Luath, the faithful waiting damsel, followed by the no less faithful hound, took the opportunity of a lull in the storm to set forth upon their expedition.

Marion accompanied them as far as the garden wall, which Janet and her four-footed attendant cleared with somewhat more of difficulty than she had anticipated, and then returned alone to her solitary apartment, to start at every sound, and feel each moment, as it passed, marked by the beatings of her own anxious heart.

Sadly and wearily the hours dragged along. The tempest had returned with tenfold violence; and Marion, as she found the noises in the castle subsiding, one by one, giving token that the inhabitants had retired to rest, and that she remained the only watcher within its walls—whilst over the pelting rain and moaning wind without, burst ever and anon peals of thunder, reverberating in awful grandeur amongst the mountains, preceded by lightning that glared with livid and horrible lustre through the room—began to feel the pressure of a close-clinging fear, a down-weighing responsibility, as the possible fate of her attached dependent flashed across her mind. If her courage should give way as she returned alone, and she should fall in the darkness from the ledge of the rock! If the springs on the hill-top should rise suddenly, and, joining the gatherings from the pouring rain, gush down the channel of the winter water course! If she should be struck by the lightning! Either of these thoughts was too terrible to dwell upon.

The distant clap of a door within the mansion, followed, as she thought, (for the dizzying boundings of her own pulses, the throbbings of her heart and brain, were such as to confuse all outward sounds,) by the rapid footsteps of a man along the galleries, and through the vaulted passages of the old building, harbingered yet another fear. If Janet should be pursued! If she should be intercepted! If the stranger should be discovered! She heard, or thought she heard, the castle gate unfastened; and, the feeling of suspense becoming unsupportable, she ventured to open gently the door of her little parlour, when a rush of wind, as if from an outer door left open, extinguished her taper, and left her in all the horror

that a darkness as of midnight, interrupted only by the now less frequent flashes of the lightning, could add to her former terror.

The storm was at length abating. She found her way to the glass door, and opened it; and, after an interval, that seemed to be of hours rather than of minutes, she was aware of Luath, as he came bounding up the path, followed—could it be the footsteps of two persons that she heard, advancing with stealthy rapidity? A moment decided the question. Janet rushed fearfully in, dragging after her, her, as it seemed, unwilling companion; and, first carefully locking and bolting the door, and barring the shutters, an operation which, in spite of the darkness, she performed with singular dexterity, she then contrived to thrust the stranger (for it was no other) up the staircase leading to Marion's sleeping apartment, and, having locked that door also, and deposited the key in her pocket, began relating to her lady, in cautious whispers, but with her usual volubility, the causes that had induced her to resolve upon the bold measure of bringing him to the castle.

They had been pursued. The rain had rendered the descent from the cave so dangerous, and had so flooded the path below, that the fugitive, forgetting his own danger in the manly duty of protecting a female, had insisted, in spite of Janet's earnest remonstrances, on escorting her as far at least as the wall over which she had effected her exit from the castle gardens. The light, shielded from the action of the wind by an ingeniously-contrived lanthorn of oiled paper, by the aid of which he had contrived to obtain for her a safe footing down the face of the precipice, had, she imagined, been observed from the upper windows of the castle. Certain it was, that, before they reached the spot to which the fugitive had insisted upon accompanying her, they had heard footsteps at some distance behind them, and had, as the clouds partially cleared away, and the moon emerged for a few moments, been enabled to perceive that their pursuer was a soldier. Janet declared her conviction that it must be either "Captain Archie himsel', or the loun Donald," come to reclaim "plaidie and shoon," which she had boasted, with so much glee, of having "lifted" from her military admirer, a few hours before. Some one from the house it certainly was; for Luath had recognised him, and, giving a sudden jerk to the chain by which he was held, had succeeded in freeing himself, and bounding towards the intruder, although he had returned to them upon hearing her voice. Under these circumstances, the active waiting-maid had, with great presence of mind, availed herself of a stunted pollard oak which concealed and facilitated the passage over the wall to the garden, and (first dashing away the tell-tale light) had literally hauled up, after her, both her companions, each of whom had, for a wonder, as she observed, been gifted with sufficient sense to submit to her guidance.

"Ill befa' that weary lanthron!" quoth Janet. "I tell't the gentleman, gin he wad stay quiet i' the cave, I'd nae fear o' getting safe to the foot o' the rock. Wi' my plaidie rowed round me, and nane to look on, I should hae slid doun the path, ye ken, like a snaw wreath at Yule. But he wadna be guidit. I'm minded that he's ane that has ta'en his ain gate owre lang. Weel, but ye maun hae a licht!" And off she ran, finding her way through the darkness with the security and ease which seems one of the many privileges of the light-hearted and the fearless.

During her absence, a fresh perplexity occurred to her mistress. Horses were heard galloping into the court, and a violent knocking at the gate was succeeded by a parley between Captain Archibald and the visiters. The voice of one of them was, she thought, familiar to her; and, to her unspeakable consternation, she found that he was advancing with Janet towards the apartment; Janet talking at the top of her voice, to give notice of his approach to her lady.

"Oot the nicht, General! Na, indeed, hae we not, except indeed to ca' Luath, poor hound, who's aye ganging forth in the rain. Sae my leddy and I we got a wee wet, and the wind put out the taper, and sae"——

Whilst Janet thus "followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and lied," her companion, General Campbell, closely followed by Archibald, stepped forward into the room, where Marion sate trembling with anxiety and apprehension.

"I intrude upon you only for an instant, my fair cousin, late as is the hour and indisposed as I regret to see you are, merely to announce to you that I shall to-morrow, early, be obliged to steal away your visiter, whose presence is required in Edinburgh, to meet his brother, and Lord and Lady Bellasis, and their pretty daughter Lady Betty. Give my compliments to Locheden, and tell him that we have accounts of one of the rebel chiefs, Dungallan, one of the ringleaders, having ventured into Argyle's country. Tell him that we have taken care of the landpasses, and that we shall borrow the castle boat in the morning, to dispatch a messenger across the loch. And now, good night. Go to bed, my dear, and refresh your roses. I don't like those pale cheeks." And, with a kind pressure of the hand, the good General quitted the apartment. Archibald lingered behind.

"You hear that Dungallan, that this favoured *friend*, I presume you call him, has been traced into this neighbourhood, that he is even supposed to be upon this estate. Why do I speak of reports and suppositions when I know that he is here?" added Captain Campbell, impressively.

"You are mistaken! Indeed you are mistaken!" rejoined his cousin.

"Mistaken!—when I saw him enter the garden this very night!—when I can track his footsteps across this room!—when here is his glove dropped upon the floor! dropped at the very door which leads to your bedchamber, and to your bedchamber only!" cried he, bitterly, flinging from him with violence the glove which he had picked up. "The rebel is here, and I know not what weakness hinders me from do-

ing my duty as an officer in the King's service, and delivering him up at once to the General."

"Do as seems best to you, Captain Campbell," said Marion, faintly. "My life, and far more than my life, my reputation, are in your power. Deal with me as you will."

"Nay, madam, your safety, and the honour of my kinsman's house, must ever be sacred in my eyes. Unkindly, cruelly as you have treated me, I cannot forget what we once were to each other. I warn you, however, that escape is impossible. You will live to repent this night's work. Farewell for ever!" And, without even a parting glance, he hurried out of the room.

"Ye are mair like to repent this nicht's wark yersel, captain," observed Janet, quietly, as she bolted the door after him, and addressed herself to the double task of comforting her lady and releasing the prisoner. "Gin the land-passes be waylaid, we maun try the loch. I'll gie a gay guess that the castle boatie 'ill be missin the morn."

And so it was managed. In less than two hours, the stranger, accompanied by Luath, was rowing across the loch; whilst, at daybreak the next morning, General Campbell and Archibald took their departure for Edinburgh.

Time dragged heavily on. Luath had returned, weary and travel-stained, without either his absence or his arrival having excited any suspicion in the castle. Nothing had been heard of the letter; and Marion had the satisfaction of believing that the sacrifice of her happiness had not been made in vain, that she had at least succeeded in rescuing the object of her compassion.

Locheden had, upon his return, found his daughter sick and drooping; and, as days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and left the prolonged absence of her lover unexplained, the old chief began to chafe with anger and impatience. He had heartily approved of a match which would unite his only child to the heir-male to whom, in default of a son, his own estate would descend, and who, besides his personal good gifts, and his high reputation for gallantry and military skill, inherited, in right of his English mother, a property which might be reckoned enormous for a Highlander in those days; but this neglect of one whom he regarded as the very apple of his eye, awakened all the irritability of his nature, and his fierce displeasure added tenfold, as that particular way of proving affection commonly does add, to the distress of her by whose injuries, real or supposed, his previous wrath had been originally excited.

Affairs were in this position, when, one fine morning in October, dispatches arrived from General Campbell, calculated to increase, if that were possible, the previous exasperation. After announcing his intention to visit Locheden, almost as soon as his letter could reach them, accompanied by their young kinsmen, (Captain Archibald's next brother, John, being an officer in his own regiment,) he proceeded to say:—

"You will have heard, I am sure, with great pleasure, (for I take for granted that the bridegroom elect has apprised you of his good fortune,) of our gallant cousin's intended marriage with Lady Betty Bellasis, the English heiress and beauty, who has made so great a sensation in Edinburgh this summer. There have been difficulties, of course, upon the score of fortune and country with the Earl and Countess, but love has conquered them all; and the chief object of our journey to Locheden is to consult you, the kinsman, guardian, and friend, to whom both these young men are so deeply indebted, and upon the arrangements as to residence, &c., which this happy event will render necessary. The bridegroom elect is, in every way, a lucky fellow. In addition to her fortune and her beauty, *la future* is as charming a creature as one shall see on a summer's day—a fit companion for your sweet Marion, my pet and favourite. Heaven send them happy together!"

"A Lowlander! an Englishwoman! an heiress! —fortune-hunter! rascal! scoundrel, that he is!" exclaimed the old chieftain, throwing from him the unlucky letter, and striding up and down the hall, in breathless wrath. "And the doited idiot of a General, to even her with my Marion—the Sassenach doll! Let them take care how they speak of my daughter! Old as I am, the blood of M'Callamore runs as red in my veins as in theirs. Only let them dare to lightly *her*"—— And the very excess and fierceness of his anger took away the power of expression.

Marion listened tremblingly, delaying till calmer moments any attempts to soothe and expostulate.

"Coming, are they?" burst forth the enraged father. "Coming!—ay, by Heaven!" continued he, catching a glimpse of a party of horsemen approaching the castle—"here they come! And they think to find entrance, do they?" added he, bitterly. "They come to take account of our accommodations, that they may bring their braw young bride to insult over the old man and his daughter! Let them wait until I be dead. Not a foot shall that villain set in Locheden, until he walks over my corpse. Angus! Duncan! Where are the louns loitering! See that the gates be barred! Let none enter!

"Stay, I implore you, I conjure you, my dearest father! For my peace and happiness, for the honour and dignity of your daughter and your house, refrain from this violence! Give entrance to them all. Receive them as usual. I ask you, in the name of maiden pride, of maiden modesty, to restrain all demonstrations of anger. Let him not imagine, let him not suspect——God knows how sincerely I wish him happy," cried Marion. "Give them admittance, I exhort you, I conjure you! Let them see no difference! Surely you will not vex and grieve your poor child. Yield to me in this, I implore you, dearest father!" And she threw her arms round his neck, leaned her head on his shoulder, and wept.

He kissed her with the fondest affection. "You are an angel, my darling, and shall have your own way in everything. Compare an

English moppet with my noble Marion! The scoundrel will be miserable—that's my comfort. His father married a Lowlander for the sake of the siller, a peevish Southron dame, that worried the life fairly out of him—and so will this great leddie. We are weel rid o' the loun. Dungallan, puir laddie, 's worth twenty of him. He's won safe to France, ye ken, to his sister; and, gin we can save the estate from the clutches of thae Englishers," said the old chieftain, losing *his* English as he lost his temper, and checking himself as he perceived the effect his hint produced upon his daughter. "Weel! weel! We'll no talk of that the now. You shall see how civil I'll be to the villain. I'll no condescend to be angry. I'll take a lesson out of his ain book, and be as fause and fair as himsel. Here the rascal comes. You shall see how doucely I'll behave. Eh, now, that sic a perjured traitor should look so like an honest man!"

That Locheden fully intended his behaviour to be as false and fair as he believed his kinsman, there is no manner of doubt. But the inveterate truthfulness of threescore years was too much for his new resolution. He did not, it is true, bar his gates against his visiters, nor kick them out of doors, being entered. But he drew back haughtily from their proffered hands, with a look as fierce and wild as one of his own mountain eagles, and eyed Archibald, in particular, as if he had a mind to knock him down. General Campbell, a kind and acute person, and a man of the world, saw, at a glance, that something was amiss, and, determining not to enter upon family matters until the aspect of affairs should be somewhat cleared, began, after an affectionate expression of regret at Marion's pale cheeks, to talk over the news of the day.

"You have heard the grand piece of intelligence, I presume, Locheden, that this foolish young man, the Pretender, who has occasioned us so much trouble in chasing him up and down the country, has given us the slip at last, and got clear off to France? The thing is really so. Besides the accounts in the public papers, which are sufficiently precise and particular, I have a letter myself from a French friend, le Comte de Clermont, who actually saw him land.—Why, heyday, my pretty Marion!" quoth the good General, observing the involuntary clasping of her hands, and the sudden rush of blood that coloured her fair face to the brow, as she listened to his words with breathless interest—"what should there be in this news to make you brighten up on a sudden? You are no damsel of the White Rose, I hope? No Flora M'Donald exploits here? Eh, Locheden?" And he turned to relate to the chief all that was then known of the escape of Charles Edward; whilst Archibald, to whom her emotion was as a flash of light that shewed him the whole thing at a glance, advanced to his fair cousin.

"*He*, then, and not Dungallan, was the stranger at the cave? Charles Edward, the Pretender, the Chevalier, the Prince?"

"Nay, give him what title you will. I am no damsel of the White Rose, as the General calls it; although I risked much—ay, and would risk much again—to preserve a fugitive, in peril of his life, thrown, under such extraordinary circumstances, upon my poor resources for protection and assistance."

"But why not intrust me with the secret? Why occasion so much unnecessary pain—certainly to me—may I not say to both of us?"

"To have trusted you, Captain Campbell, an officer in the service of the King of England, with such a secret as that, however the confidence might have relieved and comforted myself, would have been to endanger your professional reputation, your honour, perhaps even your life. No, I cannot think that I was wrong! The more especially," added she, in a lower voice, and with peculiar sweetness and gentleness of manner—"the more especially as the transient pain must have been long forgotten in your late and present happiness. Heaven knows, I congratulate you most sincerely."

"Happiness!—congratulate!" echoed Captain Campbell, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Marion, my dow!" said her father, striding rapidly across the room—"I have done a great injustice. It's no our friend here, but Johnny, his brother, that's about to marry Lady Betty, who seems to be a fine spunky lassie for all she has the ill luck to be an Englisher. Archie, my lad, I crave your pardon for thinking you could be such a villain!" And the old chief and the young soldier shook hands, with hearty affection and goodwill.

"There has been a small mistake on both sides, as it seems," observed General Campbell, joining the little group; "but matters are clearing up now, to judge from the gentleman's smiles and the lady's blushes; and, if I be permitted to advise, the best way to prevent a recurrence of doubts and misgivings, would be to have both the weddings on the same day. What say you, Mistress Janet?" For that faithful dependent, very anxious upon her lady's account, and it may be a little inquisitive upon her own, had contrived, on some pretence or other, to edge herself into the room. "What say you?"

"I gie my consent," responded Janet; "barring jealousy and a' sic nonsense, for the time to come. The captain and the loun Donald baith ken that I forewarned them what yon nicht's wark would come to. But ye men folk are aye rash and headstrong—ye canna help yourselves—it's born wi' ye; and we women are saft and complying—that's our nature; sae, sin' ye hae repentit, we maun e'en forgie ye," quoth Janet, "an' tak ye for better for worse."

And so it was settled.

DIARY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TIMES OF GEORGE IV., &c. &c.

How an ill-natured admirer of a republican form of government must exult in this ILLUSTRATION OF THE GENIUS AND TENDENCIES OF HEREDITARY MONARCHIES, a title as apt as the original one, for a work which has thrown a certain class of society into a greater ferment than any publication that we can remember! The general, and still more the secret history of the immoral, vindictive, and utterly degrading conduct of George IV. to his consort, from the day of their ill-starred union, until the hour that saw the grave close over her sorrows and her frailties, would be one of the shrewdest commentaries upon the corrupting tendencies of monarchy that history affords. Well may the Democrat inquire, Can the tree be good which bears such corrupt and poisonous fruits? Deeper traces of venality, time-serving, moral cowardice, falsehood, fraud, circumvention, espionage, and treachery, but, above all, of dastardly pandering, by those in high places, to the envenomed and, as it seems to us, frenzied hatred of the reigning prince, cannot be found in the annals of monarchies. It is not enough that the mere courtiers and minions of the Regent of England were as vile as those of the more brutal, but not more vindictive, Henry VIII.; the ministers of the former were equally supple and subservient. That the will of the Regent, in this matter, was not law, or above all law, arose from no want of sycophancy and unprincipled acquiescence on their parts. The statesmen of those days not only prostituted themselves to the malignant pleasure of the would-be despot, but peers, and peeresses, and courtiers of all degrees, the noble and honoured of the land, sought, with greediness, to minister to the Regent's basest passions—those of hate and vengeance. This book has revived the memory of those degrading and infamous transactions—the history of that fiendish persecution of a life;—and the periodical press of the metropolis has been seized with one of its periodical fits of moral indignation at "the most scandalous publication" (so styled by *The Quarterly Review*) "that ever disgraced English, or any other European literature, not excepting the works of Mrs Manly, George Anne Bellamy, and Harriette Wilson." It cannot be because the authoress, in betraying her royal mistress and benefactress, has not spared George IV. and his supple ministers, that this storm of wrath bursts on her devoted head? Up to the present hour, what Quarterly Reviewer, what writer of the Tory press, ever lifted a pen to shield the Princess of Wales from the calumny, falsehood, and treachery that dogged her path through life? We are far from volunteering as champions of Lady Charlotte Campbell, (*alias*, Bury)—and it were a piece of idle affectation not at once to recognise her as the author and editor of the work—but we look with some suspicion upon the quarter from whence the first stone is cast, and with disgust upon the attempt of the Reviewer to convert this denounced book into an instrument for heaping fresh obloquy upon the unfortunate Queen. In the meanwhile, the great world may say, with a letter-writer in this work, of a scandalous book then expected, "We shall break our necks to buy it, of course crying 'shameful!' all the while."

Of the works of Mrs Manly and Harriette Wilson—scandal and indecency of antiquated or of modern date—we confess ourselves entirely ignorant, though not altogether innocent of fashionable reading; so, after the first burst of virtuous indignation is expended, we would humbly inquire, if the denounced work of the Lady-in-waiting is one iota more scandalous, and slanderous, false, malicious, and satirical, than the letters of "De Grammont," "Walpole's Epistles," "Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's Memoirs," or "The Correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley," lately published by her great-grandson? With the vivid recollection of all those worthy and admired productions, we must pause before giving Lady Charlotte "the bad eminence" *The Quarterly* claims for her. That the book is nearly all hers, we consider established beyond question; nor do we pretend either to vindicate the character of the publication, or its motive; though we do not comprehend why it should call forth such bitter and unqualified reprobation, while the writings of the other noble gossips and treacherous scandal-mongers, have obtained an exalted place in the standard national literature. They may be more brilliant, but they are equally low-minded. From whom, after all, save valets, chambermaids, confessors, confidants, and lords and ladies-in-waiting, are we to expect memoirs of royal personages? And are journals of their lives and conversation to be only panegyrics? It is not because Lady Charlotte Campbell has, like hundreds before her, published her Diary, and the result of her observations upon her confiding mistress and benefactress, that we should complain, if she has said no more than is true, and presented the truth, without the distortion or false colouring attending a partial medium. Happily, in the case of the unfortunate Princess of Wales, the blackest tales which envenomed malice could now dictate, are but "tarts and cheesecakes" to the foul and brutal calumnies with which the industry of the minions and spies of her royal husband long filled the post-horns of all Europe;—purity itself to that deluge of filth which they and their press poured over this indignant community. We defy the utmost ingenuity of woman's malice, or man's hatred, to heap any new calumny upon the unhappy Princess of Wales; and the *Lady-in-waiting* might have said twenty times more, without adding another shade of black to the picture. This, however, and even the fact that, in the lapse of years, every one has faded away to whom these anecdotes of

the friendless woman could have given much pain, are but a slender vindication of their author, in the circumstances in which she had been placed; though the virtuous indignation of the press is excessive in this instance, because it is partial. Had the author of this singular literary and scandalous hash-up, of which moral and religious cant is the most revolting feature, boldly put her name to her production, and seemed as unconscious of wrong as many a former treacherous detractor of the Princess of Wales, we are inclined to think that very little would have been said about that matter. It is the evident consciousness of guilt, and the dread of detection, which has opened the cry against her, and given false importance to a work that otherwise would soon have sunk into oblivion. Or if Queen Caroline alone had been the mark of her shafts, there might in many quarters have been room for forgiveness; but the Diarist, to give piquancy to her narrative, has revived, not originated, those "Tales of other times," which glance upon Holland House, and Devonshire House, and fair or frail Abercorns, and Oxfords, and Murrays, and L * * * s, and many more stars of nobility and fashion—and in this has sinned against her order. Yet most of her stories are stale, and not more wicked or malicious than those of Walpole or the Lady Mary, only differing from them by being from fifty to two score years more recent. We look in vain to the book for any piece of scandal that has not been bruited in trials, in newspapers, and a hundred hackneyed publications; or that has not been the table-talk of the second tables of May Fair, for a time immemorial to the younger race of chamber-maids and valets. If the scandal-loving public have anything to complain of on this score, it is that her Ladyship has not administered a fresher and stronger dose. Lady Charlotte Bury sold her work for a considerable sum, which, too probably, not being upon the pension-list, she, in spite of her many noble connexions, urgently required. The motive is neither high nor pure; and she yielded to a temptation which a high-minded woman, in a far inferior rank, would have scorned, from a sense of honour and self-respect. She yielded, too, in a cowardly and mean way; but the malice of the Reviewer, who, in a few pages, has concentrated more double-distilled venom, directed against the Princess of Wales, than is contained in these two bulky volumes, while he pretends to convey a severe and dignified rebuke to Lady Charlotte, is at least equally reprehensible. The *animus* here cannot be mistaken. The motive is as single as the object. Those sleuth-hounds of the Carlton House cabal, who, in fresh packs, hunted the unhappy Princess from her bridal-bed to her tomb, though happily fangless now, must have a last gnawing, toothless mumble at her remains. It was too much to expect that the memory of Queen Caroline should be left to the tender mercies and good faith of her confidential Lady-in-waiting, if another opportunity offered to inflict a new stab. We confidently affirm that the perverted ingenuity displayed by the Reviewer, in distorting, misrepresenting, and mutilating the facts contained in this work, inflicts more grievous injury on the Princess of Wales than the original Diary. The *Review* may not be so sordid in motive, nor is it any breach of the implied but sacred confidence of domestic and social life, but it certainly shews deeper malignity, far more *malice prepense* than the inconsistent and self-contradicted calumnies of the work reviewed. Any one forming an opinion of it, from the *Review* alone, must say—"A very naughty lady this Lady Charlotte Bury; but what an atrocious creature the Princess of Wales must have been!" Everything that is worst is placed by the Reviewer in a still darker or more suspicious light; nor do we find a single sentence anywhere cited of those redundant apologies and explanations, and praises of the Princess, the result of the conscientious pangs and "compunctious visitings" of the writer. The critic has chosen to batten wholly on the garbage of the book. The carrion only has attraction for the vulture. *The Quarterly* critic, charitably and candidly, and with true Old-Bailey logic, concludes, that, "although, perhaps, no fact is related concerning the unhappy Princess of Wales which is not substantially true, *a great many circumstances of the same class are left untold;*" while those that are told, his wilful perversion and delicate insinuations turn to the blackest use. Such is the whole affair of the Sapios as treated by him. These were a family of those fascinating foreign musicians whom the aristocracy "delight to honour" and fête; with whom the Princess of Wales, in her weary solitude and more miserable society, became more intimate during one season, than was consistent with the etiquette of her station and the notions of some of her household, jealous of all favourites and of each other. Any one reading the account of this affair in the *Quarterly Review*, must rise with the firm belief that the Princess hired a cottage at Bayswater, for the purpose of carrying on a disgraceful and criminal intrigue with the younger Sapio, to which his father and mother, and other relations, were privy; while the book itself, with all its inconsistencies and license of assumption and remark, bears out no such conclusion. We must go back a little. Lady Charlotte Campbell, a widow, with a young family not very well provided for, must have been very thankful to obtain an appointment in the household of the Princess, who, by her own account, treated her with uniform kindness, confidence, and generosity. Her Ladyship may be excused if she often found the duties of her situation quite as irksome, as royal personages generally find the attendance of their lynx-eyed and cold-hearted dames of honour tiresome and annoying. The lady-in-waiting began to keep an irregular diary, a true barometer of her own humours. If the dinner-party was agreeable, and the evening passed pleasantly, with nothing occurring to mortify her self-love, or wear out her spirits, the "Diary" was written in sun-beams, and the conduct of the Princess was viewed with indulgence

and an approach to truth. If, on the contrary, her Ladyship felt herself annoyed, *bored*, or uncomfortable, her black dog was freely laid on the shoulders of her royal mistress, whom, however, even in her most fretful moods, the noble Diarist ever avers to have been far more sinned against than sinning.

At the very commencement of the "Diary" we meet the following melancholy story:—

The Princess went to the play, a resource she always reserves to herself, to escape from a dull dinner. She was accompanied by Lord Fitz—d, her lady-in-waiting, and myself. After the play, I was invited to sup with her Royal Highness—as usual, she talked of her own situation, and her previous life. "Judge," said she, "what it was to have a drunken husband on one's wedding-day, and one who passed the greatest part of his bridal-night under the grate, where he fell, and where I left him. If anybody say to me at dis moment, Will you pass your life over again, or be killed? I would choose death, for you know, a little sooner or later, we must all die; but to live a life of wretchedness twice over—O mine God, no! Well, time went on, and de case was, I began to be wid child, and all de wise people said so; but I pitied dem, for I no more believed it dan anyting for long time—at last, Charlotte was born. Well, after I lay in—je vous jure 'tis true; upon my honour, upon my soul, 'tis true—I received a message, through Lord Cholmondeley, to tell me I never was to have de great honour of inhabiting de same room wid my husband again. I said, Very well—but, as my memory was short, I begged to have dis polite message in writing from him. I had it—and vas free—I left Carlton House, and went to Charlton. Oh, how happy I was!—everybody blamed me, but I never repented me of dis step. O mine God, what I have suffered!—luckily, I had a spirit, or I never should have outlived it." She said more, but I can never remember *all* she says. Poor Princess! she was an ill-treated woman, but a very wrong-headed one. Had she remained quietly at Carlton House, and conducted herself with silent dignity, how different might have been her lot! It is true, as her Privy Purse, Miss H——n once told a person of my acquaintance, she was so insulted whilst there, that every bit of furniture was taken out of the room she dined in, except two shabby chairs; and the pearl-bracelets, which had been given her by the Prince, were taken from her, to decorate the arms of Lady J——y. Still, had the Princess had the courage which arises from principle, and not that which is merely the offspring of a daring spirit, she would have sat out the storm, and weathered it. . . . .

Had this princess been otherwise nurtured and brought up—had she, when first she came to this country, found a husband at once strict and fond—how different a person she might have been! Her good qualities fostered, her evil ones restrained—her mind softened by cultivation, her manners regulated by decorum—what might she not have been? But she came from a court sufficiently base in its principles, to another, where the unfortunate state of the best of monarchs occupied all the thoughts and time of his devoted consort and the royal family, and left *her* an unprotected prey to the person who was the mistress of her husband!—To those who knew the Princess in the first days of her arrival in Britain, and the set by which she was surrounded, it must ever be apparent, that all her subsequent faults and follies admitted of great extenuation.

We find a not very meek-spirited letter, written by the Princess, reflecting upon the Queen—that venerable and *proper* personage, whom her dutiful son, the Duke of York, used to term, in his *billets-doux* to Mrs Clark, "Old Snuffy." But indulged sons may take liberties that become heinous crimes in neglected and insulted daughters-in-law. To that letter is appended the following note, after an equivocal expression of regret, that the Princess should have entertained such feelings; or, at any rate, that she should have betrayed them.

The reasons the Princess alleged, though probably groundless, and the mere devices of mischievous persons, were in themselves sufficient to have justified her Royal Highness's dislike, had they been true.

In the first place, the favourite of her husband was sent for, to escort her to this country, (some say by consent of the Q——,) and it is further said she gave the Princess the most insidious advice. On a particular occasion, after the birth of Princess Charlotte, she contrived, by a most unfeminine manœuvre, to render the Prince's first visit to his wife after her lying-in, most unpleasant and disrespectful to his feelings. At Brighton all sorts of tricks, it is alleged, were played off upon the Princess. Spirits were mingled with her beverage, and horses were given her to ride which were dangerous for her to manage, and made her appear ridiculous. Lastly, there was undoubtedly a letter of her Royal Highness's, addressed in confidence to her mother the Duchess of B——k, which was opened surreptitiously and carried to the Q——, who read the same, and acted upon its contents. Many other stories are related of the same nature, and of a blacker dye. A belief in these, however devoid of truth in reality, it must be confessed was quite sufficient to excite an inimical feeling between the royal mother-in-law and her son's wife.

In another place, the author inquires—

Who and *what* was the woman sent to escort her Royal Highness to England? Was there any attempt made on the part of the Prince to disguise of what nature his connexion was with Lady J——y? None. He took every opportunity of wounding the Princess, by shewing her that Lady J——y was her rival. The ornaments with which he had decked his wife's arms, he took from her and gave to his mistress, who wore them in her presence. He ridiculed her person, and suffered Lady J——y to do so in the most open and offensive manner. And, finally, he wrote to her Royal Highness that he intended never to consider her as his wife—not even though such a misfortune should befal him as the death of his only child.

When the "————" made known this declaration, it does not appear that he assigned any cause of accusation against his wife. He was the first to blame; and when her subsequent follies (for from my heart I believe they never were more than follies) gave him an excuse for his ill treatment of her, it should be remembered what an example of barefaced vice was set before the Princess when she was first married to the Prince. Unfortunately she had not been brought up with a strict sense of moral rectitude or religious principle, in her childhood; neither was the example set her by her father, the Duke of Brunswick, likely to give her just notions of right and wrong. She loved her father, and therefore excused his errors.

. . . . . .

While opprobrium was heaped on the Princess of Wales, and the smalle offence against etiquette or propriety which she committed, was magnified into *crime*, the Prince of W—— ran a career of lawless pleasure, unrebuked, nay, even applauded! How true is the proverb—"One man may steal a horse, and another may not look over a hedge."

The perpetual petty persecutions to which this unfortunate, high-tempered, and perhaps rash woman was subjected, must have been more irritating than the greater injuries and insults often studiously heaped upon her, by every member of the royal family, male and female, with the exception of the King, her uncle, and the Dukes of Kent and Gloucester. Passionate and imprudent, and insensible to the true dignity of the feminine character, as natural disposition, courtly education, and the most trying position had made her, the Princess, with much goodness of heart, of

which we find many little instances recorded, was capable of generosity of feeling, which might have shamed her mean-minded and vindictive husband.

While royal marriages remain what they are, the immoral bond of political expediency, it would be too much to blame either Prince or Princess for failing in conjugal affection. We do not therefore censure the Prince of Wales for not loving and cherishing the woman whom he married as the means of having his profligate debts once more paid by the nation—but because a rancorous, unmanly nature found no medium between indifference and brutality, and led him to hate and persecute the being he had injured and outraged. And why did the strict and decorous Queen Charlotte, that model of the domestic proprieties, submit to the gross and impudent outrage offered to public morals and decency, when the mistress of her son, a bold, intriguing, and abandoned woman, was not only sent to conduct her daughter-in-law into England, but appointed to a high place in her household? The insult offered by Charles II. to Catherine of Braganza, when he insisted that Lady Castlemain should be her principal lady, was trifling in comparison with this. And, indeed, the entire conduct of Charles to his wife, wicked as it was, brightens by comparison with that of George IV., who, to the vices of Charles, added the cold-blooded malignity towards his wife which we find justly imputed to him in this work. It is said, in one place—

It ought to be recorded to the honour of the Princess, that, until she was goaded to madness, she never felt any hatred against the Prince's friends, as such; only against persons who had been her adherents, and turned from her to bow the knee to Baal, did she shew any resentment.

Hypocrisy and dissimulation, the ordinary vices of princes, were not hers. She was even exasperated into the opposite extreme—of a wild and foolhardy defiance of opinion; and foolishly gloried in making people doubt and stare, with a recklessness not unusual in a situation like hers. Lord and Lady Essex dined with her one day, together with Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Hardwicke, Mr Grattan, and others, shortly before she left England. The Lady-in-waiting, or Diarist, says—

I was sorry the Princess did not behave very graciously to the Essexes: she is always committing some fatal mistakes respecting whom she ought to shew favour to, and to whom she ought not; but she said, when they were gone, "I cannot like people who take me up only because they are displeased with the Regent."

A few brief anecdotes will enable the reader to comprehend perfectly one aspect of the mingled character of the Princess, which gave occasion to much misrepresentation.

Her Royal Highness enjoys making people stare, so she gave free vent to her tongue, and said a number of odd things, some of which she thinks and some she does not; but it amuses her to astonish an innocent-minded being, and really such did this old man appear to be. He won her heart upon the whole, however, by paying a compliment to her fine arm, and asking for her glove. Obtaining it, he placed it next his heart, and, declaring it should be found in his tomb, he swore he was of the old school *in all things*.

This chivalrous old gentleman was the chamberlain of the King of Prussia. After telling that the Princess had one day requested a gentleman to relate some amusing but indecent story, the author, with the air of inconsistency or mock candour which pervades the whole book, remarks:—

It may be said, in excuse for the Princess, that she certainly did not understand English thoroughly; and, in her quest after diversion, encouraged everything which created a laugh, without often knowing the real meaning which excited it.

In another place, we are told that "She had a childishly wicked pleasure in making people think worse of her than she deserved." And, again, "She was that sort of person likely to have resented the imputation of guilt, by acting in such a manner as to suggest notions that she must have been guilty."

This may be the true explanation of some of the very bad and coarse practical jokes in which, like many other royal personages, she indulged, and of some of those sayings which startled the ears of very decorous English people, and at which others hypocritically affected to be shocked. "There may have been a spicing of revenge in her conduct," we are told, "but assuredly, (that is, in my opinion,) there was much of frank jocularity in her indiscretion." She very probably, with less polish, possessed some of those amiable feminine qualities with which Scott has endowed Queen Mary, when her ingenuity was exercised to taunt, provoke, and humiliate her lady-keeper in Lochleven Castle; or of the equally natural recklessness and caprice which Miss Edgeworth has skilfully delineated in the character of the heroine of fashion in "Belinda," who perversely delighted in setting opinion at defiance, especially in her husband's family, and at passing for much worse than she was or could be. This unhappy wilfulness and perversion of character—the consequence of being misunderstood or ill-appreciated, though not, as in the case of the Princess of Wales, treated with injustice and cruelty—ever brings its own punishment to a mind of any feeling.

Any one reading merely the insidious extracts taken by the *Quarterly Review*, regarding the Queen's *conduct prior to her marriage*, might believe that the royal lady, whose German manners did not square with English ideas, instead of being merely described as a high-spirited hoyden, was represented as a dissolute woman. Now, what is the fact? The Duke of York had informed his *chere amie*, Mrs Clarke, that it was at one time proposed he should marry the Princess of Brunswick; and that he went to see how the land lay, but it seemed, from many things he saw and heard of her, that her ways were not likely to take in England. The conclusion, in the work before us, is, "that the Princess of Wales, before her marriage, was hoydenish, and addicted to practical jokes, and not at all 'adorable' in the eyes of the Duke, whom, by the way, she always spoke of (that is, Mrs Clarke said) as naturally subject to *mauvaise honte*." The Princess was not well fitted to play the grand *rôle*, which a very inferior personage might have enacted with

the utmost decorum. "Poor woman! she's endeavouring to be a lady," said an old gentlewoman to our author, in seeing the Princess pass to her carriage; and the author philosophically remarks—"Yet surely there is no moral crime in the manifestation of natural character." In princes and courts, it is ever deemed a crime, and, moreover, a danger of the greatest magnitude, to drop the mask. The Princess could assume dignity, but it was not her habitual demeanour. She loved amusement, wearied of the formality and dulness of "good society;" and, latterly, liked the company of those who could banish, though but momentarily, the bitter and ever-gnawing recollection of her humiliations and misery. Some one, one night, at a pleasant supper party at Kensington Palace, ventured to hint that morning was at hand. "Ah," said the Princess—"God, he knows when we may all meet again. To tell you God's truth, when I am happy and comfortable, I could sit on for ever!" There was heaviness in her mirth, and everybody seemed to feel it; so they sat on. Just as the party rose, a thunder-bolt burst near the house. The gentlemen returned, and said, that the sentinel on duty had been knocked down.

"Ah!" said the Princess, undismayed but solemnly—"this forbodes my downfall," and she shook her head; then rallying, she desired Sir H. Englefield to take especial notice of this meteoric phenomenon, and give an account of it in the "Philosophical Transactions;"—which he did.

The Princess of Wales had the merit of choosing her society well. Carlton House had its own set—courtiers, debauchees, and toadies, of all descriptions, and of both sexes; while at her table, we find—with a thin sprinkling of those of the nobility, too elevated in mind to become, in all things, sycophants to the Regent—many men illustrious in science, literature, or art. She even derived some reflected honour from the character of her imputed gallants and lovers, in her early days. They were, among others, Sir Sidney Smith, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Captain Manby, and Mr Canning—all of them men distinguished from the vulgar herd, by acquirements and accomplishments. When her reputation was cleared up, by what was divertingly called the *Delicate Investigation*, and her lovers, of course, acquitted with herself—her acquittal, we are here reminded, "to the disgrace of all parties concerned, as well as to the justice of the nation in general, was not made public at the time." She resolved, about this time, to publish her correspondence with the Prince, relative to Lady Jersey, and wished to employ the Diarist as her agent. The idea was afterwards abandoned. The Princess seems ever to have cherished too indignant a sense of injury, while she unwisely, like many proud and honourable persons, disdained to stoop to explanation.

A letter from Monk Lewis describes, to Lady Charlotte Campbell, the manner of life of her future royal mistress, just before she entered the service of the Princess. It is dated from Holland House, which house was, at one time, neither favourable to the Princess of Wales, nor much in her good graces. Lewis says—

I have lately seen a good deal of your future mistress, and I am persuaded of her possessing many estimable qualities. She is extremely good-humoured and obliging, and seems very much attached to the persons in whose favour she conceives a prepossession. She is by no means *exigeante*; at the same time, no little attention is lost upon her. She seems grateful for the slightest indications of good-will towards her, (probably, poor soul! the ill treatment which she has at times received since her arrival in this country has made them doubly acceptable to her,) and she is generous, indeed I may say profuse, in her manner of returning it. She reads a great deal, and buys all new books; is very fond of music and the play; has boxes at the Opera and both the theatres, which her Royal Highness attends frequently. She has concerts often at the palace, with the best performers; is fond of having persons of distinction at her table, either for rank or for political and literary merits; and I need not tell, that her ladies are all most agreeable persons. Lady Glenbervie and Lady C. Lindsay are *pétillantes d'esprit*, and Lady —— will please you infinitely.

He proceeds to congratulate Lady Charlotte on her appointment. See her own note:—

There was a time when there was a galaxy of distinguished persons who sat at the Princess's board, and when the nobles of the land flocked to her parties. What changed the whole scene? Was it any particular novel occurrence in the Princess's own conduct? I have been assured by an eye-witness it was not. The pivot of her fortunes turned upon the deposition of George III. from his regal power, and the consequent succession of the Prince of Wales. The very instant the King's malady was declared to be incurable—as if some sorcerer's wand had waved over the fate of the Princess, to cast her *in this world* into the blackness of darkness—she was cast down from her high estate, and deprived of all that could make life valuable. She struggled on for a time: but she was goaded to madness and despair, and her enemies prevailed. . . . . .

So vindictive are all members of the R—— F—— in their feelings towards her, even to this day, that nothing would induce them to have any person in their households who had ever been about the Princess. No *worldling* ever served her Royal Highness; and even those who were personally attached to her, and felt her wrongs, were at last compelled, one by one, to leave her service.

We have our own opinion as to no *worldling* ever having served her Royal Highness. None, at least, continued to serve her. There is, in this book, considerable thinly-veiled jealousy betrayed of Lady Anne Hamilton. That lady did not always make herself so agreeable to the Princess as other more insinuating members of her household. "She wanted tact," and sometimes presumed to meddle, to find fault, and give her opinion openly — different from our author, who says, "as advice could do her [the Princess] no good, and only harm myself, I laid it down as a rule of conduct never to offer it." Besides, a "natural suavity of manners and temper" sometimes induces the Diarist "to gloss over sentiments to which a more bold frame of mind would express its dislike and abhorrence." Disapprobation was reserved, to be confided to the "Diary," and, in the fulness of time, to the public. Lady Anne Hamilton—whose heroic fidelity to her royal mistress, whatever might be the faults, frailties, or guilt of that unfortunate woman, will ever remain the theme of praise, while honour and good-faith have power over the human heart—is affectedly pitied, and grudgingly

eulogized, in a style quite worthy of Mrs Candour.

Poor Lady A. H. has been very unjustly condemned—for she intended to do right, though she was always doing wrong. A spirit of intrigue and petty concealment, and a false idea of prudence, prevented that open uprightness of character, which walks erect through the world, and defies slander, because it has no little mean interests to serve. Nevertheless, it will be told of this lady hereafter, that she underwent all the contumely and all the opprobrium of the last public scenes of her unfortunate and misguided mistress, and never left her person in life, or her insulted remains, till they were deposited in the grave, where all things are forgotten. This moral courage on the part of Lady H., by which she could get little or nothing to compensate for the odium it entailed upon her, will be done justice to at last, and will cover a thousand little defects of meaner kind, the growth, it may be, of timidity, of a false idea of doing good—*que scai-je ?* of a littleness of conception, which, after all, was strangely contrasted in the same character with a greatness, during the last scenes of the historic tragedy in which she was a figurante, that will ultimately reverse the judgment which has been too hastily pronounced upon her :—*mais tot ou tard tout se scait ;* and the public award is generally just at the last—though often too tardily so, to affect beneficially the happiness of the person on whom sentence is passed.

The Princess was wont, in pleasantry, to call Lady Anne, *Jeanned'Arc*, and she proved her title to the name. But who, save the Regent's minions, has ever blamed Lady Anne, whose opinion was worthy one moment's consideration ? Surely our author cannot take into account the base creatures who originated that shameless, scurrilous, and impudently false journal, of which the avowed purpose was libelling and lampooning every respectable and modest woman who ventured to countenance the persecuted wife of the King. To Lady Anne Hamilton, Walter Scott dedicated one of his beautiful early poems. Alas ! that, even of him—the courtly *Troubadour*, the poet of chivalry—the Lady-in-waiting should have too good cause to say—

Walter Scott !—There is a magic in the name, which arrests the pen, and almost makes it sacrilege to write one word which can disparage the chivalric character of his glorious memory ! But truth must be told :—he behaved ill to a woman !—and that woman her who was to be his queen ! From having literally sat at her feet—from having, in one of the most spirited of his songs, expressed devotion to her cause, he suddenly veered round to the Regent, and never after testified the slightest remembrance of his having once courted her favour.—Verily he had his reward.

The pitiful tricks and means, the despicable arts fallen upon, to torment and annoy the Princess of Wales, and give an evil and false appearance to her purest and to her simplest actions, may appear incredible to those unversed in the ways of courts and courtly creatures. We may select one or two specimens.

Saturday, 16th.—The Princess told me a strange circumstance, which has lately come to her knowledge—namely, that the editor of the *Star*, a Scotchman,* whose name she forgot, told Lord Perceval, that, when the paragraph announcing the publication of *The Letters* came out, Mr Macmahon went to the editor of the *Star*, and, giving him a scurrilous piece of abuse about the Princess, desired him to put it in his paper. The former refused, saying it was actionable ; and then Mr Macmahon offered any sum to the man, to bribe him, which he equally spurned and rejected. What meanness ! How these histories make one feel the littleness of human beings !

This was in the year 1812. We need not remind our readers of what palace Colonel or Mr Macmahon was an inmate. In one of the Princess's letters, in which she complains very naturally of the fatigue and *ennui* occasioned by dull company, she observes—" My usual resource, on this occasion, is to shew them the great apartments and the rarities they contain. At last, (everything, alas ! ends,) we were obliged to take to another resource, which was walking in the great avenue." The fiendish nature of her persecutors, is seen in the note appended to this extract :—

This was a circumstance which her Royal Highness's enemies laid hold of to turn to her disadvantage, and the newspapers of the day found great fault with the Princess for taking her guests into those apartments, and insinuated that they were the scenes of improper conduct, being but partially lighted ; whereas, her Royal Highness only took her company there when she had no other means of entertaining them. Thus was she often falsely accused ; and, *unfortunately for her own welfare*, (though I think, in *many* instances, it speaks well for her character,) *the Princess of Wales did not heed what interpretation her enemies put on her actions.*

At one time, her Royal Highness wished to purchase the lease of a house in London, which she thought would suit her for a winter residence, as she felt that season dismal at Blackheath. Clinging, poor creature, to every straw that promised relief to her misery, she wrote, in high spirits, probably to her Lady-in-waiting, about the conclusion of the bargain. Her letters, often faulty in their English, though wonderful, even in this respect, for a German Princess, are frequently remarkable for ease, pleasantry, and natural grace. She writes—

" I shall in future be called 'Queen Margaret in her sequestered bower,' my dear ——, and you will be the fair Rosamond living with me in that bower. The short and the long of this is, blessed dear old Lady Reid be, for her good taste ! I think her *house perfection*, and to-day, I believe, the contract will be signed. Some of the rooms which I have chosen for my own use are extremely dirty ; but with soap and water and brushing, and a little painting, I shall make them look well. The two drawing-rooms and the dining-room are truly magnificent old rooms, which would do credit to any old manor-house in Scotland. I have taken it for seven years, as it was impossible to take it for less ; but, in case my situation should change before that period, I can let it whenever I please. It is no more than *eight hundred pounds a-year*, which is extremely *cheap :* it is like a complete villa in the midst of *town*, as you know that Curzon Street, May Fair, is close to Stanhope Gate, and the other to Piccadilly, which will make it very easy for my friends to come. I hope in ten days I shall be able to live in it."

Will it be believed, that measures were taken to prevent the executors of Lady Reid from giving her Royal Highness the lease of this residence, by those who were inimical to her coming to London. Upon the other hand, she was advised by Mr Brougham not to leave Kensington Palace, as a pretext was only wanted to turn her out of it altogether, and deprive her of the contingent advantages of inhabiting a royal residence. The Regent was now omnipotent ; and the baseness of his courtiers, and of those who wished to pay court, and the subservience of his

* Query—Mr Mayne, author of " The Siller Gun ?" —*E. T. M.*

advisers, could scarcely have gone farther in the most despotic state.

The most heinous charge brought against her Royal Highness, in the Diary, is her connexion with the Sapios. It is a confused, contradictory, and unintelligible statement, and would scarcely be worth noticing, save for the malicious uses made of it in the *Quarterly Review*. At one time, the reader would imagine the connexion of the most disreputable and guilty kind; at another, that, in her musical intercourse with these accomplished and rapacious fiddling foreigners, the Princess only sought an unsafe relaxation from the cares and tedium of her life, in the agreeable exercise of her own musical talents; while the beggar-pride of some of her ladies disdained the *low* association. The last notice we have of this affair, is in a note appended to some letters, evidently written by the Lady-in-waiting herself, and describing the Princess' manner of life. The note states—

The foregoing letter reveals much of the Princess's life, and shews what annoyances her attendants had to submit to, in seeing her degrade herself by associating with such individuals as the S——s; yet, in this letter, which is evidently written in perfect confidence, (and the writer would, therefore, not have hesitated to tell, if there had been more to tell,) there is nothing which criminates the Princess. In this private communication, as in all others, she is only proved guilty of folly, of a partiality to low company, and of being totally incapable of putting any restraint on the *whims* which came into her head.

This being the final verdict of the Diarist, and it being evident that there was often a desperate and reckless affectation of gaiety in the conduct of the Princess, the wild mirth of despair, we may now look to the vague and varying charges on which so much is founded, or rather insinuated. The *Sapios*, then *first fiddles*, and the younger one an exquisite singer, appear to have been introduced to her Royal Highness, by Lady Perceval. They were also connected, as teachers, with a school at Lee, which had been established and was patronised by Lady Anne Hamilton. The Princess had always been in the habit of having eminent professional singers and musicians at her parties, though her Lady or Lord-in-waiting treats her musical taste in the most insolent and contemptuous way. "It is a custom to have musicians, in order that it may be said, She has had a concert. *Cats* would do just as well. . . . . *Thursday, May* 19. —In the evening, singing and playing—'*Vivent les beaux Arts!*' . . . . . *May* 31.—There has been *less music* lately, and the *musicantés* have been less with her. I am afraid, or rather I ought to rejoice, that she has not found that society quite congenial."

This society appears to have been continued only during the summer and autumn of 1813.

We now come to the head and front of this grave matter, which the Quarterly Reviewer, by the aid of judicious omissions, dashes, blanks, and capital and Italic types, makes look formidable enough. It is necessary to keep in mind, that the Diarist, or Lady Charlotte Campbell, is the only authority for the facts ostensibly communicated as if by one individual, and narrated by another.

The poor Princess is going on headlong to her ruin. Every day she becomes more imprudent in her conduct, more heedless of propriety and the respect she owes to herself. The society she is now surrounded by, is disgraceful.

Yesterday, when I dined with her Royal Highness, the old *ouran outang* [old Sapio] was there, and they sung together for some time, and, after that, the Princess set off with Lady ——, to go to the vile *Maison de Plaisance*, or rather *de Nuisance*. It consists of two damp holes, that have no other merit than being next to the S. Kennel. I was shewn all over, or half over, this abominable place, and then dismissed. Lady —— told me today that she was left to chew the cud of her reflection for several hours. She said, that she tried "to spit them out, for that truly they were neither nutritive nor sweet." She read one of Madame de Stael's *Petits Romans*, which I had lent her, and which she told me had given her great pleasure. Madame de Stael's *Essai sur les Fictions* delights me particularly; for every word in it is a beautified echo of my own feelings. Lady —— told me the Princess was not content with being *next door* to the Kennel, but she would go into it; and there she was introduced to a new brother and sister-in-law of the L——s. Alas! what company for her to associate with! Lady —— said she felt very distressed at seeing her royal mistress there; and thought the mother of the Princess felt so too, for that the latter neither wants feeling nor sense. After two hours of *music*, i. e. *charivari*, the Princess returned back again to the other hole, and supped *tête-à-tête* with Lady ——; this, at least, was an appearance kept up; but Lady —— is terrified, for the Princess talked of sleeping at the "*cottage*." Her Royal Highness's servants are infuriated, and there is no saying how long their fidelity may hold out.

The Princess, in ignorance or defiance of propriety, had actually deigned to go into the musical people's house, and to enjoy two hours of music in their "*kennel*," in spite of her Lady-in-waiting's *secret* displeasure—for that lady never ventured remonstrance or advice, "which could only harm herself"—and in contempt of the etiquette which forms so much of the morality of princes. The Quarterly Reviewer, first quoting as much of the above as suits his sinister purpose, gives the first sentence in a page or two afterwards, and he adds, after the words, "the society she is now surrounded by is *disgraceful*," (putting the emphatic word in Italic characters,) "And then follows the account of one of the *night visits* to 'the abominable place;'" that visit being the identical, not night, but evening one, the account of which we have quoted, and which the reviewer also had quoted in the page immediately preceding! Can anything like this be paralleled, in a publication claiming the character of being fair or respectable? Lady Charlotte Campbell—with whom, by the way, "abominable" is a favourite epithet, applied now to the Steyne at Brighton, now to the proceedings of the House of Lords in relation to Queen Caroline—has done her part to draw suspicion upon her mistress, which she a hundred times disclaims feeling herself; but the reviewer has overtopped it. Thus, he says, "While she [the Princess] was spending her evenings in the *Sapio 'kennel,'* her political advisers were penning letters to the Regent," &c. &c.; this charge being grounded on *two* hours of a *single evening* having been spent in what the individuals engaged called music performed in a cottage, but which

Lady Charlotte, who thought the whole business *low* and disgraceful to royalties, is pleased to term "*charivari* in a kennel." In another place, the Reviewer as wilfully and malignantly distorts the obvious meaning of the words of the Diarist, and out of her mouth draws a condemnation of Queen Caroline, on whose defence she has entered elaborately, and on the very ground of her defence. When, in April 1815, she joined her Royal Highness at Genoa, she observes, in a few days—

I have never been able to detect any impropriety of manner, or even familiarity, *towards the Courier* YET, but I live in fear every moment of having the horrid stories confirmed before my eyes. I should far rather go on doubting than be convinced of their truth. The rascal—for such I am sure he is in the way of cheating Her Royal Highness—is very handsome. I have never hitherto observed anything with regard to him, as I DID WITH THE SINGERS.

The emphatic capitals and Italics we borrow from the Reviewer. They do not belong to Lady Charlotte, though her calumnious entry is sufficiently offensive, and, coupled with her after vindication of the Queen on this particular charge, also ridiculous. She never says another word to vindicate the Reviewer's emphatic YET; but concludes, "I hope the whole is a lie," which hope it serves his purpose to omit.

We begin to repent of the little which we have said in extenuation of Lady Charlotte Campbell's treachery to her mistress, when we read such entries as this, preceding the paragraph of which the Reviewer has made so dishonest a use :—

Her Royal Highness received Lady Charlotte Campbell [the writer] with open arms, and evident pleasure, and without any flurry. She had no rouge on, wore tidy shoes, was grown rather thinner, and looked altogether uncommonly well. . . .

She has heaped benefits on Lady C. C——, and sent her a thousand ducats in hard cash as soon as she arrived. Lady C—— told me this, and spoke with gratitude and affection towards our poor mistress, though she confessed that it was painful to owe gratitude where esteem could not cancel the debt. "Yet," added Lady C——, "I hope my services are of some use to her Royal Highness, and that the balance is pretty even on the score of obligation."

We cannot help turning from this with extreme disgust. If there ever was any gratitude and affection due, as this would intimate, Lady C. C. has strangely discharged the debt. One might fancy, from the way in which she talks of the Princess giving "shabby presents," and, perhaps—for it amounts to no more than conjecture—bestowing money on "the singers," that her Ladyship thought it wrong to let any *solid gifts* go out of the household. She is evidently jealous of, as well as furious at, these Sapios. Whether she really means to say that the Princess would have sold all her plate, &c. &c., to give the price to them—and we think her words do not bear out any such thing—the Reviewer charitably clutches at such a meaning, in citing this passage :—

He [Mr Gell] talked of a gentleman who sings divinely, and who is very handsome and agreeable, and wished to be allowed to be presented to her Royal Highness; at which I saw the Princess quite furious—a rival Squallini! mercy upon us—what should we do? how should we dare to listen to any other music than that of *the one par excellence*? In short, nobody is to come into the house but Squallinis. She told me she should sell all her plate, all her toilette ornaments given her by the King, everything, in short, which she could convert into money—for money she must have.

Money, like all Royal Highnesses, she sometimes wanted; perhaps she might even have made some shift to obtain the above thousand ducats; as we are told that, shortly before this, she had at Naples sold some of her diamonds to assist another false and dangerous friend, evidently Lady Oxford. The Reviewer, as usual, stops short in his quotation, before the suspicion awakened can be removed by simple explanation; for the Diarist goes on to state that her Royal Highness had been complaining of "money grievances." What follows, of the *epithalamium* to be written by Campbell, the murder of the Regent, and the *Fiddler King*, with Lady Charlotte Campbell and Lady Charlotte Lindsay as ladies of his Court, is evidently a jest—a bitter one, and not in the best taste, but impossible to be mistaken in its character:—

She is absolutely infatuated, she even talks of marrying again—but never till she has tried the favoured mortal, and made him pass five times through the fiery furnace of constancy and truth: there is an ordeal for you!—it is more truly an ordeal than Miss Adair's. To kill the Regent, then go abroad with a court of her own making, of which the fiddler is to be king, is her favourite plan; Campbell is to write the epithalamium, and Lady C. L—— and Lady C. C——, the two favourites, are to be the ladies of the bedchamber—and . . . . . "Don't you think this will be delightful?" she asks me. Writing these notes, though they are never to meet any eye but my own—seems to me unamiable, for I am more than overwhelmed with kindness. Though the Princess was playing at chess with Lord Palmerston, she overheard every word I said, and that was not agreeable, though, in fact, I said nothing that was of any consequence. . . . . She cannot now bear to be in good society: she calls it *dull*; and, true enough, *good* society is often dull. . . . . .

The Princess is always seeking *amusement*, and, unfortunately, often at the expense of prudence and propriety. —She cannot endure a dull person: she has often said to me, "I can forgive any fault but that; and the anathema she frequently pronounces upon such persons is—"Mine G—! dat is de dullest person G— Almighty ever did born!"

The Lady-in-waiting—who, feelingly, and not without cause, laments the miserable slavery of all persons attendant on royal personages, while the great ones are at least equally to be pitied—seems to have been in very bad humour about this time—suspicious and evil-minded. Everything at Kensington was "bad," and "dull," and "intolerable;" and there, for her salary's sake, she was constrained to be. Thus she gets on :—"The Princess made many complaints of *La reine des Ostrogoths*, and long histories about the *Squallinis* and the Grimas, that really disgusted me—if she likes busying herself with such objects, I do not. The old ouran outang came to dinner—think of him, *pour tout bien*, more free and easy and detestable than ever. Then her Royal Highness sang—squally—squally, why invite me?"

The *ouran outang* is the elder Sapio; the younger is usually named *Chanticleer*. She at ast deigns to explain the nature of the con-

nexion, but not until the evil impression has been given:—

Her Royal Highness made a party to go to a small cottage which she had taken in the neighbourhood of Bayswater, where she could feel herself unshackled by all the restraints of royalty and etiquette; there she received a set of persons wholly unfit to be admitted to her society. It is true, that, since the days of Mary of Scotland, (when Rizzio sang in the Queen's closet,) and in the old time before her, all royal persons have delighted in some small retired place or apartment, where they conceived themselves at liberty to cast off the cares of their high station, and descend from the pedestal of power and place, to taste the sweets of private life. But, in all similar cases, this attempt to be what they were not, has only proved injurious to them—every station has its price—its penalty. Princes and Princesses must live for the public. . . . . From whatever I do remember in tale or history, those princes have become despicable, and finally lost, who gave themselves up to favouritism and all its attendant unworthiness: and, by the Princess especially, a more unwise or foolish course could not have been pursued, than this imitation of her unfortunate Sister Queen, of France. All the follies, though not the eloquence and splendour of Trianon, were aped in the rural retreat of Bayswater! !—and the Princess's foes were not backward at seizing upon this circumstance, and turning it (as well they might) to effect her downfall. As far as regards this world only, it is much more frequently imprudence than actual crime which finally hurls people to their destruction.

This leads to the one evening spent there, described above, and which is all we hear of. The Reviewer, in quoting this passage, leaves out all about Trianon. The follies of the sainted Marie Antoinette are sacred—Caroline of Brunswick is common property. Who would imagine that, in a few days after such dark and woful doings at "the Kennel," we should find it resolved into the ordinary squabbles of petty courts:—

"Oh! my dear ——," resumed the Princess, after a short pause, "there is all sort of tracasseries at Lee." Of that I had no doubt.—Such jealousies and quarrelings!—Lady Anne fighting with Lady Perceval—the one supporting the Sapios, the other, that is Lady Anne, wishing to turn them out of the seminary; then the young Miss Guin making love to the young captain; and the old man in a fury, and the young lover mighty cool.

The Princess of Wales, though she did "squall" occasionally "till one o'clock in the morning," was otherwise engaged at this time:—

Her Royal Highness shewed me Mr Brougham's letter, which she is copying, that it may go to the Prince. It is a most capital letter, setting forth her wrongs; and, providing the basis be solid upon which it is founded, her cause must be secure. No petulance, no anger, but dignity, tenderness, and propriety.

That letter produced a strong effect in the country. The Princess was at the height of her popularity; and the Regent never stirred abroad but to be neglected or hissed. She had, for the moment, triumphed over her enemies, whether in court, camp, or council. From the numerous congratulatory letters addressed to her ladies, a few extracts are given. The addresses of societies and of public bodies were a higher triumph. Yet, it is said, with true womanly spite—

May 10th, 1813.—After all these triumphs, we are only making a charivari upon an old tin tea kettle of a harpischord. . . . . .

It was one o'clock in the morning before I was dismissed.—O ye gods and green geese! I wish I was one upon a goose green, instead of a court!

. . . . . .

Friday 14th.—Yesterday came Sir J. Owen, with the Pembrokeshire address. He is a well-looking young man. The Princess went through the ceremony with great dignity, and did the whole thing very well. Why does she not always so? I was present at a visit her Royal Highness paid the Duchess of Leinster, when she took a china cup to her, which her Royal Highness said had belonged to her mother, who was a friend of hers. What a magnificent old lady! . . .

On Saturday, the 15th, came the Sheffield address. That night I dined at Blackheath, and sat up till two o'clock in the morning. The Princess read some of Mirabeau's letters of the private history of the Court of Berlin; but every now and then laid down the book, to talk of the personages mentioned therein, according to her own version of the story. This she did very well, and was extremely entertaining.

In a few weeks afterwards, the Diary bears that

Chanticleer has been fairly driven off his dunghill. Lady —— [herself] does not know *how* this has been effected; but that it has is certain, thank heaven! Only, I fear, that, if *Chanticleer's wings are clipped*, they will grow again; and if *his* neck is twisted, some other dunghill-bird will roost on the same perch—and it is not only disgraceful that the Princess should have lived in intimacy with such persons as the S——s, but they have extracted so much money from her, that, had their reign continued longer, she would have been greatly embarrassed. All Mr H—— has said to me on this melancholy subject, starts up and stares me in the face with damning truth. Even were there the excuse, though a bad one, of supposing *her heart interested* in any one person, I could forgive—nay, feel sympathy with her Royal Highness: but, taking pleasure merely in the *admiration* of low persons, is beneath her dignity as a woman, not to mention her rank and station.

So, after all, "her heart was not interested," only her vanity. But the Lady-in-waiting is not yet quite sure, and, ever prone to suspect the worst, she has frequent relapses; as this:—

Wednesday.—The Princess drove to Lady Perceval's, and dined there yesterday. Chanticleer was there. It was curious to see how she thought *she hid matters* from Lady P——. The latter is a weak intriguing woman, who seems to me to be a mere convenience, but can see as far into a millstone as another, especially such a broad *barefaced* one. . . . . .

To-day, I went to Blackheath, by command. Her Royal Highness was in a low, gentle humour. I walked round her melancholy garden with her, and she made me feel quite sorry for her when she cried, and said it was all her own creation—meaning the garden and shrubbery, &c., but that now she must leave it for ever, for that she had not money to keep a house at Blackheath and one in London also; and that the last winter she had passed there had been so very dreary, she could not endure the thought of keeping such a one again. I did not wonder at this. All the time I staid and walked with her Royal Highness, she cried, and spoke with a desolation of heart that really made me sorry for her, and yet, at the end of our conversation, poor soul, she smiled, and an expression of resignation, even of content, irradiated her countenance as she said, "I will go on hoping for happier days. Do you think *I may?*" she asked me.

And this poor creature could be blamed for sometimes trying to sing away her sense of misery! Her personal danger from her enemies seems to have reached an overweening height in the minds of some of her foreign friends. It is stated, of her mother's lady—

I saw Madame de H——e; I think she is a good and an upright woman. Heavens! what an opinion she has of the Princess! She told me she dreamt the other night, that her Royal Highness's carriage was fired at, going down a lane, and that she was shot in the back. Madame

de H——e and I agreed on the impropriety of her Royal Highness exposing her person as she does, without attendants, in lanes and by-ways near Kensington and at Blackheath.

Thursday.—Lady —— was sent to the cottage, to fetch away books, &c., which had been left there. She heard that Chanticleer was ill—amiable distress, interesting denouement! I dined at Kensington. There was no one besides the Princess, except Lady ——; we dined off *mutton and onions*, and I thought Lady —— would have dégobbiléd with the coarseness of the food, and the horror of seeing the Princess eat to satiety: afterwards, her Royal Highness walked about Paddington Fields, making Lady —— and myself follow. These walks are very injudiciously chosen as to time and place, though *perfectly innocent*, and taken for no other purpose than for the pleasure of doing an *extraordinary* thing. It was almost dark when the Princess returned home in the evening.

How could a Royal Highness, so low in taste as to dine off plain mutton and onions, and take rural strolls, be either understood or pardoned by a high-born lady-in-waiting, who accordingly finds some wrong motive for the simplest action. Indeed, evil was ever uppermost in her mind:—"*Sunday.*—The Princess went to Lady Perceval's, where Lady —— says there is no amusement; *it must be, therefore, that this intimacy is kept up for past reasons, not present pleasure—a sad consideration.*"

How could this woman, for her own sake, write thus maliciously and invidiously, and immediately afterwards—"I was for several days much alarmed by a change that I saw in the shape of the Princess' figure, and I could not help imparting the terrible fear I felt to Lady ——. She also had noticed it; but I was much relieved by her telling me she knew for certain it was only caused by the Princess having left off stays, a custom which she is very fond of; and she ought to be warned not to indulge in this practice, for it might give rise to reports exceedingly injurious to her character."

Was a person in this frame of mind fitted to observe fairly, or to give impartial testimony?

The Allied Sovereigns about this time visited England, and the affronts and mortifications daily offered to the Princess became such as no woman of ordinary sensibility could have endured.

A pretext had, by this time, been found to separate her wholly from her daughter, who had previously been permitted occasionally to visit her. The ill-managed young Princess, in spite of the vigilance of governesses, and aunts, and grandmother, had found means to enter into a foolish, girlish correspondence with, it would seem, her *cousin*, Captain Fitzclarence, which it was impossible that her mother could either have known or sanctioned. When this affair was discovered, the Princess of Wales, however, naturally took part with her child, who had ever to her been affectionate and devoted. She, in brief, might attempt to palliate a past folly which she must have condemned. Her child was her last hope; and she resented, as we have seen in the case of Mr Greville, injuries done to her unprotected daughter, which she despised when offered to herself. But, to return to the affair. It is said—"The Princess of Wales, on the contrary, behaved very foolishly in this business; and it gave a handle to her enemies to represent to the Regent that she ought not to be allowed indiscriminate intercourse with her daughter. They took a fiendish pleasure in laying hold of this or any other plausible pretext to separate the Princess from her child."

The Quarterly Reviewer rests the complete vindication of the total separation of the unfortunate mother and her equally unfortunate child, upon this "behaving foolishly," as if the Princess had really approved or abetted an imprudence of which she must have been entirely ignorant. Princess Charlotte seems to have written, clandestinely no doubt, and to have sent messages to her mother; but, for many months, they had not met, when, in a fit of pride and anger, the young lady fled from her state-prison of Warwick House, and sought the protection of her mother. The Princess of Wales, acting, for once surely, with dignified submission to her husband, yielded up her daughter and her last hope in England. She had, by this time, made up her mind to leave that country, boasting of its free institutions and its high morality, which had, for twenty-three years, been to her the scene of unvarying injuries and humiliations, and in which she had encountered more baseness and treachery than had ever before, in peaceful times, fallen to the lot of princes, born as they are to generate moral depravity in those around them, and to suffer by it.

But, before entering upon the last of her injuries, previous to leaving this country, we may as well dismiss the Sapios. This is the last of them:—"Old Sapio dined at Connaught House. I was sorry to meet him there again, as I had hoped never to do so. The Princess treats him with a comical mixture of protection and scorn, which is very unlike what she ought to do in either way."

We may notice that the Diarist is still more uncharitable to the daughter than to the mother; but her curious account of the imperious temper and bold character of the Princess Charlotte, may be taken more effectually afterwards. The Allied Sovereigns were now in the country; London was a scene of gaiety, festivity, and triumph; while the proud, unhappy Princess secretly pined in neglect, longing for the slightest mark of attention from any one of those politic and mean-minded crowned persons. The age of chivalry, indeed! The Emperor of Russia had, at one time, intended to visit her; but, we are told, "It is publicly known the R——t sent over Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt with a private message to the Emperor of Russia, desiring him to take no notice of the Princess on his arrival in England. Whether or not the Emperor is weak enough, or politic enough, to choose to submit to this dictatorial order, will soon be known."

Again, it is said, that, when the Emperor was actually stepping into his carriage to visit her Royal Highness, a message, or mandate, brought

by Liverpool or Castlereagh, implored him not to go; and the Autocrat yielded to the Regent, No wonder that it is said—

It is difficult to conceive any man's being so mean as to persecute a woman in every trivial circumstance, in the manner the R——t did the Princess, only that, in looking at the conduct of mankind, there is as much littleness to be observed in the male character as there is in the female. No man likes his wife to be considered as anything, when he chooses to consider her as nothing. . . . . .

It is shameful how our Regent is kicking the dust in the poor Princess of Wales' face. There are moments when her wrongs make all her errors forgotten. There is that little vile Prince of Wirtemburg, *her own nephew*, who has never been to see her. White's club is to give a great ball and fête; and they have given tickets to the Regent, that he may invite the *royal family*, and this on purpose to avoid asking the Princess. Was there ever anything so shameful?

Several days, she, poor woman, had dressed herself, in sickening hope of the Emperor's visit, for which, she said, she would have given her "ears, ugly as they were." His diplomatic sister, the Duchess of Oldenburgh, who was much with the Princess Charlotte, gave the latter frequent hopes that she would visit her poor mother: and many messages to that effect were sent by the daughter. But the Duchess followed the universal example. Even the philosophic and *soi-disante* independent Madame de Stael, was mean enough to avoid the unfortunate woman, whose only crime, at this period, was her husband's hatred. She treated this slight with proper spirit, setting down Madame de Stael as a time-serving woman, which, in this instance, she certainly was. We are told—

Madame de Stael did go with the torrent. She would not know the Princess, and paid the most servile court to the Regent, after she had once prevailed on him to visit her *first*, in her lodgings in George Street: she insisted upon this unusual compliment being paid her, and she carried her point. The Prince did visit her in her lodgings; it is reported that she treated him cavalierly, and spoke in a strain of personal praise, which was too strong for his taste, particularly dwelling on the beauty of the form of his legs, but saying very little to him of the glories of his country, or the powers of his mind. The interview was not supposed to be pleasant to either party; nevertheless, Madame de Stael continued her adulatory conduct to the Prince.

And, in a letter written by the Princess, it is said—

"I understand that Madame De Stael has been much offended at the Regent not inviting her the evening Louis XVIII. was at Carlton House. She now laments much that she never came to pay me a visit, and sacrificed me entirely to pay her court to him. She is a very time-serving person. She is going to Paris immediately. A long letter of congratulation was written by her to Louis XVIII., and paying all possible compliments, after having abused them, and done the Bourbons all the mischief in her power. She is a very worldly person, and it is no loss whatever to me never to have made her acquaintance. I shall return to my little nutshell next Saturday, the 30th, and shall feel myself much more comfortable, and not so damp, as in my present habitation, and to live like 'La dame de qualité qui s'est retirè du monde.' . . . . .

"I could be very well and very comfortable in a fine warm climate, and liberty into the bargain. I came to the royal menagerie on Tuesday, the 19th, not from idle want of variety, but from duty mixed with very little inclination to be civil to the very uncivilized society of the metropolis. The following day I had a great dinner of twenty people. The chief objects in the picture were the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia, and the Greys, Lansdownes, Cowpers, &c. In the evening every one who left their names at Connaught House, though many repented of their civility, and sent shilly-shally excuses for not attending the party. Thank God, the dreadful bore was over by twelve o'clock; the curtain dropped, and I retired in the green-room to my solitary den. The other three days I saw nobody except the Prince Condé, who was the only gentleman who shewed the least urbanity in taking leave of me.

. . . . . .

"You may easily imagine I have not seen the Duchess of Oldenburgh, *and I have also no curiosity to see a Kalmuck face*. I shall have to-day Mr Canning's party to dinner, which will enable me to get a *frank* for all this random of mine."

Among those who strove to propitiate the Prince Regent, by affronting his wife, was Lady Elizabeth Foster, second Duchess of Devonshire, of whom that singular story of imposing an heir on a noble house, is again told, of which, we daresay, the world is, by this time, tired. With the question of her guilt or innocence in this matter, we do not interfere; but one might have presumed that pride of sex, if no nobler motive, would have saved at least one lady of high rank from that universal abjectness which, for a season, left the feelings of loyalty and generosity almost exclusively to the lower orders. This intriguing lady acted, it is said, as sort of Minister of England to the Pope; and we are told—

One of the occasions on which she exercised her sway over the Pope was, when the Queen Caroline (which she was then become) returned to Rome the last time, on her way back to England. The Duchess prevented his Holiness from shewing Her Majesty the smallest civility; and he refused her a guard of honour, or any of the honours due to her rank. It was a weak and servile trait of character in Pius VI. to allow himself to change his conduct toward the Queen, whom he had formerly received with so much courtesy; but Cardinal Gonzalvi it was who probably regulated him in this, as in most other points; and he was, as is well-known, subject to the Duchess of ——, who was desperately in love with the Cardinal. Whenever she saw him approach, her whole frame was in trepidation; and no girl of fifteen ever betrayed a more romantic passion for her lover than did this distinguished, but then antiquated lady, for the Cardinal. It is to be doubted whether he returned the tender passion, but his idea of the Duchess' consequence at the English Court induced him to "*se laisser aimer.*"

How entertaining these whims of the ancient Ladyships would be, were they not generally so heartless!

The conduct of the English Cabinet, at this period, was as disgraceful as that of the Regent was vindictive. Hatred seemed to have changed the little that ever was good or manly in his nature into a sort of diabolical frenzy; and this odious passion in him may be understood; but even this poor excuse was wanting to those statesmen who, in the eyes of posterity, debased themselves beyond all redemption, by becoming the panders to his malevolent and despotic will. In reference to their latter proceedings, the Diarist has the merit of not being bird-mouthed. In speaking of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, she says, or some one does, who writes what are called "Supplementary Letters:"—

It subjects the King to the suspicion of driving at an object which will be a *stink* in the nostrils of all the civilized world that has any moral sense of what is odious; and it will be a flagrant and glaring demonstration that Liverpool & Co. are but the meanest hucksters in those scenes of politics which affect the principles of society—that they are, to use the most ignominious epithet possible, and advisedly, the filthiest panders to iniquity that ever lent themselves to a disgraceful purpose. . . . . .

This iniquity the nation will not endure, or it is made up of different stuff from that which I have hitherto imagined, believed, and venerated. . . .

I have no hesitation in saying that Lord Liverpool, by directing men's minds to the transactions of Henry the Eighth's time, manifested deplorable ignorance, or a disposition to find Queen Caroline guilty. . . . . It either bespoke an opinion of the Queen's guilt, or implied that the King was such another as the unfeeling Henry. In whatever way the thing is considered, it was in bad taste, as affecting both the King and Queen. . . . .

Is it forgotten that her Majesty stands near the throne in her own right; that she is a stranger, as Katherine said of old, "in your realm;" that she had enough, first and last, as Captain M—— said, to drive her to d——n. There never was the case of any poor defenceless woman which called so much for civility, at least. . . . .

If she be innocent, God forgive those who afflict her; and if she be guilty, how much more is she already punished than any culprit in Bridewell! . . . . . .

What will posterity think of us, if it should turn out that the whole British ministry have lent themselves to an ignominious purpose of a King that cannot be much esteemed? . . . . . .

Did the King, and Liverpool & Co. forget that the people have sympathies, and that they could not but feel that *their* honour, the national honour, was tarnished by making the highest tribunal in the empire a tool to gratify individual malignity, and an aversion inspired by conscious neglect and ill usage?

These were not the only supple ministers. Many years before this, we find *Monk Lewis* writing, at the period when the condition of George III. made his immediate demise probable—"I have also been positively assured, that the Prince has announced, that the first exertion of his power will be to decide the fate of the Princess; and that Perceval, even though he demurred at endeavouring to bring about a divorce, gave it to be understood that he should have no objection to her being excluded from the coronation, and exiled to Holyrood House." No reign in England—not even that of Henry VIII., considering the difference of times—ever exhibited public men in a light so utterly despicable, as the persecution, first and last, of this unfortunate woman; to which, sooner or later, both Tories and Whigs—or "the Friends of the Prince," as they chose to be termed—lent themselves with equal willingness.

We can easily conceive why those flatterers of George IV., involved "art and part" in the baser details of those iniquitous and infamous transactions, should be furious at this publication. It may be treacherous to the Princess of Wales, but it spares not her persecutors and the time-servers of Carlton House, man nor woman. Many of the commentaries contained in the "Supplementary Letters," on the evidence brought forward at her trial, are extremely pertinent and acute. The frank admissions made by the writer, an individual evidently well acquainted with foreign manners, are vilely distorted by the Quarterly Reviewer; whose pen is, probably, not now for the first time set in motion on this subject. Again, we would protest, that those who take their impression of the work from him will be egregiously misled in their estimate of it, bad as it is. For example, the letters say—"For my part, I can discover nothing very heinous in her being attended in the bath by Bergami. It should be recollected that she would be in a bathing-dress"—and the every-day case of bathing at Bath is mentioned. But this will not do. The Reviewer at once strips the Princess naked; or rather, by a very ingenious process, he makes the Diarist perform this manly office for him. This is done by quoting the words of the Diarist in describing the costume —"*en Venus*"—in which her Royal Highness appeared at a ball in Geneva, when she waltzed with Sismondi! A ludicrous enough exhibition it may have been, and, probably, not much more decorous, in elderly royalty, than George IV. in a tartan kilt and short hose at Holyrood; but the logical Reviewer makes out, to his own satisfaction at least, that, if her Royal Highness, on the verdict of Lady Charlotte Campbell, wore her tucker too low at a ball, she must certainly have been totally naked in a bath. The reasoning is worthy of the cause. Queen Caroline, like many other "royalties," was not distinguished, it seems, for good taste in dress, or for a nice *English* feeling of propriety in manners; and her Lady-in-waiting—who may not always have been so orthodox on the ticklish subject of short petticoats and scanty tuckers as she has shewn herself in the case of the Princess Charlotte and her mother—might do well to reprove her errors of costume; but this was no new fault. The Princess—*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*—had been accustomed, like the continental ladies of her age, to dress in a style which alarmed even her guardian angel, Mr Whitbread, lest John Bull himself might take offence about her naked neck, and occasion be given to the adversary. His necessary remonstrance, most kindly meant, was but one of the many petty mortifications to which the friendless woman was subjected. Nobody, however, seems to have dressed so as to have satisfied the Lady-in-waiting. We hear of Lady Anne Hamilton, dressed "like a *mad Chinese*," and of the Princess, *proper* for once, because cased in crimson velvet to the throat. Gracious Heaven! that the peace, the happiness, the good name of any woman should be made to rest on trifles such as these! The end of the Reviewer is worthy of his beginning and his middle. He charitably concludes that "the unhappy Princess was really insane;" and it must be confessed that she had suffered what might have driven a thousand women mad. So he adds, in a most ingenious note, that William Austin, the boy whom she adopted, was lately in a madhouse; thus leaving it to be inferred that he may really have been her son after all, and the grand-nephew of George III., especially as "the mystery of his birth is far from being cleared

up"—that is, by the new anecdotes of the Diarist, who states that "it never was any mystery," and although the Reviewer well knows that what was cunningly made a mystery, was cleared up to the satisfaction of every reasonable being, and was vouched to have been so, by the highest and most sacred authorities in the country, after an investigation such as no woman was ever before subjected to.

The "Supplementary Letters" were prepared for publication; and their author, who must be a native of Scotland, may not, perhaps, be the Lady-in-waiting, but a person of the other sex. He claims acquaintance with the Duke of York's clever and treacherous mistress, Mary Anne Clarke, and boasts of having *wheedled* her out of a sight of her papers, probably no very difficult feat. He says, of little Austin—

There never had been any mystery about him as a child, except in the conglomerated intellects of statesmen, and in the "*filthy*" imaginations of the detractors to whom they gave heed. The truth, at any time, might have been ascertained by a footman. My friend lived immediately as prior inhabitant in the house at Sydenham Common, which Lady Charlotte Campbell at one time possessed. . . . . .

The Princess may have been not very fastidious, but all agree that she was a parental-hearted woman; that she had particular enjoyment in nursing children, and was denied the gratification of embracing her own. To be sure, tickling an innocent little one may not be so dignified as holding conclave with tailors about the cut of coats; but it is quite as important a duty in a Prince. In fact, the story about Billy Austin is of a piece with the whole of this wretched case.

As we mark this passage, another falls under our eye, which is exceedingly characteristic of the royal personage described; and, as in this case, many of her grossnesses must probably have arisen from a literal use of foreign idioms.

I don't doubt the Princess said many a strange thing in joke; for example, one day when she had a party dining with her at Kensington Palace, she noticed the eyes of some of her guests attracted to a bilious-looking picture of a child, and said, "*If Rodjair, de poet, were to make a shild, it would be like dat shild.*" Now, would anybody have said such a thing in a mixed company, and while the servants were present?—and yet there was no immorality in it.

The "Supplementary Letters" are written with spirit and honesty of purpose; and who shall call such passages as the following too severe? The first is a commentary on the evidence of one of the suborned host of Italians—Gaetana Paturzo:—

The first questions put to this witness filled me with indescribable amazement and indignation, to think there were men in the world, with wigs on their upper ends, who could display such ignorance. Was not the Princess of Wales in a vessel, and was it to be supposed that she could be otherwise accommodated than she was? Why insinuate (for the asking of the questions did insinuate as much) that she was indolently accommodated at her own request, and by an arrangement purposely made to gratify improper desires? "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" The lewd imaginations of these lawyers seem not to be aware that guilt is always, yes always, diffident. They have assumed that it has not its nature with the Queen; and that it was part of its enjoyment with her, to be ostentatious of criminality. Smash the cranium of the Attorney-General, with a stone in a stocking, when you please. There are no human brains in it! O Lord! how little intellect is necessary to a lawyer![*]

In the course of the voyage to the coast of Palestine, to Jaffa, nothing whatever was elicited from the witness that ought to have been construed unfavourably, and yet, I do assert, that there was a sinister attempt to do so. Why was this, if there had not been a desire to blacken the character of the Princess, and to produce a predisposition to find her guilty? The Scottish peasantry, so celebrated by one of themselves, Burns, in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," are acknowledged to be the purest race on the face of the whole earth. Is there one circumstance respecting the situation of beds and berths, in the vessel which carried the Princess to Tunis, and thence to Palestine, that the holy sanctuaries of their cottages can equal for propriety? Is it not the case, that these sanctified dwellings often serve for kitchen, hall, and bed-room—yea, a bed-room with several dormitories. I remember, that, when a boy, two years before I was sent to the grammar-school, a housemaid took me into the country, to her father's. The house had but one apartment, and there were three beds in it, with sliding doors. What *ruffians* would have dared to imagine that it was not sacred? I see yet the old white-headed man, with "the big ha' Bible" before him, presiding at the evening exercises. Almighty God! does the Scottish peasantry every night insult thee with such imaginations as lawyers dare to utter in the House of Lords! . . . .

Many of the Peers were probably struck with horror at the indelicacy of Her Royal Highness receiving company in her bedroom; but, assuredly, those who have been in France or Italy, would not. The only thing to cause wonder about it was, that the servants, used to the custom, should have noticed it at all. I do think that their noticing it, God forgive me, was very like the effect of prompting; yet the character of the Commissioners sent to hunt for facts by which certain charges might be supported, precludes this idea. . . . .

The imagination has been allowed to swelter in foulness with respect to the Queen.

The conclusion of these letters rises to true eloquence—

I shall never forget what was my emotion when it was announced to me that the bill of pains and penalties was to be abandoned. I was walking towards the west end of the long corridor of the House of Lords, wrapt in reverie, when one of the door-keepers touched me on the shoulder and told me the news. I turned instantly to go back into the House, when I met the Queen coming out alone from her waiting room, preceded by an usher. She had been there unknown to me. I stopped involuntarily; I could not, indeed, proceed, for she had a "*daized*" look, more tragical than consternation. She passed me; the usher pushed open the folding doors of the great staircase, she began to descend, and I followed, instinctively, two or three steps behind her.

She was evidently all shuddering, and she took hold of the bannister, pausing for a moment. Oh! that sudden clutch with which she caught the railing! it was as if her hand had been a skinless heart. Never say again to me that any actor can feel like a principal. It was a visible manifestation of unspeakable grief, an echoing of the voice of the soul. . . . . .

The multitude began to cheer, but at first there was a kind of stupor: but the sympathy, however, soon became general, and, winged by the voice, soon spread up the street; every one instantly, between Charing Cross and Whitehall, turned and came rushing down, filling Old and New Palace Yards, as if a deluge was unsluiced.

The generous exultation and hurry of the people were beyond all description. It was as a conflagration of hearts; but, before I had struggled to St Margaret's I was seized with hoarseness and rage.

The Queen of the greatest of all the nations was allowed to escape from jeopardy, with as little public deference, save the voluntary huzzahs of the people, as

[*] We will do no such thing; we will give him promotion to the Bench, and his family title and pension, for this good service to his king and country.—*E. T. M.*

the vilest delinquent trull from a police office. Verily, verily, how little wisdom must, in truth, suffice for statesmen! She was virtually exonerated, and the ministers had no right to shew that they were disappointed in their endeavours to pander to the anti-human passions of the King.

Will monarchy ever, in Great Britain, recover from the shock given to it by those unhallowed proceedings, which, by rudely destroying the old *prestige* for princes, first lowered them below mere frail mortality? The victimizing of this poor woman, so far as regards the interests of humanity, has not been altogether a vain sacrifice.

We have, perhaps, given too much attention to the *evil* spirit of this book. Notwithstanding all that is "set down in malice," it contains many traits of the Princess of Wales and her contemporaries, which will be instructive to the future historian and interesting to the student of human nature. Here is her portrait at different periods:—

I have often regretted that I never saw a tolerable likeness painted of her. Although, during the last years of her life, she was bloated and disfigured by sorrow and by the life she led, the Princess was in her early youth a pretty woman; fine light hair—very delicately formed features, and a fine complexion—quick, glancing, penetrating eyes, long cut and rather sunk in the head, which gave them much expression—and a remarkably delicately formed mouth; but her head was always too large for her body, and her neck too short; and, latterly, her whole figure was like a ball, and her countenance became hardened, and an expression of defiance and boldness took possession of it, that was very unpleasant. Nevertheless, when she chose to assume it, she had a very noble air; and I have seen her, on more than one occasion, put on a dignified carriage, which became her much more than the affectation of girlishness which she generally preferred.

Many traits are given of her good nature, which amounted to real goodness of heart, and a degree of consideration for the feelings of others, most opposite to the cold egotism and selfishness of princes. This German *heartiness* and simplicity is often naturally displayed in her letters. To her lady-in-waiting, she writes on one occasion:—"Yesterday, I received your amiable letter, and would have answered it sooner, but that I forgot to have a *frank*. After the hot and dull dinner at Spring Gardens, I went to the Opera House to see a play—one act of an opera, and the ballet of Psyche, for the benefit of Kelly: it was as full as it could hold, and I returned to my solitary supper. I am rather early this morning, as I expect the Marquis. I have not yet seen *anybody* that particularly *interests you* since you left this sphere. If I could be of any use to you, you know how glad I should be. I am always ready to do *mon petit possible*."

"She was," says the Diarist, "always inclined to do kind and noble things. She was decidedly liberal, and liked everything upon a grand scale. When she gave a shabby present, as she frequently did, it was from ignorance, not from parsimony. Sometimes, it might be, she had nothing better at the moment to give away; and she would take up anything which happened to lie about her room, (in which there was a sufficient quantity of trash,) and present it to a friend. The feeling which prompted the deed was genuine kindness; and she would as readily have given away an article of costly price as one of a trumpery kind, had it lain in the way."

Of how few royal personages could this be said:—

Since "trifles form the sum of human things," it may be remarked in the Princess's favour, that she was perpetually balked in all the minor occurrences of daily life; and those who had most constant access to her person knew that, generally speaking, she bore these teasing circumstances with great good temper. The perpetual recurrence of trivial contradictions is more difficult to endure with equanimity than any disappointment of more serious kind. . . . . .

The poor Princess receives daily affronts: it is really admirable to witness her equanimity of temper under these trials. She is not without feeling, either. She deeply feels the indignities cast upon her; but she is always equally kind and good to those about her, and considerate to them, though she might well be absorbed by her own sorrows.

Baron Nicolai was sent by the Emperor with a letter to the Princess of Wales, which letter says, that he regretted extremely not having been able to wait upon her Royal Highness, but that, under existing circumstances, delicacy only allowed him thus to express his high consideration, &c. The Princess, Lady —— told me, received Mr Nicolai with great dignity and kindness. She was perfectly calm; and Lady —— says she could not have commanded herself as her Royal Highness did.

Her teasing mortifications from the interference and advice of well-meaning, but sometimes ill-judging and officious friends, were frequent, and patiently borne. Their counsels were often contradictory, and she was the sufferer in every case of disagreement. One day, she had wept during the whole time of her morning drive. The Diarist remarks—"Truly, I cannot wonder, for she is made to live a wretched life;" and that day at dinner the poor creature herself said—"I know not who plagues me most, my friends or my enemies." . . . "*Sunday.*—The poor Princess is sadly teased about going to St Paul's—her advisers insisting that she *should* go, and all the chamberlains and deans writing word that there is no place kept for her, and that it is not in their power to give her Royal Highness one. 'It is ridiculous,' she says, 'to make me always the means of making a disturbance, for no end whatever.'"

Shortly afterwards, a message was received from Lord Castlereagh, that it was proposed to increase her establishment to £50,000 a-year. She received this intelligence without any manifestation of joy or surprise. and only said, as she handed the letter to one of her ladies, "*C'est mon droit.*" Mr Whitbread termed the offer "insidious and unhandsome."

Friday, July 1st.—To day, I was sent for by the Princess, in consequence of a letter which she had received from Mr Whitbread, saying that he begged to be allowed to come to her Royal Highness at two o'clock, and advise her upon the steps which were to be taken, relative to the offer of fifty thousand pounds in addition to her income. He terms the offer "insidious and unhandsome." The moment the Princess read this note, she said that Mr Whitbread and Mr Brougham were again going to make war, and to throw aside all overtures towards a peaceful termination of the business. She was considerably annoyed, and walked up and down the room several times. At last she said, addressing Lady —— and myself—

"*Croyez-moi, ma chere* Lady —— and ——, there is only one ting to be done, and I will do it. It is not *in me* to suspect evil till I see it plainly, only to be guarded against it. If de Princess refuse, they will say, what de devil does the woman want? We cannot make her husband like her, or make de Queen receive her; but we can set de seal upon all our public doings of last year by settling upon her a sufficient sum to enable her to hold the rank of Princess of Wales—a rank of which we tink her worthy; and wid her rank she must hold all her privileges. I will, therefore, accept—I will; and I will do it myself."

She then wrote two excellent letters; one to Lord Castlereagh, the other to Mr Whitbread. The one to Lord Castlereagh she desired Lady —— to "*make* English of"—no easy job; that to Mr Whitbread she allowed to go, as she said, "in its natural state and ridiculous language;" but the sense was good. She told him she exonerated him from all blame as to the issue of the event, and took the whole responsibility upon herself. Her answer to Lord Castlereagh was as follows:—"The Princess of Wales acknowledges the receipt of Lord Castlereagh's letter of yesterday evening; and, as the proposal contained in it has no conditions annexed to it which are derogatory to her rank, her rights, or her honour, she accepts it unquestionably, in order to prove that the Princess is never averse to any proposition coming from the Crown, nor wishes to throw any obstacle in the way, to obstruct the tranquillity or impair the peace of mind of the Prince Regent."

I think the Princess has acted rightly in this instance; especially as her enemies have always said that she threw herself into Mr Whitbread's protection entirely to make a disturbance, and did not wish to ameliorate her own condition, save at the expense of the Prince's honour. This letter will prove the contrary, while, at the same time, should they make conditions which are degrading to her, it will enable her to assert her own rights and dignities.

This looks not like the conduct of a violent or unreasonable woman. The sum accepted was thirty-five thousand pounds. For the very first time in the history of this, or probably any country, it was said by a Royal Highness—"I don't want so much of the people's money;" yet this was not the spontaneous, disinterested act of the Princess:—

Mr Whitbread told the Princess that, although the House had voted her fifty thousand a-year, he thought it would have a much better effect if she would write a letter to the Speaker, purporting that she did not wish to be a burthen upon the nation, and that she hoped they would reconsider the matter, and give her only thirty-five thousand. Lady ——, who was present when Mr Whitbread gave the Princess this advice, told me she saw a gloom overspread her countenance whilst he was speaking. Her Royal Highness is not mercenary: far from it. I believe her to be very noble-minded in money transactions: but she conceived this proposal not kind from a friend, and the sum not more than her due. However, Lady —— says, that, when Mr Whitbread explained to the Princess that fifty thousand pounds would oblige her to remain in this country, and spend it where she received it, but that a less one would afford her liberty, she fell into the trap, and entered into his view of the subject with alacrity.

She was now more than ever desirous to leave the scene of her life-long sorrows, and perpetual mortifications; the last tie had been severed, when she was prevented from having any sort of personal intercourse with her daughter. Before adverting farther to these events, we may slightly notice the opinion which the Diarist has expressed of the younger Princess. It is severe, inconsistent, and probably unjust; yet, in the imperious and head-strong will of Princess Charlotte, in her tender years, the germ of a much less amiable character than that of her mother is discernible. The position of the young Princess, her various matrimonial negotiations of that period, and what is said of that afflicted and ambiguous personage, a *King-consort*, give this portion of the Diary peculiar interest and piquancy at the present time, when similar events may be impending. As our space does not permit notice of this, we shall probably return to the Princess Charlotte, and the illustration of royal marriages.

At the very time the Princess of Wales was most popular with the nation, she was hated, with "an inveterate malice," by the Regent, his minions, and even some part of his family. The enthusiasm of the people, and the malice of the court and of the Prince's creatures, had reached the zenith exactly when the allied sovereigns came over:—

I hear that all ranks, except merely those who bask in the sunshine of the Regent's favour, have expressed themselves warmly for the Princess; and that the Prince cannot move out without hisses and groans. I am glad to think his bitterness and tyranny are mortified; but what good will it do her? None, I fear.

. . . . . .

When I went to Connaught House yesterday, by appointment, I found the Princess dressed in a style as if she expected some visiters. She said that, if she did not look forward to going abroad, she should die of despair. I am really moved with indignation against the persecution offered to a princess and a woman. She read me a letter she was writing when I arrived: it was a letter to Lord Liverpool, demanding leave to quit this country, and retire whither she would; saying, that she did not, nor ever had, wished to render the Prince unpopular, and that she begged permission to go abroad. The matter was spirited, dignified, and clever, but was not clothed in English language, nor free from obscurity.

. . . . . .

The Princess, after some time spent in general conversation, confessed to me that she had dressed herself in a half-dress, expecting the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, to call on her. But the moment I told her I heard those personages had refused to go to White's, or to any public place, she said, "*Then the Prince has conquered, and they will not come to see me.*" I saw she was very much vexed; but she bore it with a command of temper which would have done any one honour.

It will be a shame if the King of Prussia does not visit her once at least, considering what obligations he was under to her father, who died in battle, fighting in his cause:—but, perhaps, *he has forgotten* this circumstance. . . . . .

The Princess received an anonymous letter yesterday, which she put in the fire—the fate all such communications deserve to meet with: for the writer of an anonymous letter would be almost capable of murder. This letter was to say, that the Prince would be killed shortly, he was such a tyrant. I do not suppose the information shocked her very much. . . . . .

Friday 10th June.—I heard Mr Whitbread called on the Princess this morning; and Lady —— said, she thinks he is really interested in the Princess, and feels compassion for her cruel situation, *besides* being urged by his political career to make a tool of her for his own ends.

Those were happy days, in which the ill-used wives of Princes could escape persecution, by retiring to nunneries, instead of embittering their lives by braving it. The Princess of Wales had been advised to appear at the

Opera, upon a particular night, when the Kings and Emperors were to be there, and when the Regent unexpectedly appeared with his royal foreign brothers. At this time, it is stated, "The Prince Regent believes that *he* has reinstated Louis XVIII., and that Europe is at his command, because one or two of its potentates come to look at England." At this unlooked-for Opera trial, the Princess shewed far more good taste, and command of both mind and temper, than her censorious and pattern-ladies. Yet, she was blamed, even by her sincere friends, for having, in this instance, openly seemed to brave her tyrant.

Saturday 11*th*.—I was sent for by the Princess this morning to say that she was going to the Opera to-night, and wished me to attend her. Lady C. L. had just left her when I arrived; and the Princess complained that "her friends tormented her as much as her enemies." I found out afterwards, that this remark was occasioned by one of her friends having advised her Royal Highness not to take *Willikin** to the Opera with her. The two Doctors Burney dined with the Princess; Lady ——, Miss ——, and myself were of the party. There came a note from Mr Whitbread, advising at *what* hour she should go to the Opera, and telling her that the Emperor was to be at eleven o'clock at the Institution, which was to be lighted up for him to see the pictures. All this advice tormented the Princess; and I do not wonder that she sometimes loses patience. No child was ever more thwarted and controlled than she is; and yet she often contrives to do herself mischief in spite of all the care that is taken of her. When we arrived at the Opera, to the Princess' and all her attendants' infinite surprise, we saw the Regent placed between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, and all the minor Princes in a box to the right. "God save the King" was performing when the Princess entered, and, consequently, she did not sit down. I was behind; so, of course, I could not see the house very distinctly; but I saw the Regent was at that time standing and applauding the Grassinis. As soon as the air was over, the whole pit turned round to the Princess' box, and applauded *her*. We, who were in attendance on her Royal Highness, entreated her to rise and make a curtsey, but she sat *immoveable*; and, at last, turning round, she said to Lady ——, "My dear, Punch's wife is nobody when Punch is present." We all laughed, but still thought her wrong not to acknowledge the compliment paid her; but she was right, as the sequel will prove. "We shall be hissed," said Sir W. Gell. "No, no," again replied the Princess with infinite good humour, "I know my business better than to take the *morsel out of my husband's mouth*; I am not to seem to know that the applause is meant for me till they call my name." The Prince seemed to verify her words, for he got up and bowed to the audience. This was construed into a bow to the Princess, most unfortunately—I say most unfortunately, because she has been blamed for not returning it; but I, who was an eye-witness of the circumstance, know the Princess acted just as she ought to have done. The fact was, the Prince *took the applause* to himself; and his friends, or rather his *toadies*, (for they do not deserve the name of *friends*,) to save him from the imputation of this ridiculous vanity, chose to say, that he did the most beautiful and elegant thing in the world, and bowed to his wife!!

When the Opera was finished, the Prince and his supporters were applauded, but not enthusiastically; and scarcely had his Royal Highness left the box, when the people called for the Princess, and gave her a very warm applause. She then went forward, and made three curtseys, and hastily withdrew.—I believe she acted perfectly right throughout the evening; but everybody tells a different story, and thinks differently.—How trivial all this seems! how much beneath the dignity of rational beings! But trifles make up the sum of earthly things—and, in this instance, this trivial circumstance affects the Princess of Wales' interests; therefore, it becomes of consequence for the true statement to be made known; and, as I was present, I can and will tell the truth. When the coachman attempted to drive home through Charles' Street, the crowd of carriages was so immense it was impossible to pass down that street, and with difficulty the Princess's carriage backed, and we returned past Carlton House, where the mob surrounded her carriage, and, having once found out that it was her Royal Highness, they applauded and huzzaed her Royal Highness till she, and Lady ——, and myself, who were with her, were completely stunned. The mob opened the carriage doors, and some of them insisted upon shaking hands with her, and asked if they should burn Carlton House. "No, my good people," she said, "be quite quiet—let me pass, and go home to your beds." They would not, however, leave off following her carriage for some way, and cried out, "Long live the Princess of Wales! Long live the innocent," &c. &c. She was pleased at this demonstration of feeling in her favour, and I never saw her look so well, or behave with so much dignity. Yet I hear since, all this has been misconstrued, and various lies told. . . . .

I dined at Connaught House—the party consisted of Mr and Lady Charlotte Greville, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Mr Bennet, and Mr Hobhouse. After dinner, a few more persons came, and formed a dull stiff circle, but it was good company; therefore I was pleased to see there the Hardwickes, Paulets, Lord and Lady Grey, Lord and Lady Dunmore, Lord Nugent, &c., to the amount of fifty or sixty persons. Many more *really* intended to come, *after* having been to Lady Salisbury's, where were the Emperor and King, and our mighty Prince R——t; but the crowd was so immense, they could not get their carriages till morning.

Next day, Monday, she was once more informed, and by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, that the Emperor would positively come.

She gradually gave way to the hope which charmed her, and said—poor soul—"my ears are very ugly, but I would give *them both* to persuade the Emperor to come to me, to a ball, a supper, any entertainment that he would choose." Well, she dressed, and waited till seven, but no Emperor came. . . . .

Tuesday, 14*th*.—Lady —— told me, that in going slowly up a hill in the course of her drives to-day, a decently dressed and respectable looking countryman came close to the Princess's carriage, and said, "God bless you, we will make the Prince love you before we have done with him." Another of the same class of persons cried out, as she passed, "You will soon overcome all your enemies."—Such voluntary declarations prove that there is a strong feeling prevailing in her favour; still, it is not a few kind words uttered by a chance person as she passes in her carriage, that can be of real use or comfort to her, though gratifying at the moment. . . .

On the Wednesday, she heard of an entertainment to be given by the city, and endured all this miserable humiliation:—

The Princess, Lady ——— informed me, received a note this morning from Mr Brandon, box-office, Covent Garden, telling her that no box could be kept for her Royal Highness at that theatre, as they were all engaged. What an answer to the Princess of Wales! Then arrived a note from Alderman Wood, informing her that, if she chose to go to see the monarchs pass in procession to the city, he would have a private house kept for her Royal Highness for that purpose. Alderman Wood did not mean to insult her; it was only his vulgarity that induced him to make her such a ludicrous offer. But, what was most vexatious of all these vexatious communications was, that the Duchess of Oldenburgh, and four other ladies, were to be *present at the dinner*; this was galling, and the Princess felt her own particular exclusion from this fête given by the city very hard to bear, as she had consideted the city folks her friends. They,

* The child, William Austin.

however, are not to blame, as these royal *ladies* are self-invited, or invited by the Regent; and the Princess' friends had not time to call a common council and discuss the matter. Immediately after this bitter pill, came another from Mr Whitbread, recommending her, upon *no account*, to go to Drury-Lane on Thursday evening, after having, a few days before, desired her *to go*. "You see, my dear," she said to Lady ———, "how I am plagued;" and, although she mastered her resentment, Lady ——— says she saw the tears were in her eyes. "It is not the loss of the amusement which I regret, but being treated like a child, and made the puppet of a party. What signify whether I come in before or after the Regent, or whether I am applauded in his hearing or not—that is all for the gratification of *the party*, not for my gratification; 'tis of no consequence to the Princess, but to Mr Whitbread—and that's the way things always go, and always will, till I can leave this vile country."

We have then an account of her going, in a fit of mad and desperate mirth, to a masquerade, incognito, with some of the ladies and gentlemen of her household. Mr Whitbread had, shortly before this, astounded the House of Commons, by announcing that another "secret investigation," was a-foot. How much colour such frolics as the masquerade, perfectly harmless as it was, and probably the impulse of tortured feelings, might have given to the new intrigue against her peace and honour! We have already exhausted our space, and cannot advert to many incidental sketches and portraits of the aristocracy, which are often true and graphic, and, as we have said above, not a whit more malicious than those things they have been accustomed to say of each other, ever since the example was first set by the books and letters of the courtiers of Charles II. There is, however, this to be said in favour of the Walpoles and Wortleys—they never once affect saintliness and a starched standard of morality; nor yet do they deal out moral reprobation, and visit divine retribution, upon the wicked among their dear friends. Like Queen Caroline, they were no hypocrites; and, if they left the worst parts of their lives to their friends to expose, they did not affect any sanctimonious reluctance to unveil the naked malevolence of their dispositions, and their love of backbiting, scandal, and satire; provided wit, and jest, and fashionable ribaldry lent point and brilliancy to malice. They did not, in short, live in the age of cant; and to the spirit of that age the author of the "Diary" has done profound obeisance.

LITERARY REGISTER.

POETRY.

Among a good many volumes of verses, we must content ourselves, for the present, with noticing Portia, a Tale, and Other Poems, by George Taylor, a bard of the Kingdom of Fife and the town of Maggy Lauder; and English Songs and Ballads, by Alexander Hume, whose first little volume, containing some sweet Scottish songs, we noticed three or four years since. There is nothing of very great mark or likelihood in Mr Taylor's *bouquet* of wildings; but it is always gratifying to meet with proofs of the diffusion of cultivated taste and refined feelings among the people; for, without those existing, such works as the present could find no acceptance. Several of the songs are worthy of being added to those choice treasures in which the Scottish people are already the richest nation on earth. What cottage maiden will not be the better and happier from being able to recite "The Jessamine," or "The Dew-Drops;" or to sing "Dight the Tear frae thy ee, Bonny Lassie?" A few *sacred pieces*, of considerable merit, harmonize well enough with the pure and sober-toned character of the collection.

Whatever may be thought of the quality of the songs of Mr Hume—a man who has carried the spirit of his native land into the heart of London—he has evidently a living perception of what a song ought to be. In his dedication to W. J. Fox, Esq., he remarks:—"A true song is a hymn breathed out from the lowest depths of the heart, and, like electricity in the air, stirring all that comes within its influence. If the heart wills not, it is the pipe without the player—the spirit is not there. When the heart is full, it runs over, and finds relief in the dear joy of its own flowing." Our author, we think, realized his own idea of song fully better in his preceding volume than the present, which is altogether more polished and ambitious, and in a higher if not more genial and natural tone, than his rustic Scottish ditties. Some of the new verses are, however, free and noble in spirit. We would instance "King Mind," "A Song for a Drinker;" "Candour," and "A Feeling." We shall, however, select our specimen from the lowlier and kindlier order of these songs. The "Song to my Wife," was written on the day when the visit of the young Queen to the city, made a London holiday of the first magnitude.

"We'll not go nigh the 'sight' to-day,
For pomp or fashion's sake;
But have at home a holiday,
Which we ourselves shall make.
Thou'lt be a Queen of Love to me,
My heart shall be thy throne;
Lips, ears, and eyes thy subjects be,
And loyal every one.

"We'll gaze upon our blood and kind,
Which in the cradle lies,
And learn together from the mind
New-opened in her eyes;
We'll see our forms and features mixed
In less or more degree;
What earthly scene can come betwixt
That 'sight' to thee and me?

"Beside her couch we'll take our seat,
And hear her young breath play
Through her small lips, in sound so sweet
That silence keeps away,
For fear that, while it swallowed up
The sweet vibrations round,
'Twould lose itself within the cup,
And find its death in sound.

"The world from pomp can pleasure buy,
And for it dearly pay;
Yet it is only of the eye,
And fadeth with the day.
When life from mutual love is drawn,
Love knows no setting sun—
But, while we talk, behold the dawn!
Our holiday's begun!"

We will venture to affirm that not one of the huzzaing crowd spent their holiday more happily than Alexander Hume. We confess that we have had an object to serve in selecting the above elegant song. A kindred, though very rude effusion, has been for some time lying upon our table, which we could scarcely have ventured forth alone. It is, as we learn from the accompanying letter, (a greater curiosity in its way than the song itself,) the composition of a Glaswegian sturdy smiter upon the anvil, who informs us that he has the felicity of sometimes seeing a Scottish song in *Tait's Magazine*, at the Mechanics' Reading Room; and that these encounters have tempted him to put forth

THE BLACKSMITH'S HAME.

Oh, bonny and sweet is my ain wife at hame;
Whatever befa's, she's ever the same;
And hard do I hammer the red bar o' airn
At the thoughts o' my winsome wee wife and my bairn.

Oh, fu' licht is my heart, and just loupin' wi' glee,
As, darker and darker, the smiddy I see;
And, brichter and brichter, at every new heat,
The airn on the anvil sae stoutly I beat.

When "six o'clock, six o'clock," the bells have loudly sang,
Flung down is the hammer, wi' quick, ringing bang;
My shirt sleeves unbuckled, and, no to take lang,
My coat I tear down, and put on as I gang.

Fu' soon I'm at hame: no to file her clean face,
I wash mysel' clean, and put on ither claes;
Then I yield to the love my heart that makes warm,
So I kiss Mary's lips, and the bairn on her arm.

How pleasant is a' at my ain humble hame!
My wife's glossy hair is bound trig by its kaim;
Her gown, though but coarse, is as neat as is seen;
Clean soopit's the floor, and the hearth-stane is clean.

The jams on the inside are white as can be,
They are black on the outside, and sparkling to see;
The parritch are toomed, at the ingle sae bricht,
Neither het, nor owre cauld, but just unco richt.

The night flichters by, ere we think it begun,
In daffin', and laughin', and kissin' our son;
But whiles Mary sews, while some good book I read;
In summer, to walk in the fields we proceed.

Oh, bonnie and sweet is my ain wife at hame!
Whatever may happen, she's ever the same.
Ye drinkers o' whisky, nae langer ye'd tyne
Your hard-gotten gains, were your fireside like mine.

Our anonymous friend, the blacksmith, is neither, as the reader will be but too ready to perceive, a Moore, a Burns, nor even a Hume. The hammer, no doubt, comes more readily to his hand than the smaller implement; but we trust that the truth of the *interior* which he has sketched, will atone for some rudeness of execution. In the meanwhile, we would kindly intimate to him, that it may be as well to reserve his future lyrics for Mary's partial ear, until he has served a longer apprenticeship to the Muses than we would recommend—namely, seven years. Sorry should we be to anticipate a period when hard times, and three or four more "bairns," by somewhat dimming the brightness of that *cantie* fire-side, might tend to banish both the muse and the blacksmith from its now sunny and charmed circle. This lamentable revolution, so often witnessed at the poor man's hearth, as his family and cares increase, requires that forethought, industry, resolution, and self-command should be summoned up in time, to ward off a too frequent catastrophe. To this change, a man so affectionate in his feelings and rational in his tastes as the blacksmith, is much less exposed than thoughtless fellows who squander their hard-gotten gains in the way he describes; and, holding Burns, he tells us, as his "darling poet," he need not be reminded of the Bard's noble sentiment—

> "What mak's fireside a happy clime
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."

Colloquies between the Shade of Dugald Stewart and a Phrenologist. By J. Slade, M.D., F.G.S., M.P.S.L., lately Physician to two Infirmaries, and author of "Letters on Phrenology;" on the "Physiology of the Brain;" and a "Treatise on Opthalmia."

This is a tolerable length of running title for a man of science; but by no means all the claims which Dr Slade has to distinction. As Dugald Stewart refused in his life-time to be convinced of the truth of the thirty-three organs then discovered, Dr Slade has boldly unsphered the spirit of the philosopher, to convert him, if possible, to the faith, on the principle, we suppose, of better late than never. The attempt is made in sixteen colloquies, each of which, by the way, is formally dedicated to different ladies and gentlemen.

Stewart, who makes admissions in favour of phrenology in Colloquy II., is considerably staggered in Colloquy V., and almost convinced at the close. In return for so much information upon phrenology, the philosopher, though at first shy of the topic, makes some discoveries of the secrets of his prison-house, or of the philosophers' heaven. Anacreon, Hume, and Voltaire, and their poetry and doctrines, do not seem favourites in those Elysian fields; but neither do we hear of Gall and Spurzheim. There is, with all this, and many peculiarities of the same sort, much that is ingenious in a book in which the shade of Dugald Stewart serves as an anvil to hammer the truth into the ignorant or unbelieving. A strain of elevated and generous sentiment pervades many of the colloquies. The VII., of which the text is *Acquisitiveness*, is, indeed, an excellent moral essay. Some rather remarkable sudden conversions to phrenology are recorded in these colloquies. The author himself was fortunate enough to have been converted by a lady of noble birth and great personal beauty; nor should we desire a more powerful missionary of any new, fashionable science.

With the greatest respect for Mr Combe's intellect, Dr Slade differs from him in one most important tenet. He holds that the grace of God, the divine influence or energy, may affect the mind of man, without the medium of material organs, while Mr Combe, as he states, argues "that a man cannot become penetrated by the love of God, except through the aid of sound and sufficient material organs." Dr Slade's opinion will probably help to explain certain phenomena, which have hitherto baffled phrenologists, where moral and religious character has been found in direct opposition to what might have been anticipated from cerebral developement. The case he has cited of a colonel in the East India Company's service, and many of similar character, is, we apprehend, only to be explained by the new principle. This gentleman, he states, "sustained a high reputation, for his great benevolence and rigidly religious life. He presented himself to me one morning, anxious that I should examine his head. He said—'I have a son in Edinburgh, whose vices and irregularities of life are great, and who pleads excuse for his habitual indulgences, on the ground of his being so organized as to render it impossible for him to abandon his pursuits. He has been to a phrenologist, who tells him that he has certain propensities powerfully developed—propensities exactly corresponding with those he has for many years been in the habit of indulging'"—And, to cut a long tale short, the Colonel "of large benevolence and a rigidly religious life," was determined to test phrenology by his own pate. Dr Slade, though at first reluctant, at last consented to do his best to solve the Colonel's doubts. He says, "The *intellectual* region I found well developed; the *moral* region comparatively small; the region of the propensities *unusually large*. Those of Approbation, Destructiveness, Firmness, and Amativeness, were the fullest developed of the animal passions; and they were so large as to leave no question in my mind that he had been actuated all through life in particular by these feelings."

But then the "great benevolence and rigidly religious life" were stumbling-blocks. Dr. Slade was naturally puzzled; but now comes the gist of the argument—the new and invaluable discovery. "My first observation," he says, "was to this effect:—'Sir, had I not been told you were a religious man, I would not have believed it from your conformation; but your head only confirms the truth of one position I have long maintained, and that is, that the organization has litt'e to do with the influence of Divine Grace. I doubt not the sincerity of your heart; your many good actions, your religious zeal, prove you to be honest; and the war between your natural passions and your holier desires, which are, as it were, superadded to your nature, must have been a powerful contest. Your nature, through the all-conquering power of the Deity, has yielded; and where pride triumphed, there is now humility; where apathy existed towards the distressed, there are now sympathy and compassion; envying and revilings have passed away, and the proud obduracy which marked your original character—that love of distinction which animated you in war, that cruelty

which you, without pain of conscience, committed, and that lust which you so inconsiderately indulged, have been brought into obedience to higher longings, and quelled in the vehemency of their tendencies." The Doctor spoke like an oracle; and the Colonel, "the deformed transformed," in spite of the ineradicable bumps which still bore testimony to his original vileness of nature, confessed that he had been a very pretty blackguard indeed, and a *coward* to boot; for his *combativeness* was very small. But the blacker the sinner the brighter the saint:—he was now a chosen vessel. To fifteen different cases of seduction, if we understand aright, he confessed on the spot, though he had long since repented of the ostentation of his former *bonnes fortunes* and the pollution of his life; and "he left me," says our author, "fully persuaded of the truth of phrenology; nor was I the less inclined to think highly of the doctrine I advocated, so confirmative was the case before me of its validity. The Colonel asked for a pen and ink, and wrote down all I had said, to shew it to one person who knew him almost as well as he knew himself." Upon this, the shade of Dugald Stewart sagely remarks—"This case certainly appears to be a corroboration of your science; and, backed by others equally so, would leave little room for any one to doubt its correctness."

The Colonel's case gives us a new view of Phrenology altogether; and, in time coming, many perplexing anomalies may be explained upon his principle; for wherever a man's developement is in contradiction to his self-denied and pure life, the cause is ascertained. And why may not the converse hold, and a man with the noblest moral and intellectual developement, and of small propensities, if divine influence is withheld, become sensual, cruel, false, and in every way profligate, in despite of his happily organized brain? These two positions ceded—and Dr Slade's of itself goes a great way—and Phrenology becomes a much less difficult science than it seems at present. To whatever the counteracting forces of the different organs, and of the temperaments, do not explain, we have obtained another key.

Dr Slade leaves off, combating the idea, that the doctrines of phrenology necessarily lead to fatalism, though such was the practical conclusion of the Colonel's profligate son, who sheltered, or rather claimed immunity for his vices under favour of his unfortunate organs. We rejoice to learn, by Dr Slade's discovery, that, in spite of them, he may yet become quite as virtuous and religious a character as his father, the old Indian Colonel.

The Masterpieces of English Prose Literature. Vol. IV.

We began to fear that, to the disgrace of the public taste, this excellent series had dropped. The appearance of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," and "The New Atlantis" of Bacon—most imaginative of philosophers!—has agreeably undeceived us. This is a work which ought to succeed, and which will succeed. The preliminary discourses of the editor, Mr St John, develope the nature and structure of the rare compositions given in the new volume, with precision and felicity, and with the same liberal philosophy which distinguishes all his writings.

Southey's Poetical Works. Vol. IV.

Gives us "Thalaba," the "wild Thalaba," which is prefaced by the author's tender and affecting reminiscences of the olden time, and the endeared locality in which much of his poetry was composed. "Madoc" was begun at Bath, in 1794, and finished at the village of Westbury, near Bristol, during the most fertile year of a most fertile literary life—a season of double crops. Mr Southey says:—"I was then in habits of the most frequent and intimate intercourse with Davy, then in the flower and freshness of his youth. We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground of that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Pneumatic Institution, he had to tell me of some new discovery or experiment, and of the views which it opened for him; and when he came to Westbury, there was a fresh portion of 'Madoc' for his hearing. Davy encouraged me with his hearty approbation during its progress; and the bag of nitrous oxyde, with which he generally regaled me upon my visits to him, was not required for raising my spirits to the degree of settled-fair, and keeping them at that elevation. In November 1836, I walked to that village with my son, to shew him a house endeared to me by so many recollections; but not a vestige of it remained, and local alterations rendered it impossible even to ascertain its site, which is now included within the grounds of a nursery! The bosom friends with whom I associated there have all departed before me; and of the domestic circle in which my happiness was then centred, I am the sole survivor." "Thalaba" was commenced while the author—ordered to the south of Europe for his health—remained wind-bound at Falmouth, walking on the beach, catching soldier-crabs, admiring the sea anemonies, and reading Gebir. It was sent home from Portugal, and published while Southey was still abroad. He says that, deserving a better reception than "Joan of Arc," it received a worse; but the world will not allow a poet, any more than another man, to be judge in his own case.

Confessions of an Elderly Lady.

The Countess of Blessington has created a helpmate for her Elderly Gentleman. Could she not, in some future volume, bring the unhappy counterparts together, and shed one gleam of sunshine upon the evening of their days of single discontentedness? The fictionists have become too stern and rigid in their distribution of retributive justice. We would have them be merciful as they are powerful. The story of this novel is simple enough. A young lady of large fortune and great personal beauty is, like too many of the sex, similarly privileged, fastidious and unreasonable. She loses different sincere and worthy lovers to whom she is deeply attached—in Scottish phrase, "out-sits her market"—and is punished according to her deserts, as, one by one, her lovers drop off, and form suitable and happy alliances with beautiful and less *exigeante* partners. There are some capital female strokes in the story, towards the close—as that where the old maidenly Arabella, still in excellent preservation, drops a couple of her quilted petticoats, that she may appear still slim and elegant in the eyes of an ancient admirer; who, bound to his gouty chair, and reflecting her lost years in her face, is no more ashamed of his chalk-stones than of his grandchildren. The old gentleman prattles of them, while his old love endeavours to astonish and mortify him by her youthful air, and the alertness of her movements as she proceeds to the dining-room, while he hobbles after her. Poor Arabella catches a dreadful cold, and is rendered lame, in consequence of the vanity of dropping her quilted petticoats; and her lame and aged lover is tacitly revenged. The Elderly Lady's Confessions are very handsomely *got up*, and adorned with portraits of the principal female characters, in the manner of very old editions of the English novelists, where were seen Clarissa, Pamela, and Amelia, in various aspects, and Sophia Western always with her muff.

Pascal Bruno.

How we must jumble things! A register of new publications is generally quite as miscellaneous in its contents as a stage-coach or an omnibus. "Pascal Bruno" is a translation from M. Alexander Dumas. It is a wild and extravagant fiction, written in a style which has not yet been, and which, we trust, never will be naturalized in the soil of England, though its rudiments may be traced in the compositions of "Monk Lewis," Maturin, and others. Many of the situations in "Pascal Bruno" are powerful and striking, and it is full of savage vigour—still we do not relish it. No matter; Mr Theodore Hook has thought it worthy of being introduced to the British public, and many of them will welcome it. In Prince Butra we have one original character, which might redeem a romance, as it helps to redeem degenerated Sicilian chivalry.

Trifles for Leisure Hours.

Here we have a lively and pleasant *melange* of Sketches, Essays, and Tales, in a variety of styles—the gay and happy predominating. We would not desire a more agreeable half-hour companion, for once and away.

Chess Guide.

Mr Lewis, the Modern or English Philidor, has put forth yet another work upon the game he understands so well. This "Chess-Board Companion," though his smallest, is not his least meritorious work on chess. It is intended as an Introduction or guide to beginners, and contains all that ninety-nine players in the hundred—or may we not say nine hundred and ninety-nine in the thousand?—can ever properly digest. We speak from some experience, when we say that, when beginners have mastered this small tome, they may repair to our Edinburgh Chess Club, without undue apprehensions; though we would certainly not advise them to try a fall with Bailie Donaldson.

Sketches of Young Gentlemen,

Come *second* to the clever "Sketches of Young Ladies," which we noticed last year with "great applause." They are, nevertheless, graphic and lively. The Illustrations are sometimes outrageous caricatures.

More Hints on Etiquette

Have been published, illustrated by CRUIKSHANK. They are in the style of those we have quoted in the notice of the "Comic Almanac," though scarcely so terse or piquant.

Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry. By Alexander Bethune, a labourer.

These stories are written by a man who has spent his life among the sort of people and amidst the scenes he has described. They are faithful, if homely pictures of the loves, the joys, the trials, and sorrows of the humbler classes in Scotland—of sensible, manly working-men, village coquettes, and the gentle hearts that pine and die of unrequited affection in poor men's huts. The author is another of that host of self-taught men who have struggled into notice in the course of the present century. He has had the misfortune of being severely injured, and of losing an eye in the course of his labours as a quarrier; and, while unfit for work, his amusement was the composition of these tales and little poems, which he mentions in apology. They, however, require no apology. They are rustic but not rude, and will be popular, not only with the peasantry of Scotland, but with those who know and love their character and ways. The simple pathos of "The Fate of the Fairest," and the cheerful moral of "The Three Handsel Mondays," have our special commendation.

Selections from the Latin Anthology. Translated into English Verse, by John Dunlop, Esq. Edinburgh: Clark.

Mr Dunlop is already known favourably to the student by his elaborate "History of Roman Literature." In his present work, he has furnished a valuable addition to our stock of classical translations, and to the knowledge of many who, though well acquainted with the writings of Horace and Virgil, have hitherto never dreamed of the beauties of Pentadius and Avienus. He divides the selection into two classes, the first comprising reliques of the older Latin poets; the second, of the ingenious trifiers in epigram, acrostic, and serpentine verses, who flourished between the reign of the Antonines and the end of the reign of Honorius. The versions are smooth and elegant, combining, in general, ease and harmony, with great accuracy and propriety of expression. He has prefaced the work with some interesting remarks on the literary character of the periods in which the anthologists lived.

The Satires and Epistles of Horace,

Have been "interpreted" by David Hunter, Esq., in a genial, gentlemanly, and Horatian spirit. We have been tempted to give specimens of these translations; but, without greater space than the *monthlies* can afford to such ancient-fashioned gentlemen as Horace or his classical interpreters, we could not do any justice to a volume which is sure, in any event, to attract the notice of scholars.

WIELAND'S GAUDALIN; OR, LOVE FOR LOVE, has been translated by Francis Hope, Esq., and one or two small volumes of *original* poetry are before us, which must await their audit.

Hood's Own.

The Comic Annual is here reproduced, with its inimitable original illustrations, in one striking monthly number. It opens with the PUGSLEY PAPERS. A great bargain may not be given, as the literary market goes, for the money; but then the article is compounded, as ladies like their tipple, "little and good."

Anglo-India, Social, Moral and Political.

We have here three volumes of gleanings, the cream, so to speak, of the *Asiatic Journal*, for a length of time. The lighter sketches are, in general, entertaining, and will form very pleasant half-hour's reading. The biographies are of greater merit.

British Power in India.

The Second volume of "Auber's History of the Rise and Progress of the British Power in India," has just appeared. It completes an accurate and pains-taking work, in which the author, who was secretary to the Board of Directors, has made diligent use of the opportunities of acquiring information afforded by the nature of his appointment.

Le Bijou Litteraire,

Is a collection of traits, stories, anecdotes, and literary extracts, gleaned by C. Victor Martin, "*professeur de langue Francaise*," for the use of students of that tongue. There is rather too much of Napoleon and *la gloire* in it for our taste in juvenile books, otherwise the First Part is well adapted to its purpose, and amusing withal; while the Second contains many excellent and unhackneyed extracts from classical French writers.

The Family Library, No. LXIV. A History of the Bastile and of the Principal Captives.

This is a very curious and interesting volume, which we heartily commend to all admirers of despotic governments. The history of this single State prison records more of human misery, the consequence of arbitrary power, than, we venture to predict, will be found in the public annals of the mighty United States of America, from their confederation onwards to the tenth century of their existence. The sufferings of Latude alone, would have justified the French Revolution.

Proverbial Philosophy; a Book of Thoughts and Arguments, &c. &c. By Martin Farquharson Tupper, Esq., M.A.

These proverbs, and pithy condensed sayings, treat of the duties and social relations of life, and are arranged in a quaint, antithetical, and Hebraic style. The mode is more original than the matter, which is often flat; or a sequence of commonplaces and truisms in fine disguises.

A Visit to the British Museum.

This is a compendious and popular guide-book to the treasures contained in the different chambers of the national repository; and also a very amusing descriptive volume. It is in a series of dialogues between Mr Edwards, a London gentleman; his little son; and his nephew, Basil Montague, a young gentleman from the country.

Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays.

We sincerely rejoice in the re-appearance of a sterling work, now long out of print, and coming out in a form which places it within the reach of numerous purchasers. Still more do we rejoice in the prospect that this volume may be followed by others, until we have a complete cheap edition of the Miscellaneous Writings of this vigorous and original writer, and brilliant critic.

Conversations on Nature and Art. Second Series.

This pleasant melange for the juveniles is precisely the same in character and object as its predecessor, though it probably rises to more expanded capacities. The persons who carry on the dialogues are our former acquaintances, Mrs Fortescue, Mrs Clifford, and her children.

Popular Surgery. Translated from the French of M. Mayor, by Dr Thomas Cutler.

This book deserves to be known. Its object is original and its directions, we doubt not, are accurate and scientific. It professes to afford plain directions in cases of

accident, contagions, diseases, poisoning, &c. &c., when no regular practitioner can be got. Something of the same kind we have seen foisted into the fag-end of popular medical books, and particularly the universal Buchan. But here is a complete treatise which, in emergencies, will be found particularly useful to country families, ship-captains, emigrants, and persons engaged in extensive mining and manufacturing operations, where accidents are wofully frequent, and where ignorance and helplessness cause not only mischief, but not seldom the loss of life and limb. The work will also be useful in mechanics' reading clubs, as artisans are peculiarly liable to many of the casualties for which the ready remedy is described.

Murphy on Teeth.

No part of the human economy receives the tenth part of the attention paid to the teeth. Treatises on teeth appear at least once a-quarter, and *dentistry*, as we find it called, is growing into a profession which numbers nearly as many members as surgery. Great rogues many of them are, according to Mr Murphy, and we can well believe him; and therefore, in name of the deluded public, receive his warnings and experiences as good offices. His book is rather for dentists than general readers, though some of its recommendations are of the simple and popular nature calculated to make every lady and gentleman, if not their own *dentist*, yet their own teeth-preserver.

Hudson's Plain Directions for Making Wills.

A Second Edition of this plain useful Treatise has been published, with special reference to the late alteration of the law regarding wills and intestacy. Are our readers aware of the increased necessity and duty of making a will which arise from the provisions of this act? The book, of course, does not refer to Scotland, but may be useful there.

Illustrated Family Bible.

Smith & Elder have just issued Part I. of Brown of Haddington's "Self-Interpreting Family Bible." It is somewhat in the style of the *illuminated* volumes of the early ages of printing, and remarkably tasteful and elegant in its decorations. The size, a foolscap folio, is not unwieldily large; the letterpress is beautiful, and the paper of first-rate quality. The work, notwithstanding the many ornamented Bibles published, is worthy of high commendation, and the attention of those laying wisely the foundations of their family treasures and heir-looms. It is to be completed in twenty Parts. The original work is too well known to require any notice from us, of those notes, annotations, and concordance which have stamped its value and authority.

Pietas Privata, or the Book of Private Devotions, Is a neat, nice, very little book, of *Prayers* and *Meditations*, selected chiefly from the works of Hannah More.

Mr A. Bell, by his title page, Professor of Elocution, has published a portion of the New Testament, for the purpose of improving the public and private reading of the Scriptures. This is attempted to be effected by a peculiar, or what is called rhetorical punctuation, by printing the emphatic words in capital letters, and other signs. One would require, perhaps, to be a professor of elocution to understand all the merits of the design, which, we have no doubt, may be subservient to teaching both young and old to read with the understanding, as well as to improving their style of reading.

The Cabinet Lawyer.

It appears unnecessary for us to say anything in recommendation of a work on which the public have set their unequivocal seal of approbation, by the purchase of nine large editions in the course of as many years. As a popular exposition of English law, in all its branches, public, civil, and criminal, it is greatly superior to anything we have seen, and more information will be derived from a perusal of it, than from Blackstone or the other books to which unprofessional persons are in the practice of resorting. A very great proportion of this comprehensive and cheap volume is as applicable to Scotland as to England; and we have nowhere so complete an analysis of the numerous statutes, whereby the criminal law of England, and in part also that of Scotland, has, within the last half century, been so materially modified and changed. In perusing this volume, we have been struck with the great similarity, in many respects, between Scotch and English law; and, did our space permit, we think we could shew that the very desirable object of having one system of law for the whole united kingdom, is not a work so very difficult as is commonly imagined. A very slight view of the subject would shew that much may be taken from the law of either country beneficial to that of the other; and the time is surely now come, that, by means of a code or otherwise, the people generally should have some means of knowing authoritatively the system of law to which their lives, liberty, and property are subjected. It is fearful to think of the number of illegal acts of one sort or another one is yearly committing through ignorance of their illegality.

An Essay on the Coins of Rome, Greece, England, and Scotland, &c. &c. On Silver Pennies, Scottish Bodles, and Queen Anne's Farthings. By William Tell, Medallist, and Member of the Numasmatic Society.

This is rather a curious piece of learned antiquarianism, into which our readers may look or not, as they are inclined. The public at large, we apprehend, are wonderfully indifferent to all coins, save those "current in this realm," except as bullion or old copper. In the long catalogue of coin and medal collectors, we notice but one in Scotland. The clergy, as a profession, appear the most remarkable coin collectors in England. In the present state of the coin market, we find that the best Queen Anne farthings are worth from £3 to £5—descending so low, for the inferior qualities, as ten or twelve shillings. —The essay will, we doubt not, be useful as a guide to collectors of coins and medals.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

A laboured and sophistical apology for just as much of the democratic principle as was requisite to the new system in France—to dethroning the elder branch of the Bourbons, and planting the Orleans family upon the throne of the Barricades, but stopping there—has been put forth by Guizot, in the *Revue Francaise*, and is translated, for the enlightenment or check of the Movement party in England, as it was written for the kindred party in France. The article, "Democracy in Modern Societies," attempts to prove that, its great object being now accomplished, the further progress of the democratic principle would be only destructive, and that Universal Suffrage would originate the worst of all tyrannies. "What," says M. Guizot, "do those very Governments do which call themselves founded upon that principle? [Such as the American Government, we presume.] They struggle hard against its consequences; they toil incessantly to restrain the power of the many, after having pompously proclaimed it. How much quackery and inconsistency, how much deceit and peril, in this pretended *intronization* of the multitude! The majority in Universal Suffrage is neither the positive proof of the legitimacy of power, nor its best security. Experience proclaims it loudly. But I wish to go deeper into the question of the right of suffrage, and of the guarantees of liberty. Let us beware: we are becoming narrow and gross-minded." How does the reader think? Why, thus:—"Nice and complicated facts, indirect influences, scientific combinations, escape us. *Wherever we do not see meetings, elections, balloting urns, votes, we consider absolute power and liberty as being without guarantees.*" The English are quite as apt to look for these outward signs and securities as the French. Guizot ridicules the principle of right in the suffrage; neither women nor minors enjoy or claim it. The denial of it cannot be an iniquity, or three-fourths of mankind could not permanently be subjected to it; for no one, save Condorcet and Godwin, have yet claimed political rights for women. The principles which ought to regulate the social system, according to M. Guizot, are, "Respect for public authorities; the legal subordination of the individual will; the

division of rights according to capacity"—a principle which we do not pretend to understand, as enunciated here; "and everywhere security for liberty, at all steps of the social ladder; but power placed above, for the concerns of society are high, and cannot be managed from below." These principles kept in view, it matters not, we are told, whether the society be democratical or aristocratical, or its Government monarchical or republican—that is to say, in name; for, in essence, they are all the same, if these "conservative principles of social order" are maintained. Democracy, in the long strife, having completed its conquest, ought to have its further progress arrested, as it can only prove destructive to every rising society. It was useful in its day; but now, "Thanks to the victory of the good cause, and to God who gave it us, situations and interests are changed." And so they are, whether those of the dominant English Whigs, of the King of the Barricades, or M. Guizot. We are all changed; and how? "No more war from those below against those above," says the former Liberal. "No more motive for raising the standard of the many against the few. No more legitimate cause—no more specious pretext—for the maxims, the pretensions, the passions, so long placed under the standard of democracy. What was formerly democracy would now be anarchy; democratical spirit is now, and will long be, nothing but revolutionary spirit. . . . . The relative situation of the little and the great, of the poor and the rich, is now regulated justly and liberally. Every one has his rights, his place, his prospects. . . . . An old democratical routine is especially fatal to us, inasmuch as it lowers and narrows all persons as well as things." This *brochure* will be highly prized, by the Conservative Whigs especially. Let them not forget that their Gallican Burke calls a halt in the social movement, from a far more advanced position than they have attained. He looks to a society which is neither trammelled by hereditary legislation, nor cramped and corrupted by the law of primogeniture, insolent aristocratic privilege, or a grinding state church.

Remarks on the Evils of Primogeniture. By Henry Camphin.

A sensible small pamphlet, inscribed to Mr Ewart, exposing that crying iniquity of aristocratic institutions which is at once the cause and effect of many of its immoralities, and of all the national and social mischief which arise from the inordinate disproportion of fortunes.

FINE ARTS.

The Baptism of the Covenanters.

An engraving from HARVEY'S *Covenanters' Baptism*, the companion picture to his *Covenanters' Preaching*, has just been published by Hodgson & Graves. The engraving is executed by Wagstaff, in a manner worthy of the painting. *The Baptism*, if not the most powerful of Harvey's series of national pictures, is certainly the sweetest, and that in which he has most felicitously combined the beautiful with the true. This artist, we believe, at once took a high place among his cotemporaries, though we are tempted to think not exactly that to which public taste must yet elevate him; as, from admiration of graceful forms and brilliant colouring, it shall rise to that subtilty and delicacy of perception which penetrates the soul of Art, and sees in its choicest master-pieces the eloquent expounders of the invisible as well as of the visible beautiful. Much might be said on this topic, and on the distinction which ought to be made between *historical* painters and *national* painters, to which last small class of artists we would claim Mr Harvey—if he be not rather one of its founders. To return to the engraving of *The Baptism*, it is gratifying to national pride to reflect that this beautiful print will go abroad among other nations, and prove what a kindly-affectioned, manly, and even handsome race, those stalwart rebellious Covenanters were, of whom Scotland is so proud. The prevailing charm of this picture, is sweetness, gentleness, and purity of expression—we need not add truth; for, of all Harvey's paintings, "Faithful and true" may be affirmed. The value of *The Baptism* is enhanced by its stern predecessor, and its heroic successor, *The Battle of Drumclog*. Some of the earnest and resolute faces in *The Covenanters' Preaching*, re-appear in *The Baptism*, under the influence of the softer feelings; and in the countenances of the women in particular, a beaming expression of human interest and love has taken place of the grave concentration of feeling with which they listened to the Preacher. Of all Protestant religious ceremonies, infant baptism admits the freest mingling of the natural sympathies with devotional feelings; and here the scene and the period aggrandize the interest. The scene of the picture is of a softer character than that of *The Preaching*. A stupendous mountain range forms the back-ground, but the chosen recess where the persecuted remnant seek shelter from Claverhouse and the moss-troopers, is a lovely spot, rich in plants and herbage, and studded with craggy knolls and grassy slopes, over which the worshippers are charmingly grouped. From a sparkling cascade, a little *linn*, the pastor of the mountain-flock lifts the purifying waters of baptism. This natural font, and many other happy accessaries, give the celebration of the rite a more poetic and impressive character than if it took place in the most gorgeous cathedral. The costume is, throughout, faithful to the country and the age, without that minute preciseness which, though often called clever, sometimes, we confess, strikes us as littleness, or mere trick. Indeed, it is as well to confess that every other artistical merit in this design is secondary to the expression and sentiment which pervades it. Save the younger children, and the admirable *collies*, every living thing is wrapt in serene contemplation of the solemn yet sweet rite that is performing. Every feeling of the assembled worshippers is attuned to harmony, in witnessing those little ones received within the pale of the visible church, and made partakers of that glorious heritage, which has become more precious from the hot persecution then raging. But persecutors and tyrants are forgotten in that hour. How deep the brooding love of the youthful matron who receives back her *Christian* babe, while the father's looks of manly tenderness follow it to the sanctuary of her bosom! How bright the smiles of the happy maiden who restores it—the proud god-mother, so far as Presbytery permits such heterodox spiritual relationships! Still finer is the motherly gladness, the genial complacency, mantling the faces of the grand-dames and grandsires, and the female gossips; while these again are exquisitely discriminated from the stern gentleness stealing visibly over the features of the steel-girt elders of the congregation, and the sympathetic looks of the younger armed men, as they look on their brother in faith and in righteous resistance, presenting his infant to the minister. *The Baptism* is of a size which fits it in form as in character to be the *pendant* of the *Covenanter's Preaching*. No two pictures that ever appeared in Great Britain display, with so much mastery in art, so much of a people's history.

Scenery in Mid-Lothian.

A first, we believe, and certainly a very creditable attempt has been made in Edinburgh to bring out engravings in that style of cheap elegance of which London has set the example. The subject chosen is the "Scenery of Edinburgh and Mid-Lothian." The designs are by W. B. Scott, the engraving by R. Scott. Ten plates, which, in execution, are highly honourable to Scottish art, are stored in a neat portfolio; which also contains a detached description of the scenery illustrated, and of Edinburgh in the olden time, written with considerable vivacity, and beautifully printed. And this elegant publication, with the engravings on India paper, and other embellishments, is sold for six shillings; and, in an humbler garb, for three and sixpence! It is far too low-priced; for, at the same rate, the publishers could not prosper in any field, and much less in the comparatively narrow one of Scotland. Among the finest and most characteristic subjects are, *Craig-Millar Castle*, *The Hunter's Bog*, and *Edinburgh from the Cat Nick*. But the plates are all really beautiful; and we can only wish that the reward of the publishers may be equal to their spirited attempt.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

CANADA continues to be the subject of paramount interest; and every report from that country is looked for with anxiety. The present year teems with great events. That tranquillity is restored on the western continent, or that matters can be brought back to the situation in which they were only a few months ago, no man who is in the slightest degree acquainted with history will assert. Britain has committed a great political crime, which not only the present generation, but men yet unborn, will rue. Her legislature has passed an act unequalled in the annals of despotism. The constitution of the most populous and most important colony of the British empire has been annihilated—suspended, it is called; but there is no certainty that it will soon or ever be restored. We, along with our more worthy coadjutors of the press, have now for many years been loud and incessant in the exposure of the atrocities of the Tories during their long reign of power; but when we were holding up the iniquities of the past, we never imagined that, in our own time, we should have been the witnesses of so barefaced, so atrocious, so unprincipled an exertion of might over right. Talk of the proceedings of 1794, 1799, of 1819, of Castlereagh's Gagging Bills, of the sanctified iniquity of Sidmouth, of Somerset's doings at the Cape!—they are mere dust in the balance compared with the recent enactment of the British legislature. What is its justification? Why, that a political controversy having arisen in the colony, men of the most respectable character took different sides, and have, as universally happens, where the opinions are honestly and conscientiously entertained, expressed them with energy and vehemence, and have taken every legitimate means in their power to render what they conscientiously believed to be the just cause triumphant. The dominant party—which means those who have the command of the army—thought their opponents had gone beyond the proper limit of persons in the subordinate capacity of an opposition, and attempted to apprehend them; with the view, no doubt of their trial for one or other of the conveniently indefinite crimes of treason, misprison of treason, sedition, or what our Scotch law calls leasing-making—anything, in short, which displeases the "powers that be." In the attempt to seize, by the uncalled for employment of an armed force, these men, for an imaginary offence, their neighbours and dependents turned out, and repelled force by force—judging that an affair which was set about in robber-like fashion could not be the act of a lawful Government. Before these "volunteer and yeomanry" attempts to enforce the law, there had not been a single attempt to resist the ordinary officers of the law in the execution of their duty.

That the peasantry were justified in giving the slightest impediment to any sort of person clothed with official authority, we are the last to assert; nor do we think that, had they been put down at St Denis, instead of defeating the soldiery, much notice would have been taken of the matter. But because an unnecessary resort to military force has had the general result of raising up resistance, and that only in a village or two, it has been considered a justification for placing the whole people of Lower Canada beyond the pale of the law. It is assumed, not only without the shadow of evidence, but in direct contradiction to the evidence, that the House of Assembly participated in the revolt, and that Papineau is at the head of it. But what single circumstance is there to induce such a belief? One only—that, after the office of the *Vindicator*—the only liberal paper in Montreal—had been sacked by a lawless Orange banditti—after the life of every man of liberal opinions had been threatened by armed assassins—Papineau, as any other man of common sense would have done under similar circumstances, retired into the country. How can any one implicate *him*, the Legislative Assembly, or the people of Lower Canada generally with the late insurrection? And why, because two or three hundred of an easily excited population have taken arms, are half a million of men to be punished by the deprivation of their rights of freemen, and placed under a dictatorship?

But the first act of the drama has closed. The result is, that 8000 men have been added to our army—a force exceeding the number of the whole regular force of the United States. A British soldier, though he only receives a shilling a-day, costs the country, in barracks, moving from place to place, pensions, allowances, and by employing three times the number of officers to command him that is necessary—as nearly as may be, one hundred pounds a-year. Hence, the Canada insurrection has already entailed upon us a taxation something approaching to *one million a-year*. Then, war with the United States can hardly be avoided. We care nothing for the letters passing from the British embassy to the United States' Ministers of Foreign Relations—we look to facts. The Duke of Wellington is quite right. If you are to keep the Canadas, you must have a great war—by which we understand, that we must either conquer the States, or that they must conquer us. The tocsin is again sounded. *Delenda est Carthago*, is the maxim. In a warfare between Britain and Canada, the United States *will not be neutral*. Can any one doubt which side they will take? Look at the necessity—for it is nothing else—of the Northern States of the Union having the navigation of the St Lawrence free from obstruction. Look at the *necessity* of the whole Union having their northern frontier protected from invasion. Look at the North-Eastern Boundary Question; at the *necessity* of the Northern States having the Canadas to meet the increasing preponderance in Congress of the slave-holding states, acquired by the annexation of Texas, and the other southern provinces. We hold at naught, we say, the documents which have passed between the British and American Governments. We look to facts. With the greatest difficulty have the American authorities, in the states of Vermont and New York, prevented a *levé en masse*, for the purpose of marching into Upper Canada. The insurgents in Lower Canada, in the first instance, and on Navy Island afterwards, were armed entirely with American muskets and cannon. On their departure from Navy Island, the insurgents, as we learn from the best authority, re-delivered to officers of the United States' army, the cannon they had seized, because it was inconvenient, or rather impossible, to carry them along with them; and they were received as state property, without remark, and without any attempt to punish those who had *taken the use of them*. We believe there is no previous instance of the arsenals of any State having been so extensively plundered as those of America, on the Canada frontier, and so little complaint or defence made. Yet, with all their experience of the pilfering practices of the patriots, in as far as arms are concerned, on the very same day that the State cannon was delivered up at Grand Island, 400 muskets were *seized* at Munroe, being weapons more portable in Canadian warfare. The States are neutral—at least in writing, at present. Why? Because they want to see the full extent of the disaffection in the Canadas, and to allow the discontent to be increased, by the harsh measures resorted to by the British Legislature. Besides, they are not prepared for warfare. They have recently suffered the most extraordinary embarrassments from errors in relation to their currency, from which they are only beginning to recover; but these embarrassments will pass off shortly, and, before the expiry of the Presidency of Van Buren, the Canadas will either be surrendered by Britain, or we shall have war with the United States.

We hardly venture to speak of the proceedings in Upper Canada, in the terms they deserve. Can anything be more atrocious than Head's conduct? Chivalrous it has been called; but the real object of it was to drive his political opponents to rebellion, and then let loose

upon them his armed Orangemen, and either massacre them or force them to leave the colony, leaving their lands and other property as the prey of his myrmidons. His policy has fully succeeded in its aim; for hundreds of families have already taken refuge in the United States. Surely some one will bring Head's conduct before Parliament.

Mr Buckingham in America.—By a paragraph in *The New York Gazette*, we observe that our eloquent countryman is delivering lectures in that city, with great success. We cannot wish him a better reception in the great towns of the United States, than he met with in this our Scottish metropolis. His lectures gave universal satisfaction.

SCOTLAND.

Destitution in the Highlands.—The Committee appointed in the spring of last year for procuring subscriptions for alleviating the distress in the Highlands, have published their report. It appears that the total subscriptions received, amounted to L.16,553, and the sums expended to L.13,515, leaving in hand a balance of L.3,038. Of the expenditure, L.7,639 was sent to the West Highlands, and L.5,358 to the North Highlands, Shetland, and Orkney. It appears, from this report, as we anticipated, that the outcry about want of food was grossly exaggerated; for, of the L.7,639 sent to the west coast, only L.49 was for food, and L.7,589 for seed-corn; so that the Highland lairds have had their estates sown last year out of the money collected for charity! Have they discharged the rent of the year 1836, or does it hang over the heads of their tenantry in the shape of arrears? We have no doubt that the latter supposition is the fact; and thus, as we predicted at the time, if grain and not meal was sent, the lairds have pocketed the subscription raised for their poor oppressed tenants and cottars. But what we have to beg attention to, is the attempt that is now proposed to be made to procure public money to a large amount, to encourage emigration from the Highlands, under the pretence of appropriating the surplus of L.3,038. The Committee state their opinion to be, "that money may be most beneficially employed, not only in assisting some of the old people to accompany some of the younger members of the family to Australia, but also in aiding a *very large* emigration to Canada. With reference to the latter, the committee *entertain a very confident hope that the Government may be induced to aid liberally.*" It will, no doubt, be exceedingly convenient for the Highland proprietors—who take care never to assess themselves for the support of the poor—to get rid of their worn-out labourers at the public expense; for, to suppose that the proprietors will give any material contribution for the purpose, is contradicted by all experience. But, as the late Lord Selkirk has shewn in his book on "Highland Emigration," the project of diminishing the population, and lessening distress in the Highlands by emigration, is utterly hopeless. For example, he shews that the population of Skye, in 1755, was 11,252, and in 1794, 14,470; though between 1772 and 1791, 4000 people had emigrated, and at least 8000 had left the island to settle in the low country. At present, though the emigration has continued ever since with little interruption, the population exceeds 20,000. Mr. Irvine, in his "Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of Emigration," relates, upon the testimony of a person of unquestionable veracity, who had personal knowledge of the fact, that, "in 1790, a place on the west coast contained 1900 inhabitants, of whom 500 emigrated the same year to America. In 1801, a census was taken, and the same spot contained 1,967, though it had furnished 87 men for the army and navy, and not a single stranger had settled in it."

We suspect that the committee have inadequate notions of the expense of removing great bodies of men to distant countries; but there are sufficient data for ascertaining the fact. In 1823 and in 1825, two bodies of emigrants were settled in Canada at the public expense. The emigration in 1823 consisted of 568 Irish emigrants, and cost about £22 for each; that in 1825 consisted of 2024 persons, the expense of settling them was £43,145, or £20 to each person. Suppose that it was resolved to furnish 25 000 persons with the means of emigrating, the expense would be half a million. How much of this sum would the Highland lairds advance? To talk of commencing a *very large* emigration to Canada, because the committee have £3000 in hand, is mere folly.

But we deny that there is any surplus population in the Highlands. Indeed, it is only a few years since the press resounded with lamentations that the introduction of sheep, and the increase of the size of farms, had caused their depopulation. Let the proprietors encourage the fisheries, which are in a great measure neglected; let them give inducements to farmers of skill and capital, from the south of Scotland, to take their farms, by giving them leases of a proper endurance, at a low rent; let them establish manufactures for which the country is adapted—for instance, the spinning and making into cloth the wool of their sheep. What is to prevent the establishment of woollen manufactures in the Highlands, as well as at Galashiels and Hawick? The project of saving the Highland proprietors from putting their hands into their pockets, by shipping off their old dependants at the public expence, ought to be resisted to the utmost, not only as a useless and uncalled for expenditure of the public money, but as tending to keep the Highlanders in their present state of ignorance and misery.

The Scottish Clergy.—The outrageous conduct of the Edinburgh clergy, in preferring to seize and distrain the goods of their parishioners, and to imprison their persons, rather than accept the offer of £500 a-year, made them by the Town Council, renders the subject of the present mode of payment of the established clergy of Scotland one of interest. It appears to us, that, not only in Edinburgh, but throughout the whole kingdom, the mode of payment is extremely objectionable. The revenues of the clergy in Scotland before the Reformation, were very large. Sir George Mackenzie estimates the tithes paid to them at one-fourth part of the rents of lands, and their lands at another fourth—or, in other words, at one-half of the land rents of the kingdom. Forbes remarks, that the "clergy were most justly subjected to the payment of the half of the last roll in all public impositions." There can be no doubt that here, as elsewhere, the wealth of the Church, and the prospect of sharing in its spoil, was the great cause of the rapid adoption of Reformed opinions in religion. A scramble took place between the clergy and the nobility for the plunder, and, as might have been foreseen, the latter were the victorious party. Immediately after the Reformation, the ministers presented an application to the Convention of Estates, "praying that the patrimony of the Church should be employed to the sustentation of the ministry, the provision of schools, and entertainment of the poor." Had this application been granted, there would have been upwards of two millions a-year available for these purposes, instead of £300,000, as at present. But, as Spottiswoode remarks, "this proposal was not very pleasing to divers of the nobility; who, though they liked well enough to have the Pope, his authority and doctrine, condemned, had no will to quit the church patrimony, wherewith, in that stirring time, they had possessed themselves." In the "First Book of Discipline," the clergy again renewed their demands, stating, that "to our grief we hear that some gentlemen are now more rigorous in exacting the tithes and other duties paid before to the Church than ever the Papists were; and so the tyranny of priests is turned into the tyranny of lords or lairds; for this we require that the gentlemen, barons, lords, earls, and others *be content to live upon their own rents, and suffer the Church to be restored to her right and liberty;* that, by her restitution, the poor that have heretofore been oppressed, may now receive some comfort and relaxation." The cant here about the poor is amusing. For the Ministers go on to demand not only that the whole tithes, not forgetting those of lint, fish, and cheese, should be surrendered to them, "but also all things relative to hospitality in time past," with all the lands and houses belonging to priests, colleges, friars, and religious persons of all orders, "likewise the whole revenues of the temporalities of bishops, deans, and archdeacons, with all rents of land pertaining to cathedral

churches." And, not content with all this, they conclude with this modest proposal:—"And, further, we think, that merchants and craftsmen, in free burghs, who have nothing to do with manuring the ground, ought to make some provision in their cities and towns, and dwelling-places, for the support of the church and necessities thereof." These demands of the reformed church were very justly pronounced to be exorbitant, the nobility not being able to see how the Protestant clergy were any better entitled than themselves to the plunder of the Catholic Church. The clergy, however, long entertained hopes of being able to recover what they affected to consider their just rights; and John Knox expressed to the Regent Morton his conviction, that these hopes would sooner or later be realized: to which the Regent, who had obtained a large share of church property, made the characteristic reply—"that it was nothing but a devout imagination." Such was the rapacity of the lords and lairds—"the landed interest"—that the clergy were reduced to the greatest distress, and many had to give up their livings. As late as 1617, the highest stipend was only 1000 merks Scots, about L.55 sterling: but most of them did not exceed from L.20 to L.30. By a statute in 1633, the minimum was raised to 800 merks; but no maximum having been fixed, the Lords of Session exercised a discretion of augmenting the stipends at their discretion, where there were teinds in the parish which could be allocated. The consequences thence arising were unexpected, and most pernicious to the land proprietors; but we have not space to trace them in the present Register.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS—TRADE AND THE CORN LAWS.—The great argument against the repeal of the Corn-Laws, and in favour of the prohibition of the importation of foreign food of all sorts, is, that we ought not to be dependent for the means of subsistence on foreign nations—rivals sometimes, and, as our aristocracy have managed our affairs, generally our enemies. The welfare of the landed interest—that is, of the owners of land, (whose preponderance, as Lord John Russell had the extraordinary indiscretion to reveal, was the real object of the Reform Act)—is not a matter in which the great body of the people of any country, and especially of Britain, need take any peculiar interest; because their numbers are very inconsiderable, probably not a hundred thousand in the united kingdom; and because every one is aware that they have not only the leisure and inclination, but the power, by their possession of the Upper House of Parliament, and by the great majority they possess in the Lower, to do themselves, at least, justice. The notion, that paying more than we need or ought to do for our food, enables us the more easily to bear the burden of our taxes, was once a favourite argument—if it ever could be so called; but its absurdity has, of late years, become so palpable even to the advocates of the land-owners, that it would be superfluous farther to advert to it. We object to be dependent on foreigners for food—why do we not also object to depend on them for clothing? The dress of our working classes—that is, of at least seven-eighths of the community—is composed almost entirely, and that of the other eighth, is, in a great measure, of cotton. Yet of cotton-wool, the material for this dress, not one ounce is or can be produced in the United Kingdom. We are, with an exception so trifling as to be hardly worthy of notice, entirely dependent on foreigners for this staple article, not only of our home consumption and manufactures, but, as we shall shew immediately, of our foreign commerce. And, fortunate it is, that our climate is so cold and intemperate that the cultivation of cotton in Britain, whatever labour and expense may be bestowed on it, is utterly hopeless; otherwise our land-owners would have extended their restrictive or prohibitory system against the importation of cotton-wool. No matter although we could have imported cotton-wool at one-half of the expense we could have raised it: its importation, without a "countervailing duty," would have been reprobated within as well as without the walls of Parliament, by the pulpit and the press; and free trade in cotton would have been held up as a scheme devised by Jacobins and Radicals, by Republicans and Revolutionists, for the overthrow of the established constitution in Church and State, and for depriving Britain of the proud pre-eminence she has long enjoyed, of being "the wonder of surrounding nations, and the envy of the world." In truth, there is not one of the arguments constantly used against the free importation of corn, and in favour of the prohibition of foreign animal food, cattle, sheep, &c., which would not have applied with equal force to the importation of cotton-wool, the chief material of our clothing. It is indeed wonderful that the landed interest did not think we might have done very well with woollen clothing.

The manufacture of cotton is by far our most important branch of trade. Without taking into view the shipping employed in importing the raw material and exporting the manufactured article, the masons and other artisans who erect the factories and construct the machinery, one million and a half of persons are constantly employed within the United Kingdom in the spinning and weaving of cotton. Of the capital engaged in it we may form some conjecture, from the circumstance that the total value of the goods annually manufactured exceeds forty millions; and of its value as a branch of foreign trade, that it formed twenty-five out of forty-seven millions being the total declared value of our exports in 1836. The quantity of cotton wool annually consumed by us, exceeds three hundred millions of pounds weight; and it is a singular circumstance that so enormous a quantity of an article the cultivation of which is necessarily confined to a few countries, is yearly procured, not only during peace, but during war, with so much regularity and certainty, that for ages the operations of our factories have never been suspended by the deficiency of the raw material. We are told that, if trade in corn were free, foreigners would combine to starve us. Why do they not combine to destroy our most important manufacture, a manufacture which they are using the utmost efforts to foster at home, and at the same time denude us of clothing?—for that would be the practical result. It would be much easier for the few countries which produce cotton to enter into combination, than for the whole habitable world, which produces corn, or food of some sort or other.

We are glad to see that, at Manchester, and in other manufacturing districts, public attention is at length awakened to the pernicious effects of the corn-laws, (including under this term the prohibition of, or restriction on the importation of food of all kinds,) and we can assure them that no time should be lost in using the most strenuous exertions for their repeal. Had one-half of the talent, perseverance, and money been expended on this object that has been used in organizing combinations of workmen to keep up wages, we should not now have to complain of a nuisance which is fast ruining the commercial prosperity of Britain; and, without commerce, how long would a national bankruptcy be averted? It is the fashion at present to deride the attempts of the Continental nations to retaliate on us our restrictive system of dealing, and to hold out the Prussian Custom-House League as inoperative. But have these attempts been so nugatory as have been represented? Let us see. We shall take, first, good Tory authority for our facts.* First, then, it appears, that of the total quantity of raw cotton wool imported into and worked up in this country, one half, at the very least, is consumed, not at home, but abroad. Thus—

1836.—"Total weight of cotton imported for consumption—that is, working up, lbs. 367,713,963

"Of which exported in the shape of manufactured or piece goods,	lbs. 111,644,210
"Yarn, . .	85,195,702
"Thread, . .	2,020,988
"Left for home consumption, only,	168,853,053."

We see here the absurdity of affecting to despise the foreign demand for our manufactures, and to hold it out as inferior to the home consumption; for, were it not for

Blackwood, June 1837.

the foreign demand for our cottons, the manufacture would instantly sink one-half, *and nearly a million of people* would be thrown out of employment. It appears, from Burns' "Commercial Guide" for last year, that, comparing 1833 and 1836, the export of cotton cloth to Germany and Prussia has sunk, *in four years only*, four millions of yards, or one-fifth. On the other hand, such has been the increase of the German and Prussian cotton manufactures, that their demand for cotton yarns has increased, during the same period, from 34,871,5891bs. to 45,928,153, eleven millions of pounds, or *one-third*, in four years. It is plain, that our export of cotton cloth to Germany will soon cease.

But, long previous to 1833, our export of manufactured cloths to the Continent had been in a sinking state, as appears from the following table, abridged from one given under the article, "Manufactures," in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

Printed and Dyed Cottons exported to the following countries in the years 1820 and 1831.

	1820.		1831.	
	Yards.	Value.	Yards.	Value.
Russia, . :	3,449,391	£248,358	382,326	£14,795
Prussia, . .	4,519,676	175,243	568	40
Germany, .	32,190,496	1,970,720	28,323,466	689,992
Un. Netherlands,	8,412,235	560,665	7,295,180	228,827
Denmark,. .	195,974	12,961	36,536	977
	48,767,772	£2,967,947	36,038,076	£934,631

It will thus be observed, that, in these eleven years, the exports of manufactured cottons sank one-third in quantity and two-thirds in value, and that the trade with Russia and Prussia was annihilated. Nor was this loss compensated by a greater demand from other quarters. On the other hand, the export of cotton twist has gone on, year after year, increasing. The woollen trade presents, when examined, precisely the same results—viz., a continually decreasing export of cloth, and a continually increasing demand for yarns.

We find, accordingly, that not only over the whole continent, but in America, the cotton, as well as other manufactures, are making the most rapid advance. Between 1812 and 1835, the consumption of raw cotton wool in France rose from six to thirty-eight millions of kilogrammes; the United States of America consumed in 1810, 10,000 bales of cotton; in 1830, 126,000; in 1836, 237,000; in Switzerland, Germany, Prussia, Austria, Italy, we find similar results.

There is an argument which is used for the purpose of deterring the working classes of the towns from agitating the Repeal of the Corn Laws, which is generally admitted, even by the advocates of Repeal, to be sound. It is said that their repeal would occasion a great fall in the price of corn, and that fall would cause much land to be thrown out of cultivation; the consequence of which would be, that a part of the rural population being thrown out of employment, would resort to the towns, and, competing with the working classes there for employment, reduce wages. Now, we do not believe that the repeal would cause any great fall in price; and it is not on that ground chiefly that we think it would be advantageous. It would raise prices on the Continent, and place our working classes in the same situation as those of the Continent. But, even though there were a very great fall in price, we know, from experience, that it would not throw any land out of cultivation. Between 1811 and 1831, prices of agricultural produce fell nearly *one-half*; yet, so far from any land being thrown out of cultivation, large tracts were, for the first time, brought under the plough. Many counties, both in England and Scotland, are wholly dependent on agriculture, having not a single manufacture situated within them; yet, in *every one* of these counties, did the population increase, and not only so, but the number of persons chiefly employed in agriculture was greater in 1831 than in 1811. Between these two years, wheat sunk from 125s. to 64s. a-quarter, or 61s.; at present, the price is 53s., yet there never was more spirit in agriculture, nor more labour employed in it, than at this moment.

As long as the corn-laws exist, no material reduction of the hours of labour can take place, without the annihilation of the export of our manufactures. The Corn Laws are at the root of all the distress which exists in the country. They cause low wages, by shutting up branches of trade and commerce, which would otherwise be carried on—hence, a surplus population and competition in the present trades. They render long hours absolutely necessary, that the great capital expended in buildings and machinery may remain for the least possible period unproductive. In short, they produce the effect which any person of common sense, unsophisticated with the doctrine of the necessity of keeping up the preponderance of the landed interest, cannot, by any possibility, fail to see—they make food scarce; and, as there is too little for the support of all the people of the country, they render a desperate scramble for it inevitable; the existence of which scramble is clearly shewn, by working young children beyond their physical powers; by combinations of workmen, ending in violence, fire-raising, and murder; and by a severe struggle for maintenance—not from honest industry, for that is found impossible where people are prevented from working—but by the miserable expedient of Poor Laws. But matters are not yet at the worst. Let the present systematic exclusion of foreign food be persisted in for ten years longer, and we will venture to predict, that there will not be one estate in England worth four years' purchase. There is a point beyond which human endurance cannot go, and there are many symptoms abroad, which shew that that point has nearly been reached. We, therefore, advise every one, whatever may be his rank or station, to use whatever influence he may possess for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and the vindication of his right to purchase his food where he chooses.

AFRICA.

The French are beginning to find that Algiers is likely to prove more burdensome than they expected; but their national pride will not only prevent them from relinquishing their conquest, but induce them to extend their territories. On the 13th October, they took Constantine by storm, after seven days' siege, but with serious loss—General Damremont, their commander, being killed, with 1000 men, and 2000 wounded; though there is little doubt that the loss was still greater than has been represented; and the proportion of the killed to the wounded is far under the ordinary proportion. The town was defended with the greatest bravery; and the loss on the part of the assailants greater in proportion to the number employed, than in the taking of any town by storm during the Peninsular war. The expense of maintaining in Algiers the French army alone, exceeds a million a-year, and the whole revenue they have hitherto been able to draw from all sources, legitimate and illegitimate, does not exceed £100,000; but then, the settlement is useful to Louis Philippe, from the patronage it affords, and as a place for keeping the turbulent spirits of the army from combining against him. There is, therefore, every probability of Constantina being retained and garrisoned. Its retention is said to be a direct violation of the treaties between France and Britain. But this country has no reason to oppose the French colonization of Algiers. The substitution of a French colony for a nest of pirates and barbarians, cannot fail to prove an advantage to Britain and to the world. We cordially wish the French may succeed, and benefit by their success.

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